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The Next President

By MAJOR ROBERT R. McCORMICK

Associate Publisher of "The Tribune," Chicago

MANY forces are now at work to make the Presidential campaign of 1916 a most unusual one. With all Europe in arms and trouble on the Mexican border ever present, the path of strict neutrality is neither easy to follow nor wholly popular. Therefore the question of our proper relationship to our warring neighbors will in all probability dwarf all other issues in the coming struggle for the Presidency.

In this number of the magazine two aspects of the question are presented in this paper and in the one by George Creel. They are the expressions of partizan opinions, but will be found to be none the less interesting and stimulating for that.—THE EDITOR.

THE opposition to President Taft took form upon his signing the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. It has often been said for this law that it was the best tariff law ever enacted; nor have I often heard this denied in Republican circles. The objection to it was, first, that it was not so good a law as the public demanded of Congress; and second, that its passage was obtained in absolute violation of the principles of representative government.

Everybody knows that the free exercise of judgment by congressmen has always been subjected to other influences, but never before were the functions of a deliberate assembly taken over by a machine organized upon the distribution of favors and penalties to the extent that it was accomplished by Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon and their associates in the first year of the Taft régime.

In their original differences the Republicans divided into those who believed in and profited by the machine organization within their party, and those who neither believed in nor profited by it. The latter faction was divided into those who believed that Mr. Taft was a part of, or at least a tool of, the machine crowd, and those who believed that on the whole Taft was against the corruptionists and could be accepted as a leader of the reform forces. Strangely enough, in the final line-up a good part of the latter joined with and acted in concert with the leaders of corruption.

When Mr. Roosevelt declared his candidacy in February, 1912, Mr. Taft's campaign for renomination was well under way. In fact, it had been under way for four years. Nearly all of the office-holding politicians had definitely committed themselves to his nomination, and so had many non-office-holding interests. With so large a percentage of the existing Republican organizations declared for

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President Taft, it became necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to appeal to the public. It became essential for him to have the selection of national delegates thrown as open as possible for public discussion. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, certain of a majority of the convention, provided the politicians could be left in control, opposed a change which could not benefit, but might defeat, him.

Thus it was that in opposing direct primaries, popular expression of choice for President, popular election of delegates to the national convention, the Taft cause assumed the appearance of antagonism to popular rule which such an astute campaigner as Mr. Roosevelt was not slow to seize upon as an issue. It so happened also that in nearly every State where public expression could be had the decision was for Mr. Roosevelt, and in one or two instances where Mr. Roosevelt was not successful, Mr. La Follette, not Mr. Taft, was the successful claimant.

As the day for the convention approached it became clear that the decision would be close. The Roosevelt managers were vociferous in their claims of gross frauds in the selection of delegates in those States where Mr. Taft controlled the payroll party officials. Under old convention rules, the determination of the right of any delegate to sit in the convention depended first upon the national committee and afterward upon the delegates selected by the national committee.

Now, the national committee is an evil institution. It is extra-constitutional and extra-legal. There is no honor attached to the position of national committeeman, but much surreptitious political power. It invites only the undesirable element among politicians. The Republican National Convention is further corrupted by a disability peculiar to it; namely, its Southern representation. There is no Republican party in many Southern States, but to maintain the fiction of a nation-wide party, and indeed to invite the growth of a party in the South, Southern States have been given representation in the convention as though there were Republican voters in those States. The result is that the Republican political organizations throughout the South are rotten to the core. Many Republican politicians in the South are political prostitutes. Increasing this unsavory element in the Republican National Convention are the delegates and committeemen from the Territories. Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, and Alaska also have delegates. Each has a vote in the national committee and in the committees of the convention equal to Illinois, New York, or Massachusetts.

A large majority of the Republican National Committee were committed to Mr. Taft, and for the reason that they believed popular government could be defeated under his administration and not under that of Mr. Roosevelt. Before the meeting of the national convention they were outspoken in saying that they intended to seat enough delegates to nominate Taft by whatever methods were deemed necessary, and that they would "teach the state legislatures to respect the sovereignty of the national committee."

By the time the delegates arrived in Chicago the moves whereby Taft was to receive his renomination had been worked out with a perfection that would do credit to the German general staff. The state delegations were seated in the hall in such a way as to break up the Roosevelt following. "Plug-uglies" and professional sluggers were hired to intimidate any who should attempt to oppose the program. Delegates not recognized as being "right" were not allowed to pass from one state delegation to another or even to move about in their own delegation. Messengers from the Roosevelt managers were prevented from communicating with the Roosevelt spokesmen on the platform. This is probably news to many respectable Taft delegates, who, unhampered themselves, did not learn of the obstacles put in the way of others.

Conduct of this kind naturally aroused immediate anger, and the natural anger of Roosevelt delegates was further fanned by an element which insiders recognized at an

early date, but which the public at large has recognized only recently—an element which sought not the nomination of Roosevelt or the success of the Progressive doctrine, but which endeavored to make use of the situation to advance its own personal political interest.

The meetings at the Coliseum never approached the dignity of a deliberative gathering. The national committee had selected, in violent contradiction of right, law, and reason, a sufficient number of picked men who had not been elected delegates to furnish a Taft majority for the convention. Through its hired sluggers it forbade the duly elected delegates to occupy their seats.

The claims of the defrauded delegates were, according to the "rules," referred to the "committee on credentials," composed of one delegate from each State and Territory, which committee, because of the large proportion of Southern State and Territory rotten-borough representation, is always open to corrupt influences. Being interested in studying the charges against the honesty of the convention, of which I had at that time no personal knowledge or opinion, I became a member of the committee.

I have taken part in city politics and have met and transacted political affairs with the slum politicians of Chicago, but I must confess that these slum politicians were superior in everything excepting clothes to the majority members of the committee on credentials of the Republican National Convention of 1912.

Learning in a short while that nothing like honesty could be expected from "deliberations" of this committee, I succeeded in introducing as my proxy various other members of the Illinois delegation in order to secure their corroborative testimony.

During the days when the committee "took testimony," attempts were made on the floor of the convention to debate the question on its merits and to leave the determination of what delegates were properly elected to the delegates whose seats were not in dispute.

Senator Sherman of Illinois, who had prepared a comprehensive argument based on the precedents of Congress, showing up the falsity of the position taken by the national committee, and voiced by Senator Root, its chairman of the convention, was not allowed to deliver his argument, and upon attempting to do so was forcibly removed from the floor.

Between sessions attempts to adjust the matter were made by sincere supporters of both candidates, but these were frustrated by the violent partizans of both candidates, who saw their personal interests benefited by the violation of right and decency.

Toward the conclusion of the committee hearings I wrote a report of the secret transactions, which a number of the committeemen signed, and which is reproduced in photographic form.

All day Saturday these mock reports were read in the Coliseum, and were approved by the fraudulent majority. About midnight President Taft was declared nominated for President, and James Schoolcraft Sherman was renominated for Vice-President. After his death in October, Nicholas Murray Butler was named to fill the vacancy.

The Republican party was crushed, and to make its usurpation complete, the national committee proceeded to expel newly elected national committeemen not subservient to the controlling element, thus depriving the state delegations of their right to name national committeemen. To the vacancies they elected more pliable men. How could self-respecting men accept such appointments?

The convention of 1912 accomplished three things: it prevented the nomination and reëlection of Theodore Roosevelt, it broke up the Republican party, and caused the election of President Wilson. But it accomplished one great permanent good. It demonstrated that the American people, trained in over a century of popular government, could not be subjugated by the combination of fraud and violence exercised in that convention even when this amazing combination was supported by the bulk of the great financial interests of the nation.

In victory it caused the defeat of some of its leaders. Senator Root and Senator Murray Crane could not run for reëlection to the Senate. Recently Watson has been defeated at the primary election for the Republican nomination for senator from Indiana on the same issue.

The morning after the convention's adjournment the majority of Roosevelt delegates awoke to learn from the morning papers that a meeting held the night before, at which a very few of the Roosevelt delegates and many outsiders were present, had purported to organize a new party to contain all those dissatisfied with the Republican convention.

This was the greatest political mistake of our generation. Public indignation at the attitude of the Chicago corruptionists was at white heat. Even in parts of the country where political office and publications were together bound up in corruption, the truth of the convention's turpitude made itself known. The election of President Taft, which at best would have been doubtful had he been nominated without opposition, was rendered absolutely impossible by the methods used in accomplishing the nomination. His defeat was a necessity to the continuance of Republican government. Any Democrat would have been elected; indeed, Woodrow Wilson was nominated not as a necessity to beat Taft, but as a necessity to best Roosevelt, running on the Progressive ticket.

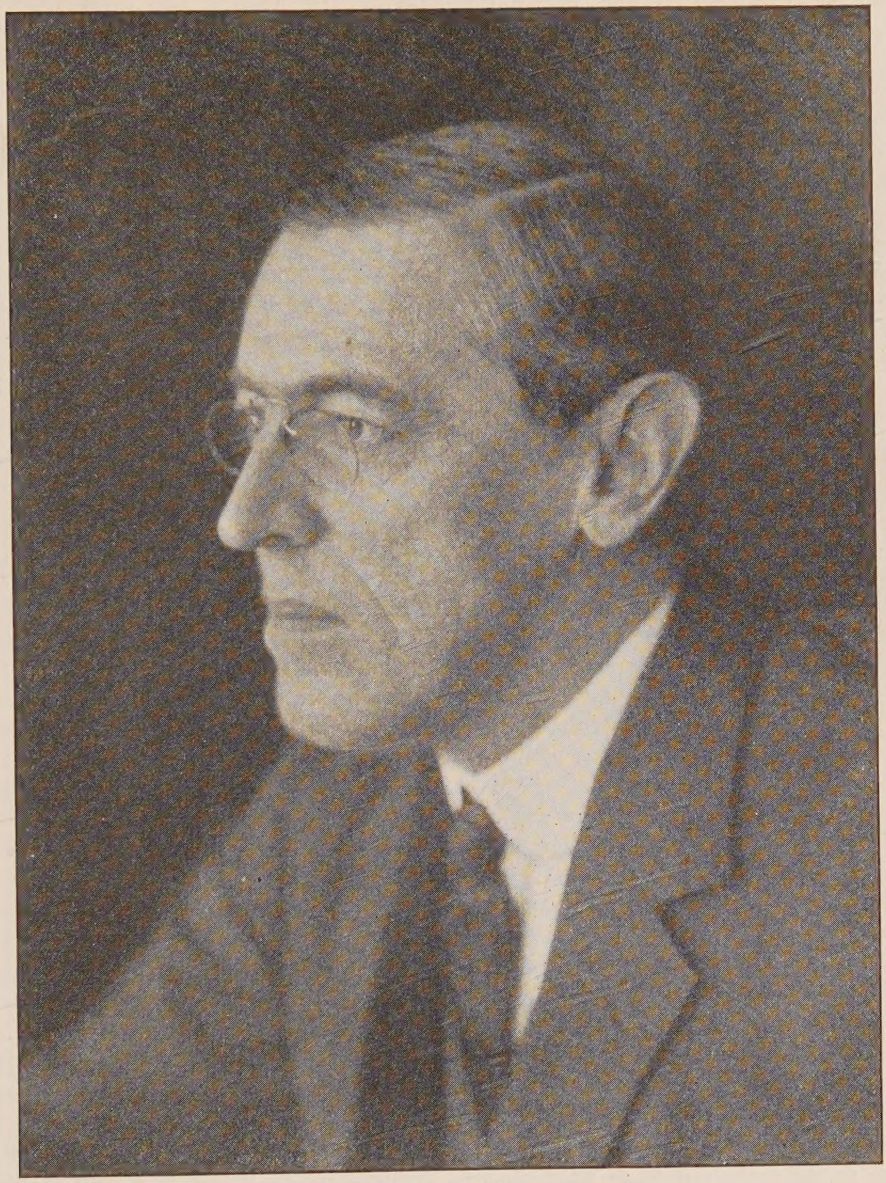
The foregoing disagreeable recital is of moment because of, rather than despite, the tremendous change in issues which has come in the last four years. The public is thinking of everything except the revolt of 1912. The national politicians are thinking of little else.

Active Republicans—and I include in this category active Progressives—are united in a determined desire to defeat President Wilson for reëlection. Let us trace the cause of this unanimity.

Prior to 1912 national legislation had strongly favored the Eastern and Northeastern States as compared with the rest of the nation. Protective tariffs protected especially their industries. Internal taxes exempted their produce; appropriations favored their constituencies. With all, the Government was effective. It benefited everybody somewhat. The objection to it, which was the cause of the insurgent movement, was that it apportioned too much of the benefit to one region. In political parlance, it became "too raw." It would not have been long endured even if the atrocity of 1912 had not taken place.

With the election of President Wilson and the Democratic majority in Senate and House, the control of government passed from the East to the South. The South had long been in the minority. During a period of fifty years it had suffered everything from oppression to discrimination. Its politicians leaped into the saddle with the enthusiasm of the French mob invading Versailles. Legislative revolution was accomplished in one session of Congress. Tax upon tax was piled upon the affluent North. The money thus collected was poured into the hungry South. In one sense this was retaliation. In another it was not. The Eastern legislators had endeavored to spend the money they took from their conationalists in productive ways. The Southern governors wasted it in riotous profusion. No town was too insignificant, no creek too dry, to receive its quota of easy money. The national defense was stripped to furnish enough plunder to go around. It is unfortunate for the South that no lasting benefit will inure from these millions of "tribute." That, however, is an economic, not a political, fact. The political fact is that the politicians of the South are prosperous and triumphant from their control of the Government of the United States, and for that reason will support President Wilson for renomination and election despite all other circumstances, such as his Mexican policy and the British embargo on cotton.

The Northeast is of course furious at this change from a governing to a subject people. The West is more or less stolid. The East whipped it with whips; the South is whipping it with scorpions.



Woodrow Wilson

Wilson is a minority President. He must feed the Southern politicians who control the Democratic party, in order to be renominated. He must also conciliate at least a part of the North if he is to be reëlected.

He has therefore shaped his foreign policy to conciliate that part of the North which is politically most effective—the East. The foreign policy of President Wilson therefore takes a sectional aspect. Also it divides into two parts, his Mexican policy and his European policy. The districts affected are divided into two parts, the West and the East. The South differs from him in both his policies, but will submit because of the "pork" it has received not only with his consent, but upon his initiative. President Wilson's policy in Mexico has been utterly to ignore American interests.

Despite the efforts of the Progressive

politicians, President Wilson had in the election of 1912 the support of substantially all the impractical visionaries of the country. Of the adventurous business element he had none. When the Mexican question arose, therefore, its political aspect was an issue between the visionaries and the adventurous business men. Being a politician, President Wilson espoused the views of his followers rather than those of his opponents. The Americans in Mexico could be hanged for all of him. Many of them have been; others were shot.

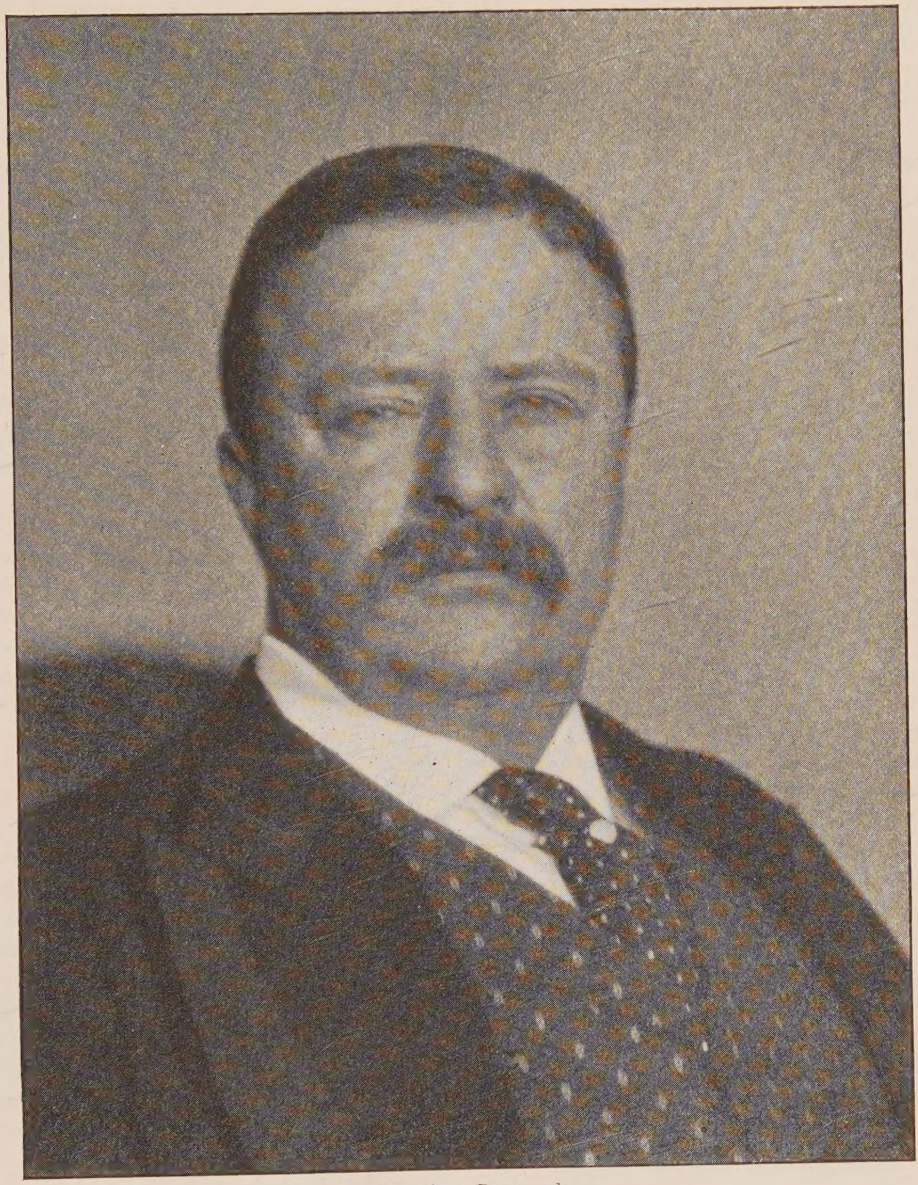
It is a political fact that at the outset of the Mexican problem the bulk of our people did not desire intervention. But why, as the Mexican bandits proceeded from violence to murder, from murder to rape, until they produced such a hell on earth as neither this nor the previous century has witnessed, did the American Government so vigorously suppress the truth? This suppression has been largely effective. It has been nearly complete in the East, from which region few, if any Americans, have gone to Mexico. Up across the Texan border, however, and in through the gulf ports has trickled a steady stream of miserable, broken Americans, bearing tales of torture and murder such as the American nation never allowed its citizens to submit to in the days of its infancy and weakness. Their tales have been passed from mouth to mouth. The Southern States have been infuriated; the Western States aroused; the Eastern States have remained almost cold. This coldness, however, is not only due to ignorance of the facts, but to an unfortunate lack of interest on the part of Eastern people to anything west of the Alleghany Mountains. It is a habit of mind all too common, which also accounts for the different attitude of East and West in regard to the European War, our other international problem.

At the outset of the European War President Wilson adopted the same policy of immobility he maintained in regard to Mexico. He paid no attention to the violation of American treaty rights. He cautioned Americans to stay away from the zone of hostilities and gave the impression that as he had not taken any steps to protect American lives or interests in Mexico, so would he not do anything for their protection in the war zone.

Now, because of tradition, self-interest, close personal intercourse, and earnest conviction, the bulk of the influential people in the East conceived it the duty of the United States to favor the Allies. They were insistent that the nation protect the interests and rights of Americans on the high seas. On the platform and in their press they protested against the President's indifference. When in violation of their convictions the *Lusitania* was torpedoed and a number of Americans drowned, their indignation knew no bounds. It intimidated Wilson. The weak and bankrupt Americans in Mexico and along the Mexican border could be ignored; not so these rich and powerful Easterners. He yielded to their pressure and, except upon the occasion when Ambassador von Bernstorff trapped Secretary Lansing into a proposal that merchant ships be forbidden to carry arms, he has remained almost constant in his deference to Eastern public opinion. Mr. Wilson's surrender, however, has not been complete enough to satisfy Eastern Americans, who still consider him weak and vacillating in foreign policies.

Out of the debates upon this nation's war policy grew the outcry over hyphenated Americanism. It is so much on public lips that it must be included in a discussion of national politics, not that it really amounts to anything, but in order that its absence may not be commented on.

In this enormous nation, containing many regions, many races, and many forms of religious worship, it is unavoidable that there should be discord. This discord is increased by fanatics, by self-seekers who wish to profit as the leaders of sects. In the natural order of government all of the elements should be represented in government. It is the duty of the supreme national authority to make



Theodore Roosevelt

special effort to give such representation upon entirely proper terms. This President McKinley accomplished with great skill, and this, *mirabile dictu,* Roosevelt did with equal political tact.

Then followed Taft, trying to out-Roosevelt Roosevelt in everything, and set the country by the ears. In order to please the foreign-born Americans, he vetoed the immigration restriction bill, thus preferring foreigners to American citizens. Not, mind you, preferring foreign-born Americans to American-born Americans, but foreigners who had not come to America above Americans both native and foreign-born. His political-religious efforts were equally cumbersome, and brought to a head the most stupid and unprofitable of political division, that of religion.

On top of these internecine disturbances came the European War. Naturally it

was a great appeal to the emotions and sympathies. Americans had friends and relatives on both sides of the contest. Americans developed firm opinions as to the rights of the struggle and the best interest of the United States in the outcome. In a nation where freedom of expression is an epidemic, too much discord was certain. It was increased a thousandfold by the appearance of hyphenated Americans. These are of two kinds: American citizens who wish to use the power of their citizenship to influence the nation to help Great Britain, to this nation's detriment, and citizens who endeavor to use the power of their citizenship to compel the nation to help the Teutonic powers, to this nation's detriment. In each case the object has been to secure the approbation of foreign agencies. Those seeking German reward, being slightly known to the German aristocracy, thought it necessary to demonstrate their racial loyalty by loud outcry offensive to American ears. Those desiring English reward knew how to seek it while clamoring for pro-English conduct in the name of Americanism.

Both factions are atrocious, and Americans should endeavor to differentiate between those of their countrymen who support one of the combatants from a belief as to the merits of the controversy or an idea of America's interest from those who seek to curry foreign favor by exercise of influence at home.

So far as the bulk of the Americans of German extraction are concerned, they are glad to shine among their neighbors with reflected glory of German military success. They have n't the slightest idea of bringing this country under the German yoke. Americans of German descent come from humble ancestry, just as do those whose ancestors were English, Scotch, Irish, French, Norwegian, Danish, or Swedish.

The sixty-year-old brewery millionaire, as he drives up to the Germania Club in his seven-thousand-dollar automobile, has not forgotten the unbearable arrogance of the riding-booted young aristocrat who insulted him and his class with impunity forty years ago. The young American-born Germans are Americans through and through; more American than they know, more American than the rich young good-for-nothings who are accepted in English society on terms of *near* equality. They would not know how to be German if they wanted to, and at the first sign of trouble the hyphen would collapse, leaving them finally and permanently on the American side of the chasm.

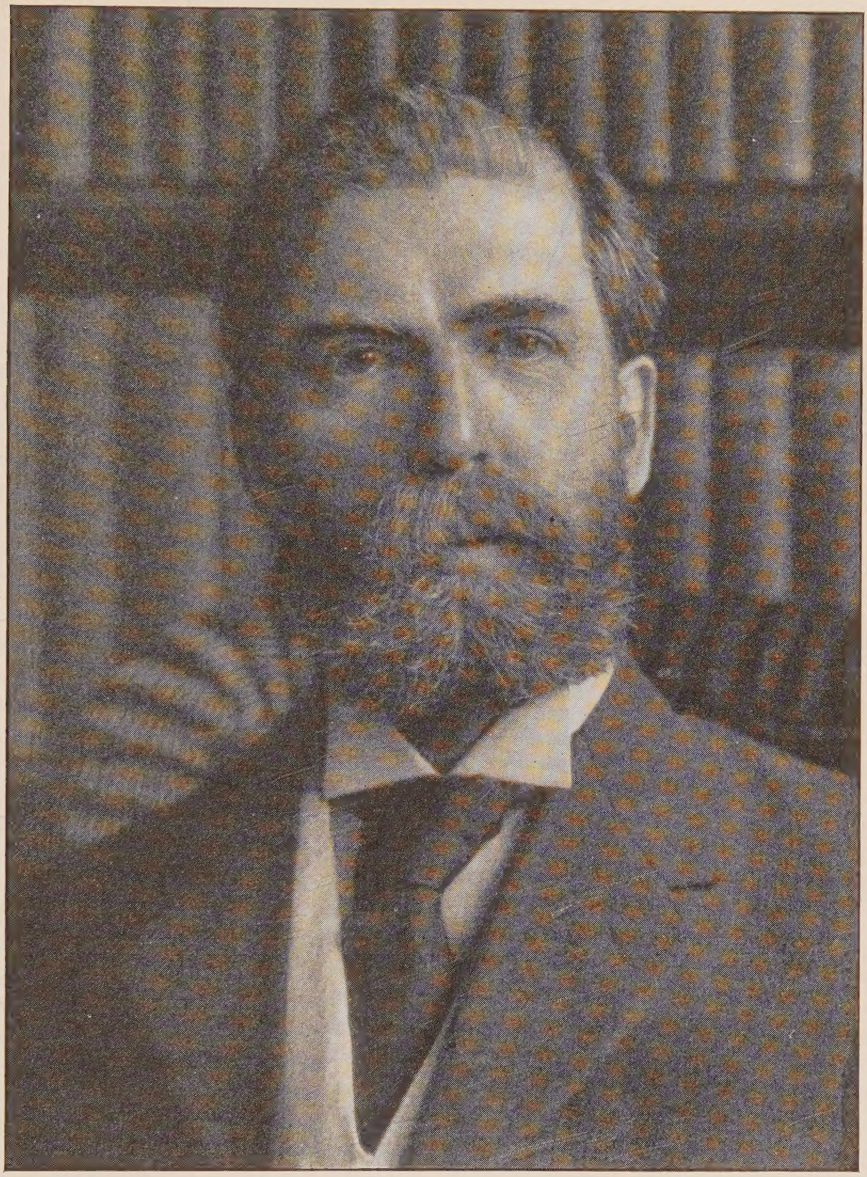
I am thrown into intimate relations with many of them in the National Guard service and never have I found the slightest objection to my intimacy with the Russians or to my pro-American belief in an American-Russian understanding.

Their property is here, their future is here. They will support the man whom they think will make the best American President, not the best German President. They will support him, however, with more enthusiasm if fewer opinionated persons insult them and fewer busybodies try to control the details of their dinner-tables.

The political analyst who tries to prophesy the future upon racial prejudices will present an interesting summary, but one without value. The only foreign Americans who feel keenly in the terms of foreign interest are the recent arrivals, most of whom are not voters.

The elements of political division are still geographical. The different parts of the country possess different characteristics which, if combined, are capable of providing a high standard of government, but when estranged by friction, lead to dangerous discords, as was shown by the refusal of a number of central congressmen to vote for the minimum military protection necessary to guaranty our seaboard States from invasion. The characteristics of the various regions can be described in complimentary or acid phrase, according to the temper of the critic.

A dispassionate observer might call New England thrifty, New York and Pennsylvania hard-headed, the West idealistic, the South devoted to tradition. The public men of the different regions who



Charles Evans Hughes

are on each others' nerves use sharper language.

New England is accused of "hypocrisy." One day while listening to a conversation between a New England congressman and one from another part of the country I heard an illustrative bit of dialogue. The New England man said he could not vote for a certain measure because of his New England conscience, to which the other one replied:

"Yes, that is the most convenient thing in New England. It is a habit of mind which believes that the material welfare of New England is the highest moral law of the nation."

The New York trait is said to be cynicism, as is natural to the State which harbors the greatest gambling institution in the world; also arrogance, as becomes the home of wealth. The South is accused of an undying persistency in fighting the

Civil War, while the West, in the opinion of the more sophisticated parts of the country, is given over to fool notions. It is alleged that William Jennings Bryan has remained great for twenty years by having an asinine solution for every problem. The South is permanently Democratic and has no Republican Presidential candidates. Let us therefore see how the candidates of the other regions fit the definition I have given their territories.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts bases his candidacy for the Presidency upon a subsidy-fed merchant marine. To the Western mind there is no saving grace to this old-fashioned, non-glazed, non-blushing subsidy, a lump sum per ship or a lump sum per ton, raised by the entire people and spent largely in New England, under which companies will be formed in the old-fashioned way. There will be underwriting, rake-offs in cash and in stock for the underwriters. The money will be placed in "inside" banks. There will be secret provisions that these bank balances shall never be less than an *unconscionable sum*. There will be no provisions for the good of the ships' crews or for the apportionment of the profits. These must be fought for by the workmen with all the evils of national discontent and public disorder attendant upon controversy between capital and labor. The plan is bitterly offensive to the conscience of the nation, but not to "the New England conscience."

The West's contribution to the same subject is the La Follette seamen's bill, which makes every provision for the welfare, safety, and comfort of the seamen, but ignores the owner to the extent of preventing American-owned merchantmen from competing with foreigners on the high seas.

A combination of the principles embodied in the Weeks and La Follette schemes is the ideal to be sought, and which can be found by bringing the East and West together instead of keeping them apart.

The candidate of New York is Senator Root. That "cynical" and "arrogant" describe him in two of the only three words needed—the third being "brilliant"—many of his best friends and ardent admirers would claim rather than deny.

The West, child of the prairies, emotional and unforethoughtful, which in the formation of the Republican party demanded as its quid pro quo the freeing of the slaves, while Pennsylvania demanded a high tariff on Pennsylvania products; the West, which produced all of the great men in the struggle to preserve the nation, but which received no earthly benefits from the war, has a host of candidates frittering away their strength with characteristic political incapacity. Among them are La Follette, Cummins, and Borah, each of high principles, but none of them, in the opinion of hard-headed Eastern business men, with judgment sufficient to be trusted with supreme authority. They furnish the ideals of the Senate, but not the wisdom. Weeks, Root, La Follette, Cummins, and Borah are local candidates.

There are only two national candidates of the first class, Roosevelt and Hughes.

Of Roosevelt we have spoken before: the most loved, the most hated man in America; the only statesman our generation has produced; the man who got us Panama, but who ended the Russo-Japanese War; the man who saved the nation from political slavery in 1912, but who dashed away the cup of victory, allowing himself to be kidnapped by the Progressives!

Hughes, whom Taft put into the Supreme Court—to keep him from becoming a candidate in 1912?—is the only man around whom the entire Republican party would rally with relief, if not with enthusiasm. He is in a more than difficult position both from a public and a private point of view. If he should consent to become a candidate, his adherents would proclaim him savior of the nation; but his opponents would denounce him as betrayer of the Supreme Court.

If, as the events fall, neither of these becomes the Republican nominee, there remain two lesser political lights who might be termed national candidates. These are

Senator Burton of Ohio and Senator Sherman of Illinois.

Senator Burton capped an honorable record in Congress with a term in the Senate. His chance lies in the wide acquaintance which his congressional career brought to him. He has not, however, in recent months, in speech or in writing, evinced any particular comprehension of the problems of to-morrow.

Senator Sherman of Illinois suffers from the disadvantage of his recent arrival into national politics. Prior to his election to the Senate in 1912 poverty and an unwillingness to cringe during the years that Illinois politics were controlled by foreign money—that is to say, money foreign to the State of Illinois and disbursed by that villainous organization, the Congressional Committee, and by franchise-buyers large and small—Sherman was kept down within the horizon of state politics. He was state representative, lieutenant-governor, and chairman of the board of charities. Since his elevation to the Senate, and more particularly since his reëlection to that body, he has declared himself upon public questions with a breadth of view, a depth of knowledge, and a force of expression not second even to Roosevelt.

It will be adduced from the foregoing that the nation, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. The South will be Democratic from tradition and because it wishes to retain control of the Government. It will remain Democratic despite Wilson's foreign policy. The East will be Republican because of the burden it bears from Democratic legislation; Wilson's favoring foreign policy, and even the war-brides therefrom resulting, will not change that. The West, which revolted in 1912, is still resentful, but it is also resentful of Southern legislation and angry at Wilson's diplomacy. If not antagonistic, it has been cold to his transatlantic policy, and it is infuriated at his callous disregard of American interests and rights in Mexico and along the Mexican border, and considers him blood-guilty. The West will go Republican in 1916 unless another fraudulent convention attempts to force a hand-picked President upon the American people.

The West will resent the nomination of a New York or New England representative, but if his nomination is obtained in straightforward ways, will in all probability give him its electoral votes. Any one of the Western candidates mentioned or the national candidates named will carry the West overwhelmingly.

I believe that the superior organization and greater political sagacity of the East will enable it to nominate one of its candidates if it is determined to do so. I believe that one of these candidates might be elected. It must be remembered, however, that because of the convention of 1912 and because of its child, the Progressive party, the Democrats have an enormous majority of the United States Senate. Only a Republican landslide can give a majority to the Republicans or make the balance of power so close that the manipulation of Democratic senators, such as has taken place before, will permit Republican dominance of both Houses of Congress.

Between the writing of this article and the date of nomination some new leaders may spring to the front. At the present time I can only see four men who may hope to bring such a result. They are Theodore Roosevelt, Charles E. Hughes, Lawrence Y. Sherman, and the Republican leader of the House, James R. Mann.

Lioness and cubs

From the original water-color by Charles R. Knight

A. V. Laider

By MAX BEERBOHM

Author of "Enoch Soames," "Zuleika Dobson," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

I UNPACKED my things and went down to await luncheon.

It was good to be here again in this little old sleepy hostel by the sea. Hostel I say, though it spelt itself without an "s" and even placed a circumflex above the "o." It made no other pretension. It was very cozy indeed.

I had been here just a year before, in mid-February, after an attack of influenza. And now I had returned, after an attack of influenza. Nothing was changed. It had been raining when I left, and the waiter—there was but a single, a very old waiter—had told me it was only a shower. That waiter was still here, not a day older. And the shower had not ceased.

Steadfastly it fell on to the sands, steadfastly into the iron-gray sea. I stood looking out at it from the windows of the hall, admiring it very much. There seemed to be little else to do. What little there was I did. I mastered the contents of a blue hand-bill which, pinned to the wall just beneath the framed engraving of Queen Victoria's Coronation, gave token of a concert that was to be held—or, rather, was to have been held some weeks ago—in the town hall for the benefit of the Life-Boat Fund. I looked at the barometer, tapped it, was not the wiser. I wandered to the letter-board.

These letter-boards always fascinate me. Usually some two or three of the envelops stuck into the cross-garterings have a certain newness and freshness. They seem sure they will yet be claimed. Why not? Why *should n't* John Doe, Esq., or Mrs. Richard Roe turn up at any moment? I do not know. I can only say that nothing in the world seems to me more unlikely. Thus it is that these young bright envelops touch my heart even more than do their dusty and sallowed seniors. Sour resignation is less touching than impatience for what will not be, than the eagerness that has to wane and wither. Soured beyond measure these old envelops are. They are not nearly so nice as they should be to the young ones. They lose no chance of sneering and discouraging. Such dialogues as this are only too frequent:

A Very Young Envelop: Something in me whispers that he will come to-day!

A Very Old Envelop: He? Well, that 's good! Ha, ha, ha! Why did n't he come last week, when *you* came? What reason have you for supposing he 'll ever come *now?* It is n't as if he were a frequenter of the place. He 's never been here. His name is utterly unknown here. You don't suppose he 's coming on the chance of finding *you?*

A. V. Y. E.: It may seem silly, but—something in me whispers—

A. V: O. E.: Something in *you?* One has only to look at you to see there 's nothing in you but a note scribbled to him by a cousin. Look at *me!* There are three sheets, closely written, in *me.* The lady to whom I am addressed—

A. V. Y. E.: Yes, sir, yes; you told me all about her yesterday.

A. V. O. E.: And I shall do so to-day and to-morrow and every day and all day long. That young lady was a widow. She stayed here many times. She was delicate, and the air suited her. She was poor, and the tariff was just within her means. She was lonely, and had need of love. I have in me for her a passionate avowal and strictly honorable proposal, written to her, after many rough copies, by a gentleman who had made her acquaintance under this very roof. He was rich, he was charming, he was in the prime of life. He had asked if he might write to her. She had flutter-

ingly granted his request. He posted me to her the day after his return to London. I looked forward to being torn open by her. I was very sure she would wear me and my contents next to her bosom. She was gone. She had left no address. She never returned. This I tell you, and shall continue to tell you, not because I want any of your callow sympathy,—no, *thank* you!—but that you may judge how much less than slight are the probabilities that you yourself—

But my reader has overheard these dialogues as often as I. He wants to know what was odd about this particular letter-board before which I was standing. At first glance I saw nothing odd about it. But presently I distinguished a handwriting that was vaguely familiar. It was mine. I stared, I wondered. There is always a slight shock in seeing an envelop of one's own after it has gone through the post. It looks as if it had gone through so much. But this was the first time I had ever seen an envelop of mine eating its heart out in bondage on a letter-board. This was outrageous. This was hardly to be believed. Sheer kindness had impelled me to write to "A. V. Laider, Esq.," and this was the result! I had n't minded receiving no answer. Only now, indeed, did I remember that I had n't received one. In multitudinous London the memory of A. V. Laider and his trouble had soon passed from my mind. But—well, what a lesson not to go out of one's way to write to casual acquaintances!

My envelop seemed not to recognize me as its writer. Its gaze was the more piteous for being blank. Even so had I once been gazed at by a dog that I had lost and, after many days, found in the Battersea Home. "I don't know who you are, but, whoever you are, claim me, take me out of this!" That was my dog's appeal. This was the appeal of my envelop.

I raised my hand to the letter-board, meaning to effect a swift and lawless rescue, but paused at sound of a footstep behind me. The old waiter had come to tell me that my luncheon was ready. I followed him out of the hall, not, however, without a bright glance across my shoulder to reassure the little captive that I should come back.

I had the sharp appetite of the convalescent, and this the sea air had whetted already to a finer edge. In touch with a dozen oysters, and with stout, I soon shed away the unreasoning anger I had felt against A. V. Laider. I became merely sorry for him that he had not received a letter which might perhaps have comforted him. In touch with cutlets, I felt how sorely he had needed comfort. And anon, by the big bright fireside of that small dark smoking-room where, a year ago, on the last evening of my stay here, he and I had at length spoken to each other, I reviewed in detail the tragic experience he had told me; and I simply reveled in reminiscent sympathy with him.

A. V. Laider—I had looked him up in the visitors'-book on the night of his arrival. I myself had arrived the day before, and had been rather sorry there was no one else staying here. A convalescent by the sea likes to have some one to observe, to wonder about, at meal-time. I was glad when, on my second evening, I found seated at the table opposite to mine another guest. I was the gladder because he was just the right kind of guest. He was enigmatic. By this I mean that he did not look soldierly or financial or artistic or anything definite at all. He offered a clean slate for speculation. And, thank heaven! he evidently was n't going to spoil the fun by engaging me in conversation later on. A decently unsociable man, anxious to be left alone.

The heartiness of his appetite, in contrast with his extreme fragility of aspect and limpness of demeanor, assured me that he, too, had just had influenza. I liked him for that. Now and again our eyes met and were instantly parted. We managed, as a rule, to observe each other indirectly. I was sure it was not merely because he had been ill that he looked interesting. Nor did it seem to me that a spiritual melancholy, though I imagined him sad at the best of times, was his sole

"Our mutual aloofness was a positive bond between us"

asset. I conjectured that he was clever. I thought he might also be imaginative. At first glance I had mistrusted him. A shock of white hair, combined with a young face and dark eyebrows, does somehow make a man look like a charlatan. But it is foolish to be guided by an accident of color. I had soon rejected my first impression of my fellow-diner. I found him very sympathetic.

Anywhere but in England it would be impossible for two solitary men, howsoever much reduced by influenza, to spend five or six days in the same hostel and not exchange a single word. That is one of the charms of England. Had Laider and I been born and bred in any other land than Eng we should have become acquainted before the end of our first evening in the small smoking-room, and have found ourselves irrevocably committed to go on talking to each other throughout the rest of our visit. We might, it is true, have happened to like each other more than any one we had ever met. This off chance may have occurred to us both. But it counted for nothing against the certain surrender of quietude and liberty. We slightly bowed to each other as we entered or left the dining-room or smoking-room, and as we met on the wide-spread sands or in the shop that had a small and faded circulating library. That was all. Our mutual aloofness was a positive bond between us.

Had he been much older than I, the responsibility for our silence would of course have been his alone. But he was not, I judged, more than five or six years ahead of me, and thus I might without impropriety have taken it on myself to perform that hard and perilous feat which English people call, with a shiver, "breaking the ice." He had reason, therefore, to be as grateful to me as I to him. Each of us, not the less frankly because silently, recognized his obligation to the other. And when, on the last evening of my stay, the ice actually was broken there was no ill-will between us: neither of us was to blame.

It was a Sunday evening. I had been out for a long last walk and had come in very late to dinner. Laider had left his table almost directly after I sat down to mine. When I entered the smoking-room I found him reading a weekly review which I had bought the day before. It was a crisis. He could not silently offer, nor could I have silently accepted, sixpence. It was a crisis. We faced it like men. He made, by word of mouth, a graceful apology. Verbally, not by signs, I besought him to go on reading. But this, of course, was a vain counsel of perfection. The social code forced us to talk now. We obeyed it like men. To reassure him that our position was not so desperate as it might seem, I took the earliest opportunity to mention that I was going away early next morning. In the tone of his "Oh, are you?" he tried bravely to imply that he was sorry, even now, to hear that. In a way, perhaps, he really was sorry. We had got on so well together, he and I. Nothing could efface the memory of that. Nay, we seemed to be hitting it off even now. Influenza was not our sole theme. We passed from that to the aforesaid weekly review, and to a correspondence that was raging therein on faith and reason.

This correspondence had now reached its fourth and penultimate stage—its Australian stage. It is hard to see why these correspondences spring up; one only knows that they do spring up, suddenly, like street crowds. There comes, it would seem, a moment when the whole English-speaking race is unconsciously bursting to have its say about some one thing—the split infinitive, or the habits of migratory birds, or faith and reason, or what-not. Whatever weekly review happens at such a moment to contain a reference, however remote, to the theme in question reaps the storm. Gusts of letters come in from all corners of the British Isles. These are presently reinforced by Canada in full blast. A few weeks later the Anglo-Indians weigh in. In due course we have the help of our Australian cousins. By that time, however, we of the mother country have got our second wind, and so

determined are we to make the most of it that at last even the editor suddenly loses patience and says, "This correspondence must now cease.—Ed." and wonders why on earth he ever allowed anything so tedious and idiotic to begin.

I pointed out to Laider one of the Australian letters that had especially pleased me in the current issue. It was from "A Melbourne Man," and was of the abrupt kind which declares that "all your correspondents have been groping in the dark" and then settles the whole matter in one short sharp flash. The flash in this instance was "Reason is faith, faith reason—that is all we know on earth and all we need to know." The writer then inclosed his card and was, etc., "A Melbourne Man." I said to Laider how very restful it was, after influenza, to read anything that meant nothing whatsoever. Laider was inclined to take the letter more seriously than I, and to be mildly metaphysical. I said that for me faith and reason were two separate things, and as I am no good at metaphysics, however mild, I offered a definite example, to coax the talk on to ground where I should be safer.

"Palmistry, for example," I said. "Deep down in my heart I believe in palmistry."

Laider turned in his chair.

"You believe in palmistry?"

I hesitated.

"Yes, somehow I do. Why? I have n't the slightest notion. I can give myself all sorts of reasons for laughing it to scorn. My common sense utterly rejects it. Of course the shape of the hand means something, is more or less an index of character. But the idea that my past and future are neatly mapped out on my palms—" I shrugged my shoulders.

"You don't like that idea?" asked Laider in his gentle, rather academic voice.

"I only say it 's a grotesque idea."

"Yet you do believe in it?"

"I 've a grotesque belief in it, yes."

"Are you sure your reason for calling this idea 'grotesque' is n't merely that you dislike it?"

"Well," I said, with the thrilling hope that he was a companion in absurdity, "does n't it seem grotesque to *you?*"

"It seems strange."

"You believe in it?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Hurrah!"

He smiled at my pleasure, and I, at the risk of reëntanglement in metaphysics, claimed him as standing shoulder to shoulder with me against "A Melbourne Man." This claim he gently disputed.

"You may think me very prosaic," he said, "but I can't believe without evidence."

"Well, I 'm equally prosaic and equally at a disadvantage: I can't take my own belief as evidence, and I 've no other evidence to go on."

He asked me if I had ever made a study of palmistry. I said I had read one of Desbarolles's books years ago, and one of Heron-Allen's. But, he asked, had I tried to test them by the lines on my own hands or on the hands of my friends? I confessed that my actual practice in palmistry had been of a merely passive kind—the prompt extension of my palm to any one who would be so good as to "read" it and truckle for a few minutes to my egoism. (I hoped Laider might do this.)

"Then I almost wonder," he said, with his sad smile, "that you have n't lost your belief, after all the nonsense you must have heard. There are so many young girls who go in for palmistry. I am sure all the five foolish virgins were 'awfully keen on it' and used to say, 'You can be led, but not driven,' and, 'You are likely to have a serious illness between the ages of forty and forty-five,' and, 'You are by nature rather lazy, but can be very energetic by fits and starts.' And most of the professionals, I 'm told, are as silly as the young girls."

For the honor of the profession, I named three practitioners whom I had found really good at reading character. He asked whether any of them had been right about past events. I confessed that, as a matter of fact, all three of them had been right in the main. This seemed to amuse him. He asked whether any of them had pre-

dicted anything which had since come true. I confessed that all three had predicted that I should do several things which I had since done rather unexpectedly. He asked if I did n't accept this as, at any rate, a scrap of evidence. I said I could only regard it as a fluke—a rather remarkable fluke.

The superiority of his sad smile was beginning to get on my nerves. I wanted him to see that he was as absurd as I.

"Suppose," I said—"suppose, for the sake of argument, that you and I are nothing but helpless automata created to do just this and that, and to have just that and this done to us. Suppose, in fact, we *have n't* any free will whatsoever. Is it likely or conceivable that the Power which fashioned us would take the trouble to jot down in cipher on our hands just what was in store for us?"

Laider did not answer this question; he did but annoyingly ask me another.

"You believe in free will?"

"Yes, of course. I 'll be hanged if I 'm an automaton."

"And you believe in free will just as in palmistry—without any reason?"

"Oh, no. Everything points to our having free will."

"Everything? What, for instance?"

This rather cornered me. I dodged out, as lightly as I could, by saying:

"I suppose *you* would say it 's written in my hand that I should be a believer in free will."

"Ah, I 've no doubt it is."

I held out my palms. But, to my great disappointment, he looked quickly away from them. He had ceased to smile. There was agitation in his voice as he explained that he never looked at people's hands now. "Never now—never again." He shook his head as though to beat off some memory.

I was much embarrassed by my indiscretion. I hastened to tide over the awkward moment by saying that if *I* could read hands I would n't, for fear of the awful things I might see there.

"Awful things, yes," he whispered, nodding at the fire.

"Not," I said in self-defense, "that there 's anything very awful, so far as I know, to be read in *my* hands."

He turned his gaze from the fire to me.

"You are n't a murderer, for example?"

"Oh, no," I replied, with a nervous laugh.

"*I* am."

This was a more than awkward, it was a painful, moment for me; and I am afraid I must have started or winced, for he instantly begged my pardon.

"I don't know," he exclaimed, "why I said it. I 'm usually a very reticent man. But sometimes—" He pressed his brow. "What you must think of me!"

I begged him to dismiss the matter from his mind.

"It 's very good of you to say that; but—I 've placed myself as well as you in a false position. I ask you to believe that I 'm not the sort of man who is 'wanted' or ever was 'wanted' by the police. I should be bowed out of any police-station at which I gave myself up. I 'm not a murderer in any bald sense of the word. No."

My face must have perceptibly brightened, for, "Ah," he said, "don't imagine I 'm not a murderer at all. Morally, I am." He looked at the clock. I pointed out that the night was young. He assured me that his story was not a long one. I assured him that I hoped it was. He said I was very kind. I denied this. He warned me that what he had to tell might rather tend to stiffen my unwilling faith in palmistry, and to shake my opposite and cherished faith in free will. I said, "Never mind." He stretched his hands pensively toward the fire. I settled myself back in my chair.

"My hands," he said, staring at the backs of them, "are the hands of a very weak man. I dare say you know enough of palmistry to see that for yourself. You notice the slightness of the thumbs and of the two 'little' fingers. They are the hands of a weak and over-sensitive man—a man without confidence, a man who would certainly waver in an emergency. Rather *Hamletish* hands," he mused.

"I begged him to dismiss the matter from his mind"

"And I 'm like *Hamlet* in other respects, too: I 'm no fool, and I 've rather a noble disposition, and I 'm unlucky. But *Hamlet* was luckier than I in one thing: he was a murderer by accident, whereas the murders that I committed one day fourteen years ago—for I must tell you it was n't one murder, but many murders that I committed—were all of them due to the wretched inherent weakness of my own wretched self.

"I was twenty-six—no, twenty-seven years old, and rather a nondescript person, as I am now. I was supposed to have been called to the bar. In fact, I believe I *had* been called to the bar. I had n't listened to the call. I never intended to practise, and I never did practise. I only wanted an excuse in the eyes of the world for existing. I suppose the nearest I have ever come to practising is now at this moment: I am defending a murderer. My father had left me well enough provided with money. I was able to go my own desultory way, riding my hobbies where I would. I had a good stableful of hobbies. Palmistry was one of them. I was rather ashamed of this one. It seemed to me absurd, as it seems to you. Like you, though, I believed in it. Unlike you, I had done more than merely read a book about it. I had read innumerable books

about it. I had taken casts of all my friends' hands. I had tested and tested again the points at which Desbarolles dissented from the Gipsies, and—well, enough that I had gone into it all rather thoroughly, and was as sound a palmist as a man may be without giving his whole life to palmistry.

"One of the first things I had seen in my own hand, as soon as I had learned to read it, was that at about the age of twenty-six I should have a narrow escape from death—from a violent death. There was a clean break in the life-line, and a square joining it—the protective square, you know. The markings were precisely the same in both hands. It was to be the narrowest escape possible. And I was n't going to escape without injury, either. That is what bothered me. There was a faint line connecting the break in the life-line with a star on the line of health. Against that star was another square. I was to recover from the injury, whatever it might be. Still, I did n't exactly look forward to it. Soon after I had reached the age of twenty-five, I began to feel uncomfortable. The thing might be going to happen at any moment. In palmistry, you know, it is impossible to pin an event down hard and fast to one year. This particular event was to be when I was *about* twenty-six; it might n't be till I was twenty-seven; it might be while I was only twenty-five.

"And I used to tell myself it might n't be at all. My reason rebelled against the whole notion of palmistry, just as yours does. I despised my faith in the thing, just as you despise yours. I used to try not to be so ridiculously careful as I was whenever I crossed a street. I lived in London at that time. Motor-cars had not yet come in, but—what hours, all told, I must have spent standing on curbs, very circumspect, very lamentable! It was a pity, I suppose, that I had no definite occupation—something to take me out of myself. I was one of the victims of private means. There came a time when I drove in four-wheelers rather than in hansoms, and was doubtful of four-wheelers. Oh, I assure you, I was very lamentable indeed.

"If a railway-journey could be avoided, I avoided it. My uncle had a place in Hampshire. I was very fond of him and of his wife. Theirs was the only house I ever went to stay in now. I was there for a week in November, not long after my twenty-seventh birthday. There were other people staying there, and at the end of the week we all traveled back to London together. There were six of us in the carriage: Colonel Elbourn and his wife and their daughter, a girl of seventeen; and another married couple, the Bretts. I had been at Winchester with Brett, but had hardly seen him since that time. He was in the Indian Civil, and was home on leave. He was sailing for India next week. His wife was to remain in England for some months, and then join him out there. They had been married five years. She was now just twenty-four years old. He told me that this was her age. The Elbourns I had never met before. They were charming people. We had all been very happy together. The only trouble had been that on the last night, at dinner, my uncle asked me if I still went in for 'the Gipsy business,' as he always called it; and of course the three ladies were immensely excited, and implored me to 'do' their hands. I told them it was all nonsense, I said I had forgotten all I once knew, I made various excuses; and the matter dropped. It was quite true that I had given up reading hands. I avoided anything that might remind me of what was in my own hands. And so, next morning, it was a great bore to me when, soon after the train started, Mrs. Elbourn said it would be 'too cruel' of me if I refused to do their hands now. Her daughter and Mrs. Brett also said it would be 'brutal'; and they were all taking off their gloves, and—well, of course I had to give in.

"I went to work methodically on Mrs. Elbourn's hands, in the usual way, you know, first sketching the character from the backs of them; and there was the usual hush, broken by the usual little noises—

grunts of assent from the husband, cooings of recognition from the daughter. Presently I asked to see the palms, and from them I filled in the details of Mrs. Elbourn's character before going on to the events in her life. But while I talked I was calculating how old Mrs. Elbourn might be. In my first glance at her palms I had seen that she could not have been less than twenty-five when she married. The daughter was seventeen. Suppose the daughter had been born a year later—how old would the mother be? Forty-three, yes. Not less than that, poor woman!"

Laider looked at me.

"Why 'poor woman!' you wonder? Well, in that first glance I had seen other things than her marriage-line. I had seen a very complete break in the lines of life and of fate. I had seen violent death there. At what age? Not later, not possibly *later,* than forty-three. While I talked to her about the things that had happened in her girlhood, the back of my brain was hard at work on those marks of catastrophe. I was horribly wondering that she was still alive. It was impossible that between her and that catastrophe there could be more than a few short months. And all the time I was talking; and I suppose I acquitted myself well, for I remember that when I ceased I had a sort of ovation from the Elbourns.

"It was a relief to turn to another pair of hands. Mrs. Brett was an amusing young creature, and her hands were very characteristic, and prettily odd in form. I allowed myself to be rather whimsical about her nature, and having begun in that vein, I went on in it, somehow, even after she had turned her palms. In those palms were reduplicated the signs I had seen in Mrs. Elbourn's. It was as though they had been copied neatly out. The only difference was in the placing of them; and it was this difference that was the most horrible point. The fatal age in Mrs. Brett's hands was—not past, no, for here *she* was. But she might have died when she was twenty-one. Twenty-three seemed to be the utmost span. She was twenty-four, you know.

"I have said that I am a weak man. And you will have good proof of that directly. Yet I showed a certain amount of strength that day—yes, even on that day which has humiliated and saddened the rest of my life. Neither my face nor my voice betrayed me when in the palms of Dorothy Elbourn I was again confronted with those same signs. She was all for knowing the future, poor child! I believe I told her all manner of things that were to be. And she had no future—none, none in *this* world—except—

"And then, while I talked, there came to me suddenly a suspicion. I wondered it had n't come before. You guess what it was? It made me feel very cold and strange. I went on talking. But, also, I went on—quite separately—thinking. The suspicion was n't a certainty. This mother and daughter were always together. What was to befall the one might anywhere—anywhere—befall the other. But a like fate, in an equally near future, was in store for that other lady. The coincidence was curious, very. Here we all were together—here, they and I—I who was narrowly to escape, so soon now, what they, so soon now, were to suffer. Oh, there was an inference to be drawn. Not a sure inference, I told myself. And always I was talking, talking, and the train was swinging and swaying noisily along—to what? It was a fast train. Our carriage was near the engine. I was talking loudly. Full well I had known what I should see in the colonel's hands. I told myself I had not known. I told myself that even now the thing I dreaded was not sure to be. Don't think I was dreading it for myself. I was n't so 'lamentable' as all that—now. It was only of them that I thought—only for them. I hurried over the colonel's character and career; I was perfunctory. It was Brett's hands that I wanted. *They* were the hands that mattered. If *they* had the marks— Remember, Brett was to start for India in the coming week, his wife was to remain in England. They would be apart. Therefore—

"And the marks were there. And I did nothing—nothing but hold forth on

the subtleties of Brett's character. There was a thing for me to do. I wanted to do it. I wanted to spring to the window and pull the communication-cord. Quite a simple thing to do. Nothing easier than to stop a train. You just give a sharp pull, and the train slows down, comes to a standstill. And the guard appears at your window. You explain to the guard.

"Nothing easier than to tell him there is going to be a collision. Nothing easier than to insist that you and your friends and every other passenger in the train must get out at once. There *are* easier things than this? Things that need less courage than this? Some of *them* I could have done, I dare say. This thing I was going to do. Oh, I was determined that I would do it—directly.

"I had said all I had to say about Brett's hands. I had brought my entertainment to an end. I had been thanked and complimented all round. I was quite at liberty. I was going to do what I had to do. I was determined, yes.

"We were near the outskirts of London. The air was gray, thickening; and Dorothy Elbourn had said: 'Oh, this horrible old London! I suppose there 's the same old fog!' And presently I heard her father saying something about 'prevention' and 'a short act of Parliament' and 'anthracite.' And I sat and listened and agreed and—"

Laider closed his eyes. He passed his hand slowly through the air.

"I had a racking headache. And when I said so, I was told not to talk. I was in bed, and the nurses were always telling me not to talk. I was in a hospital. I knew that; but I did n't know why I was there. One day I thought I should like to know why, and so I asked. I was feeling much better now. They told me by degrees that I had had concussion of the brain. I had been brought there unconscious, and had remained unconscious for forty-eight hours. I had been in an accident—a railway-accident. This seemed to me odd. I had arrived quite safely at my uncle's place, and I had no memory of any journey since that. In cases of concussion, you know, it 's not uncommon for the patient to forget all that happened just before the accident; there may be a blank for several hours. So it was in my case. One day my uncle was allowed to come and see me. And somehow, suddenly, at sight of him, the blank was filled in. I remembered, in a flash, everything. I was quite calm, though. Or I made myself seem so, for I wanted to know how the collision had happened. My uncle told me that the engine-driver had failed to see a signal because of the fog, and our train had crashed into a goods-train.

"I did n't ask him about the people who were with me. You see, there was no need to ask.

"Very gently my uncle began to tell me, but—I had begun to talk strangely, I suppose. I remember the frightened look of my uncle's face, and the nurse scolding him in whispers.

"After that, all a blur. It seems that I became very ill indeed, was n't expected to live.

"However, I live."

There was a long silence. Laider did not look at me, nor I at him. The fire was burning low, and he watched it.

At length he spoke:

"You despise me. Naturally. I despise myself."

"No, I don't despise you; but—"

"You blame me." I did not meet his gaze. "You blame me," he repeated.

"Yes."

"And there, if I may say so, you are a little unjust. It is n't my fault that I was born weak."

"But a man may conquer his weakness."

"Yes, if he is endowed with the strength for that."

His fatalism drew from me a gesture of disgust.

"Do you really mean," I asked, "that because you did n't pull that cord, you *could n't* have pulled it?"

"Yes."

"And it 's written in your hands that you could n't?"

He looked at the palms of his hands.

"They are the hands of a very weak man," he said.

"I believe I told her all manner of things that were to be"

"A man so weak that he cannot believe in the possibility of free will for himself or for any one?"

"They are the hands of an intelligent man, who can weigh evidence and see things as they are."

"But answer me: Was it foreordained that you should not pull that cord?"

"It was foreordained."

"And was it actually marked in your hands that you were not going to pull it?"

"Ah, well, you see, it is rather the things one *is* going to do that are actually marked. The things one *is n't* going to do,—the innumerable negative things,—how could one expect *them* to be marked?"

"But the consequences of what one leaves undone may be positive?"

"Horribly positive. My hand is the hand of a man who has suffered a great deal in later life."

"And was it the hand of a man *destined* to suffer?"

"Oh, yes. I thought I told you that."

There was a pause.

"Well," I said, with awkward sympathy, "I suppose all hands are the hands of people destined to suffer."

"Not of people destined to suffer so much as *I* have suffered—as I still suffer."

The insistence of his self-pity chilled me, and I harked back to a question he had not straightly answered.

"Tell me: Was it marked in your hands that you were not going to pull that cord?"

Again he looked at his hands, and then, having pressed them for a moment to his face, "It was marked very clearly," he answered, "in *their* hands."

Two or three days after this colloquy there had occurred to me in London an idea—an ingenious and comfortable doubt. How was Laider to be sure that his brain, recovering from concussion, had *remembered* what happened in the course of that railway-journey? How was he to know that his brain had n't simply, in its abeyance, *invented* all this for him? It might be that he had never seen those signs in those hands. Assuredly, here was a bright loophole. I had forthwith written to Laider, pointing it out.

This was the letter which now, at my second visit, I had found miserably pent on the letter-board. I remembered my promise to rescue it. I arose from the retaining fireside, stretched my arms, yawned, and went forth to fulfil my Christian purpose. There was no one in the hall. The "shower" had at length ceased. The sun had positively come out, and the front door had been thrown open in its honor. Everything along the sea-front was beautifully gleaming, drying, shimmering. But I was not to be diverted from my purpose. I went to the letter-board. And—my letter was not there! Resourceful and plucky little thing—it had escaped! I did hope it would not be captured and brought back. Perhaps the alarm had already been raised by the tolling of that great bell which warns the inhabitants for miles around that a letter has broken loose from the letter-board. I had a vision of my envelop skimming wildly along the coast-line, pursued by the old, but active, waiter and a breathless pack of local worthies. I saw it outdistancing them all, dodging past coast-guards, doubling on its tracks, leaping breakwaters, unluckily injuring itself, losing speed, and at last, in a splendor of desperation, taking to the open sea. But suddenly I had another idea. Perhaps Laider had returned?

He had. I espied afar on the sands a form that was recognizably, by the listless droop of it, his. I was glad and sorry—rather glad, because he completed the scene of last year; and very sorry, because this time we should be at each other's mercy: no restful silence and liberty for either of us this time. Perhaps he had been told I was here, and had gone out to avoid me while he yet could. Oh weak, weak! Why palter? I put on my hat and coat, and marched out to meet him.

"Influenza, of course?" we asked simultaneously.

There is a limit to the time which one man may spend in talking to another about his own influenza; and presently, as we paced the sands, I felt that Laider had passed this limit. I wondered that he did n't break off and thank me now for my letter. He must have read it. He ought to have thanked me for it at once. It was a very good letter, a remarkable letter. But surely he was n't waiting to answer it by post? His silence about it

gave me the absurd sense of having taken a liberty, confound him! He was evidently ill at ease while he talked. But it was n't for me to help him out of his difficulty, whatever that might be. It was for him to remove the strain imposed on myself.

Abruptly, after a long pause, he did now manage to say:

"It was—very good of you to—to write me that letter." He told me he had only just got it, and he drifted away into otiose explanations of this fact. I thought he might at least say it was a remarkable letter; and you can imagine my annoyance when he said, after another interval, "I was very much touched indeed." I had wished to be convincing, not touching. I can't bear to be called touching.

"Don't you," I asked, "think it *is* quite possible that your brain invented all those memories of what—what happened before that accident?"

He drew a sharp sigh.

"You make me feel very guilty."

"That 's exactly what I tried to make you *not* feel!"

"I know, yes. That 's why I feel so guilty."

We had paused in our walk. He stood nervously prodding the hard wet sand with his walking-stick.

"In a way," he said, "your theory was quite right. But—it did n't go far enough. It 's not only possible, it 's a fact, that I did n't see those signs in those hands. I never examined those hands. They were n't there. *I* was n't there. I have n't an uncle in Hampshire, even. I never had."

I, too, prodded the sand.

"Well," I said at length, "I do feel rather a fool."

"I 've no right even to beg your pardon, but—"

"Oh, I 'm not vexed. Only—I rather wish you had n't told me this."

"I wish I had n't had to. It was your kindness, you see, that forced me. By trying to take an imaginary load off my conscience, you laid a very real one on it."

"I 'm sorry. But you, of your own free will, you know, exposed your conscience to me last year. I don't yet quite understand why you did that."

"No, of course not. I don't deserve that you should. But I think you will. May I explain? I 'm afraid I 've talked a great deal already about my influenza, and I sha'n't be able to keep it out of my explanation. Well, my weakest point—I told you this last year, but it happens to be perfectly true that my weakest point—is my will. Influenza, as you know, fastens unerringly on one's weakest point. It does n't attempt to undermine my imagination. That would be a forlorn hope. I have, alas! a very strong imagination. At ordinary times my imagination allows itself to be governed by my will. My will keeps it in check by constant nagging. But when my will is n't strong enough even to nag, then my imagination stampedes. I become even as a little child. I tell myself the most preposterous fables, and—the trouble is—I can't help telling them to my friends. Until I 've thoroughly shaken off influenza, I 'm not fit company for any one. I perfectly realize this, and I have the good sense to go right away till I 'm quite well again. I come here usually. It seems absurd, but I must confess I was sorry last year when we fell into conversation. I knew I should very soon be letting myself go, or, rather, very soon be swept away. Perhaps I ought to have warned you; but—I 'm a rather shy man. And then you mentioned the subject of palmistry. You said you believed in it. I wondered at that. I had once read Desbarolles's book about it, but I am bound to say I thought the whole thing very great nonsense indeed."

"Then," I gasped, "it is n't even true that you believe in palmistry?"

"Oh, no. But I was n't able to tell you that. You had begun by saying that you believed in palmistry, and then you proceeded to scoff at it. While you scoffed I saw myself as a man with a terribly good reason for *not* scoffing; and in a flash I saw the terribly good reason; I had the whole story—at least I had the broad outlines of it—clear before me."

"You had n't ever thought of it be-

fore?" He shook his head. My eyes beamed. "The whole thing was a sheer improvisation?"

"Yes," said Laider, humbly, "I am as bad as all that. I don't say that all the details of the story I told you that evening were filled in at the very instant of its conception. I was filling them in while we talked about palmistry in general, and while I was waiting for the moment when the story would come in most effectively. And I 've no doubt I added some extra touches in the course of the actual telling. Don't imagine that I took the slightest pleasure in deceiving you. It 's only my will, not my conscience, that is weakened after influenza. I simply can't help telling what I 've made up, and telling it to the best of my ability. But I 'm thoroughly ashamed all the time."

"Not of your ability, surely?"

"Yes, of that, too," he said, with his sad smile. "I always feel that I 'm not doing justice to my idea."

"You are too stern a critic, believe me."

"It is very kind of you to say that. You are very kind altogether. Had I known that you were so essentially a man of the world, in the best sense of that term, I should n't have so much dreaded seeing you just now and having to confess to you. But I 'm not going to take advantage of your urbanity and your easy-going ways. I hope that some day we may meet somewhere when I have n't had influenza and am a not wholly undesirable acquaintance. As it is, I refuse to let you associate with me. I am an older man than you, and so I may without impertinence warn you against having anything to do with me."

I deprecated this advice, of course; but for a man of weakened will he showed great firmness.

"You," he said, "in your heart of hearts, don't want to have to walk and talk continually with a person who might at any moment try to bamboozle you with some ridiculous tale. And I, for my part, don't want to degrade myself by trying to bamboozle any one, especially one whom I have taught to see through me. Let the two talks we have had be as though they had not been. Let us bow to each other, as last year, but let that be all. Let us follow in all things the precedent of last year."

With a smile that was almost gay he turned on his heel, and moved away with a step that was almost brisk. I was a little disconcerted. But I was also more than a little glad. The restfulness of silence, the charm of liberty—these things were not, after all, forfeit. My heart thanked Laider for that; and throughout the week I loyally seconded him in the system he had laid down for us. All was as it had been last year. We did not smile to each other, we merely bowed, when we entered or left the dining-room or smoking-room, and when we met on the wide-spread sands or in that shop which had a small and faded but circulating library.

Once or twice in the course of the week it did occur to me that perhaps Laider had told the simple truth at our first interview and an ingenious lie at our second. I frowned at this possibility. The idea of any one wishing to be quit of *me* was most distasteful. However, I was to find reassurance. On the last evening of my stay I suggested, in the small smoking-room, that he and I should, as sticklers for precedent, converse. We did so very pleasantly. And after a while I happened to say that I had seen this afternoon a great number of sea-gulls flying close to the shore.

"Sea-gulls?" said Laider, turning in his chair.

"Yes. And I don't think I had ever realized how extraordinarily beautiful they are when their wings catch the light."

Laider threw a quick glance at me and away from me.

"You think them beautiful?"

"Surely."

"Well, perhaps they are, yes; I suppose they are. But—I don't like seeing them. They always remind me of something—rather an awful thing—that once happened to me."

It was a very awful thing indeed.

"The girl kept clinging to the man's arm"

My Street

By ERNEST POOLE

Author of "The Harbor"

Illustrations by Boardman Robinson

A FEW years ago, when I came here to live, this street was to me as impersonal as any in New York; and this means quite impersonal. But now, as I turn into it, it seems almost as different from the other streets about it as I myself am different from other people. What has made it so to me? What sights and sounds and incidents here have given me this feeling, have given every New-Yorker this feeling, despite himself, try as he will to keep himself decently deaf and blind?

Perhaps I have not been quite so blind as the average New-Yorker, for I write here at the window the larger part of every day and I sit here often reading late in the evening. From such a point of vantage even a writer looks out now and then, and sees enough bits of life below to give him a hint of how much he has missed.

My street is on the lower West Side. On the block there are a few private homes and many boarding-houses and two or three apartment-buildings, one directly across the way. There is a huge Catholic hospital at one corner. Often at night, on the drawn blind of one of its windows, I see the little dark shadow of a saint or of the Virgin, I cannot tell which. At the other corners are three saloons. Not far away to the south is the Night Court for Women, and a few blocks to the north is an immense department store, the red flag of which waves over the roofs of the houses; I can see it from my window. Trolleys clang past at one end of my street, and the "el" roars by at the other; wagons and trucks go clattering by, and carriages, cabs, and automobiles; they begin with the milkman's wagon at dawn, and end with the garbage-cart late in the night, all clanging or whizzing or thundering by the sign on the lamp-post facing my window, which reads: "HOSPITAL STREET. WALK YOUR HORSES. MAKE NO UNNECESSARY NOISE."

I hear the ambulance often here. It is so common an object both day and night that the slow gallop of the horse has be-

come to me a part of my street. Often on certain afternoons I see groups of people about the door, men, women, and children; on Sundays nearly a hundred. Once there were thousands of people, and the whole front of the building was gay with flags, for Cardinal Farley had come home. Many funerals start from here, and once there was a wedding. The tobacco-store man across the way, who sells cigarettes to the interns, told me that one of the nurses had married.

This place is a kind of barometer; the city's disasters are registered here. There are little disasters. One rainy day while I was writing I chanced to look out and saw two men—foreigners I am certain they were—walking quickly westward. One held an umbrella low over the other, who carried over his shoulder a little chap, wrapped in a bright plaid shawl, whose head kept bobbing dismally. I went on writing, and then thought of something, and looked out again. And it was as I had thought: they were entering the hospital.

"They were entering the hospital"

There are great disasters. One cold afternoon in March, while I sat here working, I heard first the gong of an ambulance, then another close behind it, then even taxis and automobiles, all rushing toward the hospital gates. I heard people running, and went out to see. Before the entrance there was a crowd, and as I came up, out of one of the taxis a man seized what appeared to be a huge bundle and flung it over his shoulder and ran up the steps. Then I saw that what he carried had a head and a shock of hair. It had come from the Triangle Fire.

Life brings its usual contrasts here. Down at the corner one day in Christmas week I met a detective from the big store, with his hand on the arm of a woman shoplifter, a big, stout woman with a fat, pudgy face and sly eyes. I heard her voice as she went by, and it sounded between a whine and a squeal. A crowd was laughing behind her. It made the street a dreary place. But I was on my way just then to the shop of a little Swiss cutler who hones my razors for me. I stayed on a few minutes that day, and we got talking of traveling. We opened bright vistas all over the world, the old Swiss was such a talker. It struck him as a wonderful thing that he could walk into a subway hole a block from his shop, "and when I come out of doors again I can be any place in America!"

Mine is a travelers' street, for we are close to the North River here. By walking one block north, one can look up a street and see the huge red funnels of a Cunarder rising at the end. In the three years I have been here thousands of carriages, motors, and cabs have hurried by on their way to the boats. I like the sight of the trunks and valises, I like to catch glimpses of faces inside. In warm weather, when my window is open wide, I hear excited voices of children and a peal of laughter now and then. At such times it is hard to write.

"A detective from the big store"

Once, I remember, a stocky little Italian passed on a bright October morning. He, too, had baggage,—on his back,—one great dirty canvas bag and several parcels fresh from the store, things he had bought in America—things he would soon show proudly in some little old hill town, God knows where, proofs that he was a man, he was. Lord! how the little chap hurried by!

The river and harbor sounds are forever coming to my room. A friend of mine, who has an office near the top of a sky-scraper far down-town, tells me he can see from his window the dense, white, solid fog-banks when they come rolling in from the ocean straight up the lower bay and through the Narrows and into the harbor. Here in my room I can almost tell when this is happening—shut my eyes and see it happening—by the increase of the harbor sounds.

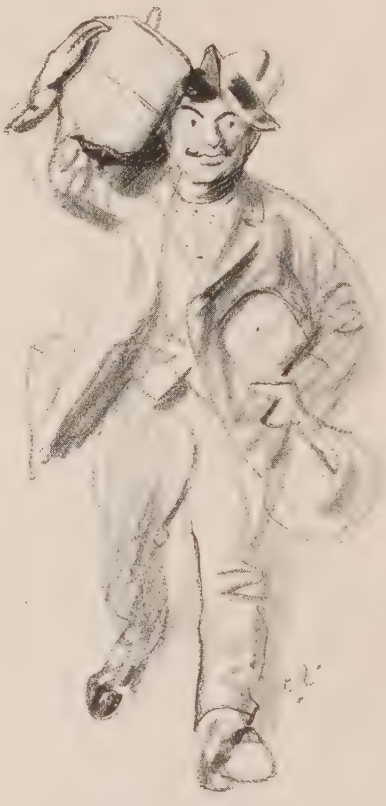
But the most compelling sound of all is the voice that comes on a morning in spring, deep, strident, and impatient—the roar of a liner leaving her dock.

One day about a week before Christmas, as I sat writing here, I suddenly remembered "the Christmas boat" was due to start in half an hour's time. The wharf is not ten minutes' walk away, and I arrived there just in time. The immense white ship of steel was all one intense well-ordered commotion, a scene of sharp orders and hurrying men. The smoke poured black from her funnels, several gang-planks were already up. But still, on a kind of a moving sidewalk, the last Christmas packages, large and small, were banging and crashing into her hold; and still, from motors and cabs, or in on the run from trolleys outside, laughing, excited, all out of breath, came Christmas travelers homeward bound; and still, in a

rude post-office established just for the day on the wharf, half a dozen clerks were working like mad, sorting and throwing into bags the tens of thousands of letters and cards wishing a Merry Christmas to people in Old-World cities and towns, in snow-bound Russian hamlets, in lazy villages on the Greek coast. Still they came, these messages, every minute a score. Even messenger-boys came on the run. And last of all came a puffing, white-headed old Irishwoman, who dropped in her postcard just in time; for only a moment after that there came the roar I have mentioned.

If you say that all this is no part of my street, I reply that those sounds from the harbor are part of every street in New York —great hints of the great life of the world which most New-Yorkers barely hear because they have grown used to them. They have grown used to so many things!

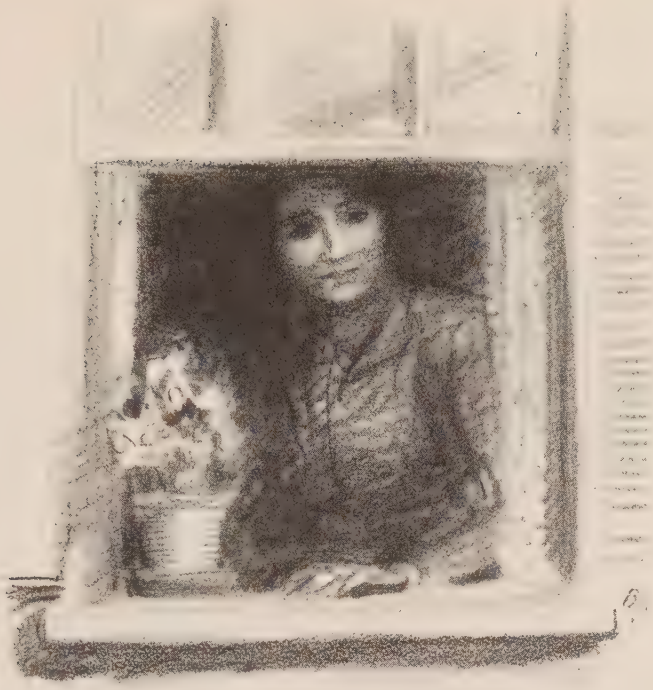
But on the opposite side of the street, a little east, are two neighbors who, although they are very old and stout, do not seem to have had time yet to grow used to everything. One is a man and the other a woman. Each sits at a window. They face each other. And now I see them smile at each other; again I see them watching the street. I have seen them for hours and hours thus.



"Things he would soon show proudly in some little old hill town"

Once on an April morning I even saw one of them leaning out. I followed his look, and saw a policeman and some small boys standing over a large newspaper package that lay upon the sidewalk. They were there for several minutes till a wagon from the police department came and took the package away. I did not go down to see what it was, for this was in the daytime, when I am busy writing. At night I probably should have gone down, for then I am reading what others have written.

At a window across from mine I often see a woman who does little acts of kindness. She is always doing them or getting somebody else to. At least this has been my firm belief ever since one Sunday last autumn. Time and again that afternoon I caught sight of her anxiously watching me; then at last she disappeared, and presently my telephone rang. Some one wanted the man in the house: it was the woman across the street. She said there was a cat on my roof leaning out so far over the gutter she feared the poor thing had lost its head and was thinking of making a leap to its death. The idea which I then expressed about cats and their talent for making long jumps without harm seemed not in the least to assure her. I went back and looked up from my window. Yes, there was the cat. His eyes peered down from close above. I shut the window sternly, sat down, and tried to go on with my work; but my neighbor kept watching me anxiously, sending little-acts-of-kindness thoughts continually across the street. I gave in at last and went up to the roof. It is not one roof; there are acres of roofs; the cat could have spent his whole life up there. He did not even want to come down. I cursed him, and he spat at me and went his way, and I clambered down and went back to my



"I caught sight of her anxiously watching me"

work. A few minutes later, glancing up, I saw my neighbor smiling approval. I always think of her like that.

There is also a sculptor across the street. Frequently wagons and trucks drive up, and out from his studio come huge white parts of horses or men. There is something magnetic about those parts; they are simple, elemental things. I always like to watch them.

And so it is on my street at night. It is simpler then; all the commonplace details drop away, the noise subsides, and when people pass I notice their voices.

So it was one night at the quietest time, which is between nine and eleven o'clock. I heard a man's voice, tense and sharp; I could hear it a considerable distance off. And there was a girl's voice, broken by sobs. My window was open, and I leaned out. They were coming down my side of the street, a man and a girl, with two men behind. They moved very slowly, for the girl kept clinging to the man's arm and begging him to take her home. From time to time he would stop and throw her off, and pour out a volley of abuse in a strained, unnatural voice of rage. From all of which I vaguely gathered what he intended to convey, that she was not any wife of his, had never been, would never be. He desired that she should let go his arm and get to blazes out of his sight. For some reason which I could not get, the girl, who was young and rather slim, seemed to have gone nearly out of her mind. She kept up her shrill, broken, inane appeal for him to take her home, home, home! The other two men tried to quiet the pair with talk about "cops" and police courts, but the two voices would not be hushed. They went on and on, far down the street, till the "el" rumbled over and drowned them out.

At eleven my street takes on new life. Into the apartment-building across the way come many New York couples. Most families are couples there. I see the windows above light up and remain so sometimes for more than an hour. Then one by one the lights go out. Only in a room at the top, through a window with neither

curtains nor blinds, I see a man, rather lean and young, sometimes in his shirt-sleeves, sometimes in pajamas, working at a table under a huge, green-shaded lamp. Though generally in bed by twelve, I often sit up later. But this chap under the big, green lamp is still there when I turn out my light. He has the street all to himself after that, but I think he never sees it.

I might go on and on like this, building bit upon bit this picture of the life of this one common street in New York; but on reading it over I find I have failed, have not given the truth, because I have drawn things all out of proportion.

"What is it," I asked myself at the start, "that has made this common street mine to me?"

What is it? Not these exceptional bits, these unusual little incidents. No, I think it is rather the commonplace *mass* of life that has made itself vaguely felt to me here. Commonplace? How do I know? For what do I know of this mass of life, unseen and unheard, behind shut doors?

"There is something magnetic about those parts"

I remember one time I was coming home toward the end of the night. Down the street came a garbage-cart drawn stolidly by an old white horse, his hoofs beating a slow *clop-clop* on the asphalt. The driver from time to time would toss up a garbage-can with a crash that sounded doubly loud, my street was so still. Under the cart was a lantern which swung; over the roofs hung a big, round moon. In its light, dark and baffling, silent, bare, these New York houses, just as common as life and death, stood there grimly self-contained. The garbage-cart had gone by now; there were only low calls from the harbor.

Summer Night

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

AFAR with steady fire burns ruddy Mars;
The sky is sown with gems; the velvet breast
Of night leans close, with whisperings of rest.
No voice of toil is here, no heed of time;
Only the lilt of God's eternal rhyme,
The wheeling planets, and the marching stars.

"He was the calif in the streets of Bagdad as he sucked his twenty-first ice-cream cone"

The Arabian Days of Jimmy Jennette

By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Author of "How Beelzebub Came to the Convent," etc.

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

THE trained nurse in charge of the hospital, The Lost and Found Child Department, and lady high custodian of the "Infant Incubator Exhibit," raised her well-arched brows.

"You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Jennette, that you turn that boy loose here! Why, it 'll kill the child."

Jimmy, with ecstatic eyes fixed on the distant lemon-yellow shape of the high-wire artist, nibbled his seventh ice-cream cone and sighed happily. Jimmy's father wrinkled his nose and blinked his pale-blue, humorous eyes.

"I must confess, Miss Mehan, we don't interfere with him much. We found, his mother and I, that he fretted himself sick when he was n't allowed the run of the place, and we 've got a notion it 's healthier to let him get plain tired out, and bursting full of pop-corn and ice-cream and soda and 'dogs,' and *then* have the doctor for a week. He gets over it in great shape, and after that he 's in training for the rest of the season. When all 's said and done, why spoil it all? He 's only eight; all the tinsel is real. It 's all gold and diamonds and fairy-land,—fairy-land you don't wake up from,—and lasts every day and all day."

Miss Mehan looked scientific disapproval, and, to do her justice, what she had seen of Jimmy's activities and appetite was enough to horrify her accurate sense of healthy equilibrium.

"Mark my words," she said sorrowfully; "something is going to happen to that boy. Monsieur Daniel took him into the lions' den, and I saw him following around after that dreadful dancer in the Midway. Those Orientals are always fighting, and Jimmy 's sure to get in it."

"I don't doubt it," said Jimmy's father, resignedly; "but he 'll subdue them all,—he always does,—and, besides, he 's just as dangerous when he 's home. Last week I caught him setting off fire-crackers under a contractor's dynamite wagon. Honestly,

I feel a lot safer when he 's here, and it *takes* a crowd of about two hundred thousand *to* take care of him."

"Of course," Miss Mehan admitted, "*you 're* his father, Mr. Jennette; but I *must* say, *I* do not consider an amusement park the proper place in which to bring up a child." She turned away as the deputy nurse appeared at the side entrance of "Concession B" and indicated in pantomime that the crowd was awaiting the lecture in the incubator-room.

Mr. Chester Jennette, general manager of "The World's Greatest Spectacular Playground," scratched his red head contemplatively and stared at his son. Perhaps Miss Mehan was right, but he and Edna somehow could n't deny the youngster the glamour and glory of these, his Arabian, days. Perhaps Jimmy's manners *were* an unpolished reflection of the cosmopolitan, heterogeneous throng of the employees of the big show, perhaps his language did need pruning; but what was lost in these branches of education was doubly gained in his ability to take care of himself, to make friends, to adjust himself, chameleon-like, to all the diversified creeds, customs, and codes with which, as the "boss's boy," he came in daily contact.

"Shucks!" said Jennette, "I only wish *I* could have had his chance. It must be perpetual heaven." He turned away with a whimsical sigh as Hamil, the Greco-Jewish camel-driver from Cairo, approached with waving hands.

"Boss," he wailed, "that Jimmee he wan' ride Menelik, the black camel, all time. He no pay—"

"Oh, well, *let* him." The blue Irish eyes looked into the excited brown ones. "Let him, for heaven's sake! He 'll be tired of camels by to-morrow. By all means, Hamil, get Menelik out of his system."

"Susteem?" repeated Hamil.

The manager came back to earth.

"Sure, Hamil; let Jimmy have the run of the whole Midway. Let him eat it up. And," he unwisely added, by way of further enforcing the freedom of the city which he accorded his small son, "if he wants La belle Fatima to teach him the 'coochy-cooch,' tell her to go to it."

The camel-driver retired in confusion to tell his tale in the bazaar. It lost nothing in the telling.

Fatima received her orders to impart her art to the infant man-child with wide-eyed horror. Kula, "the Bride of the Desert," and Zabelle, "the Armenian Captive," were equally nonplussed. Yusuf, the magician, Haji, the brass-worker, Ibrahim, virtuoso of the peacock-zither, and Abdul, the owner of the four gorgeously bedecked camels, received the story of Hamil with amazed incredulity. Were they all to be under the heel of this infant? It was most strange. They would await the coming of Ben Ali Hassan, hereditary saint and general manager of all good Mohammedans in this land of sun-struck infidels. Hassan would explain the mystery.

At this juncture Kiera, astrologer, fortune-teller, and general mystic-of-all-work, came slowly forward, swathed in her veils of black and purple. She heard the story with interest dawning in her pale-irised eyes.

"So—a man-child to whom is given command. That is not of every day; that is even as the babe of Hassan, who, by virtue of the blood of the prophet, inherits the green turban, though he have not been to holy Mecca. But what manner of infidel *is* this to whose suckling is given such power?"

"Perhaps he is born under Amerikine planets," suggested Kula, hitching her spangled hip scarf. "Kiera,"—she raised her heavy eyebrows, which met above her small nose with true Oriental perfection,—"if Allah grants thee knowledge of the heavens, read thou his horoscope, *if* thou canst." She turned away sneering, and, swaying with self-conscious grace, crossed the tessellated square, surrounded by cardboard houses and papier-mâché mosques, to the performance tent.

Kiera scowled.

"Did ye hear her?" she snarled. "She would mock me, and pretend that I cannot read the stars! Wait, I will read the future of the man-child, though the heav-

"She turned away sneering, and, swaying with self-conscious grace"

ens fall. Alas! that Achmet Ben Ahr is outside with the ballyhoo. He knows her for what she is, and *he* shall tell her."

"Quarrel thy quarrels, woman, with thine own kind, and seek not to embroil others," said Ibrahim. "Leave Ben Ahr to his ballyhoo. He is no man of thine."

"Nor of hers," raged Kiera.

"Therefore cease thy talk," admonished Ibrahim. "It is enough." He walked away with stately tread, and took his stand behind the foolish gray-suited American who presumed to engage Riza the crafty in a game of chess at twenty-five cents per game.

But Kiera's hot Southern soul was boiling, and she sought her tent, curtly refusing to read the palms of two white-clad, highly perfumed ladies who dug into silver-mesh bags for "a piece of change."

For months now Kula had badgered and insulted "the Greatest Seeress in the Western Hemisphere," and the G. S. of the W. H.'s small stock of patience was exhausted. Here they were starting in a new season with the big park, and Kula was already beginning her belittling insinuations and sneers. Kiera snorted like a blooded war-horse. She would steal Achmet's knife, and then!

She was deflected from her thoughts of gory reprisal by the appearance of a small boy in a white suit, nibbling an ice-cream cone. The boy had an alert, serious face; a pair of pale-blue, imaginative, wide-set eyes; a shingling of freckles on his peeling, sunburned nose; a capacious mouth; and outstanding ears that upheld a white duck "crew" cap. He advanced to Menelik, the black camel, and with a proprietary air tweaked the colored wool tassels and shell ornaments of the big beast's halter. Then he looked about for Hamil, now absorbed in the game of chess proceeding on the big Kurdish carpet by the mosque entrance, changed his mind, peeled a strip of skin from his nose, gazed at it meditatively, then, catching the inquiring, pale-irised eyes gazing at him above the black and purple veils, he advanced, and laid two little monkey hands on the table before Kiera.

"You 're the psy-cho-log-i-*cal* wonder and mind-reader, are n't you?" he inquired. "Gee! that must be great!"

"Twenty-fi' cents, please," said the psychological wonder.

The boy looked at her wide-eyed.

"Huh, I 'm Jimmy—Jimmy Jennette."

Kiera looked at him with new interest.

"Ah, so you are to learn to dance by Fatima?"

"Me!" gasped Jimmy, overcome by the suggestion. "Not on your tin-type! What 'd I want to learn to dance for? Why, the armless wonder is going to show me how to swallow swords! Say, can you tell me if us 'Coney Island Giants' is going to lick 'the Sea Gate Senators' in the next game?"

He talked in riddles, this to-be-obeyed man-child; but Kiera understood clearly that he scorned to learn from Fatima with a great scorn, and longed for swords, as was the birthright of the son of a chief.

"How old are you?" inquired the seeress.

"I 'm eight," said Jimmy, with a proud swagger.

"What mont', what day?" Kiera persisted.

"Day before yesterday," admitted Jimmy, reluctantly. He preferred to be "going on nine."

"What hour—you know what hour?" the veiled one inquired.

Jimmy looked puzzled.

"Well," he said at length, "mother says I began yelling at four in the morning, and I 've been wakin' her up regular ever since. Guess I do wake up sort of early," he allowed. "Bed 's awful' slow."

The mystic lady was jotting down various symbols and strange characters. Jimmy regarded the pad with disapproval.

"*I* can write clearer than *that,*" he bragged. "What 's that a picture of?" He looked upon the sign of Cancer on the heading of the paper. "*I* can dror an Indian," he proudly informed her. "The feller in the burned-leather booth showed me how. Why don't you get him to show you how to dror?"

Kiera finished her notes with a flourish.

"I shall see your stars," she said, and smiled down at the boy's eager face. "I think you shall one day be a very big, great man."

Jimmy nodded gravely.

"Sure," he agreed, and the final morsel of ice-cream cone disappeared within his cavernous mouth, shutting off further communication for the time being. His eyes, however, were endeavoring to impart something of importance. The last of the dainty quite visibly descending beneath the white skin of his thin little throat, the line of communication was at last open. "You *bet* I 'm going to be a great man! Moonsoor Daniel is going to teach me how to be a lion-tamer. Gee!" he stood silent, in awe of his own future prowess. "Gee!"

"You shall conquer more than lions," affirmed the reader of the heavens; "even men and women."

Jimmy looked unconvinced.

"You oughter hear 'em roar," he said, his mind wholly concentrated on his chosen profession. Yusuf sedately crossed to the booth. Jimmy turned upon him his interested gaze. "Gee! that 's the magician. I saw him grow a flower in a pot out on the ballyhoo." He considered the master of the genii with a practical eye. "Dad says he pays him twenty-five dollars a week, and the head gardener for the grounds gets fifty dollars. Why don't he garden?" There seemed no answer to this obviously good advice, and Jimmy's mind had already disposed of that angle of the proposition. "I 'm gonna stay for the show," he announced as one conferring a favor. "You 're awful' long between shows. When does it start?"

Yusuf received the question as a command.

"But now, O Son of the Boss; to hear is to obey." He waved Jimmy toward the rows of benches fronting the platform, upon which a gaudy tent of turkey red, hung with bright rugs made in Pennsylvania, sought to impress the audience with a true conception of the beauty and luxury of a sultan's harem. A number of people were already seated, expectantly gazing at this alluring interior. Yusuf marched off, corralled the various performers, and shepherded them to the rear entrance of the tent.

"The boss-child is in front," he informed them. "He desires us to begin. It is five minutes before the hour, but I have said we obey."

Obediently the members of the troupe took their places, one behind the other on the back stairs, and entered the rear flap of the stage in solemn order: first the two boy athletes, beating on tom-toms and crooning a nasal singsong; then the zither-player, with his highly colored instrument; Abdul Baa, with a guitar, ushering in the prides of the harem, Fatima, Kula, Zabelle, and Kiera, who took their places on the cushioned divan. A moment later Haji, the brass-worker, disguised as the sultan, entered, attended by Yusuf, and, seating himself upon the dais, waved a grimy hand in sign of his readiness to be entertained.

Jimmy edged on the very tip of his seat as Yusuf, with a black velvet wand tipped with silver, conjured flowers galore from arid pots; produced pigeons from the beard of Yusuf, where, indeed, they might well have hatched; and quite painlessly poured fire from his finger-tips; then he rolled two pigeons together and produced a ruffled and protesting parrot, and—the trouble began. Instead of flying to his cage, the parrot chose to hang upside down from the fringe of the tent. His master cursed under his breath, but forbore to notice the insubordination, and introduced Zabelle, the Armenian captive, who by a few passes was thrown into a hypnotic sleep, which produced the extraordinary result of suspending her in air with no visible means of support. The sultan, chewing gum, appeared quite callous to the liberties taken with his expensive slave until the parrot, having tired of the curtain as a perch, concluded that Zabelle's glittering head-dress offered a better, and alighted thereon, with small consideration for the captive's hair. Zabelle came out of her trance and shrieked for help. The sultan bent a furious glance—he was the captive's father—on the bungling magi-

cian; the magician whacked the parrot, which retorted angrily, and flew to the tent-flap, clawed its way up, and teetered on a guy-rope.

Angry and disgruntled, Zabelle was allowed to alight. The episode had descended from "Oriental mysticism" to plain farce, and the audience rocked with laughter, Jimmy's shriek of delight dominating all the rest with the shrill persistence of a siren. The troupe was thoroughly rattled, but resolved to retrieve itself before the all-important boss-child; for, behold! the boss-child was laughing them to scorn. That was not to be endured.

Fatima was hastily thrust forward, the peacock zither and the tom-toms struck up the accompaniment to her far-famed dance. But unfortunately the extraordinary information she had received—that she was to teach the "Garden of Love" *pas seul* to the son of the chief—threw her into a state bordering on panic. *How,* in the name of Allah, was one to teach a man-child of eight the dance of the Oured-Nails? With every gyration that set her beads jangling and her bangles ringing she felt more embarrassed and helpless. The Egyptians, commanded to make bricks without straw, had a task of sheer simplicity compared with that to which, for some reason beyond her Oriental guessing, she had been assigned.

"How, in Allah's name! *How* to do this impossibility?" She clapped her agile fingers on her silver cymbals absently and out of tune; her naturally rhythmic body became as wooden as an automaton, for her mind was questioning, *"How,* in the name of Allah, shall I teach a man-child of eight to do *this!"*

"Ha-ha, ah-ah-ah," chanted the musicians.

Desperately Fatima began the last circling preparatory to her final whirl.

"Ah-ah-ah! Camel!" hissed Yusuf under his breath as she passed. "Camel! No, dromedary! Thou wilt have us expelled from the park for thy most execrable dancing."

"Pariah dog and slaughter-house swine!" murmured the sultan's favorite, with tears of fury in her lustrous eyes.

Kula, the trouble-maker, broke into a sneering giggle.

"Does a man-child affright thee, O rose-leaf-footed teacher of dancing?" she jeered.

Kiera leaned forward.

"Thou art a gazelle, Fatima, compared with *her* at her best."

To the audience this badinage appeared as encouraging demonstrations of delight; but Kula's fingers twitched, and only the threatening brows of Yusuf and Haji made the serpent-tongued combatants withdraw to their own corners of the divan. Fatima made her bow, rushed to her place, and slammed herself full-length on the cushions. The sultan's palace had become the ragged edge of an active volcano.

Jimmy had observed the gyrations of Fatima with an uninterested eye. Over at the rival park, on the opposite side of teeming "Surf Avenue," they had a lady who wriggled with live snakes, a proceeding which had interested him immensely; but to wriggle *without* snakes was tiresome. He made a mental note to speak to his father about the forgotten reptiles. He often helped his father with reminders and suggestions. The performance on the platform began to pall. He had a gnawing impression that something was wrong; he missed something. Had he lost his extra handkerchief? A search revealed it securely pinned into his breast pocket, where his mother had placed it. His big horse-chestnut? No. His pocket-knife? Not that either; it was anchored to his belt by a stout piece of twine. He was puzzled. He looked away, wondering what that feeling of loss and emptiness might mean—a feeling almost as big as a recently pulled tooth.

The now thoroughly disorganized "Orient Midway Aggregation of Marvels" produced its next sensation, no other than the world-renowned Bride of the Desert in her unique juggling dance with six keen simitars. Kula, with a self-satisfied leer, advanced to the middle of the

"'Twenty-fi' cents, please,' said the psychological wonder"

stage as the swords were brought forward on a red velvet stand. Kula was sure of her act. However the others might bungle, she at least *never* failed. It was to her unfailing quality that she owed her retention in the troupe. She might quarrel with whom she pleased; they could not afford to lose the applause that always attended her skilful manipulation of the curved and glittering blades. She cast a supercilious glance over her shoulder at *la belle* Fatima and grinned irritatingly at Kiera, who would have the handicap, not to say misfortune, of following her. The boss-child was a man-child, therefore the sight of steel must be his soul's desire, the quiver of leaping simitars a sight to thrill his warrior spirit, which, in ordinary circumstances, was quite true. But the feats of the sword-swallower in "Concession X" had literally dulled the point of her act. Jimmy was busily sorting his belongings and questioning himself as to the meaning of the mysterious craving that assailed him. He looked with interest at Kula for a moment or two, fascinated by the whirl of light she made of a shining sword, even awestruck at the manner she threw it aloft and caught it again, like a band-master, spinning it obediently on her extended forefinger. Then she crossed two weapons on the floor, and footed it neatly over and about the menacing points and edges, while she tossed four more in a continuous leaping fountain of writhing danger.

It was at this moment that Jimmy discovered what ailed him. He was hungry. He had n't had an ice-cream cone in an hour! He started to his feet, oblivious of the performance, and looked about, craning his neck to see over the heads of the people behind him. The all-important question must be answered, *Was* there an ice-cream cone station in the Midway?

Kula sensed a movement in the crowd in the region she sought to hold spellbound. It needed only the satisfied chuckle of Kiera behind her to throw her completely out of time. Through the glare of the swinging swords she saw the boss-child standing up, his back turned toward her, looking expectantly out over the empty square. She missed her count, the heavy simitar flew from her hand, sprang like a living thing across the platform, and clanged to the stage, half severing the main tent-rope as it fell. With a furious exclamation she steadied herself, spun the remaining swords in her right hand while she danced across, leaned over, secured the lost weapon and, returning, wheeled to the center, all four simitars revolving with the speed and precision of a fly-wheel. It was an extraordinary feat. The audience burst into a paroxysm of applause. But Kula's triumph was dust and ashes. She had failed to hold the attention of the boss-child, and all the troupe had seen it. She clashed the swords on the stand and, sullen and defiant, backed to her seat.

Jimmy, having located the sweetmeat shop, turned his attention once more to the stage. The veiled lady who had told him he would be a great lion-tamer some day was going to do something. A man in a blue coat and a fez was parading up and down the aisles that divided the audience, asking for watch numbers, hat sizes, coin dates, and various articles of adornment. The veiled lady with incredible rapidity repeated the numbers and dates, and otherwise proved her powers of mind-reading. The man with a fez produced a piece of blackboard and began to write down numbers. It reminded Jimmy of hated winter, its loathed lessons, and its detested arithmetic. He was disappointed that his friend should give such a silly performance, and then his whole being became absorbed in another act, not down on the program—an act the tragic realism of which could not be questioned. The insubordinate parrot, still teetering from the scalloped and fringed lambrequin that decorated the face of the tent, hung upside down to inspect the goings-on below.

Back in the shadow there appeared a lean, black shape—Hafiz, the Midway lucky cat. Slowly the wily cat progressed, his brilliant eyes fixed on the bird. Nearer and nearer he drew. The cat paused and looked upward, trying the ropes with a vicious claw. The ropes were too small

to climb without making his presence known to his prey. With the philosophy and patience of his species, he sat back with dignity, pretending to blink at the heavens. When again, in conceit with himself, he tried the canvas side of the tent, it yielded to his weight. The height was not to be taken save by a storming process that must warn the quarry. Hafiz once more gazed into space and meditated. A plan hatched in his brain. With sinuous movements he writhed between the ropes, surmounted the bales and boxes that piled the side of the tent in semblance of the goods of a resting caravan, gained the foot of the yellow-and-red painted wall that divided the Midway from "Concession L" of "The Palm Beach Tropics and Glass-Bottomed Boat Recreation Pool," and sidled along the wall, his black body hugging the castellated parapet. Softly he dropped upon the top of the tent and slid, with outstretched paws, down its incline toward the metal rod from which depended the fringed and scalloped lambrequin to which the parrot still swung.

Jimmy had watched every move intently. At first his sympathies had been whole-heartedly with the cat, for some obscure primeval instinct that puts small boys inevitably on the side of the hunter rather than of the hunted; but as the lithe, black body slid down the tent nearer and nearer, his vivid imagination began to visualize the final pounce, the snatch of the black paws that would wrench their victim from its hold and escape with it to the inaccessible fortress of the dividing-wall before any one could interfere. The parrot hung by its beak, and executed a pirouette. The cat slid another inch nearer, was almost on the very edge of the outer rod. Jimmy rose stealthily. As velvet-footed as the cat, he slipped by the occupants of his bench, wriggled past the rope barrier, drew up a singularly light bale of what represented the priceless rugs of Ispahan, climbed on top, and reached for Hafiz.

His going had not been unobserved from the platform; indeed, his absent and concentrated gaze had been only too well noted by the "Bride of the Desert." Kiera, with bandaged eyes and sibilant voice, continued to add numbers she was not supposed to see, and describe jewelry she was announced to view only through the eyes of the Yogi in the red fez. Whether by clairvoyance or plain eyesight, she also beheld Jimmy rise from his seat and sneak away. She added up the column wrong, and failed to follow the signal or intuition which would give her the following watch number. Her ears were strained for the words—the fatal words she felt would come from Kula's vengeful mouth. The sweat stood on her temples. She knew that if Kula ever spoke those inevitable words, nothing but murder would ever appease her fury.

They came in the sharp whispered voice of her enemy, preceded by a sniggering laugh.

"It remained for *thee* to drive him altogether away!"

The storm broke. Kiera snatched the bandage from her eyes, and leaped upon Kula; Yusuf rushed to drag Fatima from the fray, into which she had launched herself with the quickness of light. He was intercepted by Haji, boiling with fury at the bungling of the magician who had spoiled Zabelle's act.

"Kiera! Kiera!" yelled the red-fezzed pundit, scrambling at the platform and unable in his excitement to scale it.

But now Kiera had Kula by the throat. In a still fury of long-suppressed hate they rolled among the cushions, one gasping contortion of tinsel and beads. The floor rolled with pearls; Koh-i-nurs lay all over the divans of the sultan's pavilion.

Jimmy, standing on tiptoe on the rug bale, had reached up warily for the cat when the thump of falling bodies and the scream of the onlookers struck him full at the apex of his reach. He was not frightened; he was too excited to know fear, but the start it caused him made him lose his balance; the bale rolled beneath his wildly kicking feet. With all his might he swung to the canvas top.

The simitar-severed guy-rope parted under the sudden strain. With a grinding

rush the whole pavilion crumpled. To the breathless audience it seemed as if the flame of battle had been snuffed by a giant snuffer in the hand of fate.

The crumpled canvas heaved, but it was no longer with the struggle of destruction, but with the struggle to escape. On top of the heap sat Jimmy. The iron stanchion had bumped him cruelly, but he held the rescued parrot firmly in his left hand.

The parrot turned and bit him.

Said Miss Mehan, as she bound up the hole the ungrateful bird had bored in his rescuer's finger:

"I *told* you, Mr. Jennette, he was *bound* to get hurt. Take my advice, and send him home this minute."

"Oh," begged Jimmy, "Father, please, it hurts awful'. Lem me ride Menelik just one time more."

"And as *I* told Miss Mehan, he 's subdued them all," said Jennette. "Go on, son; just *one* ride now."

Said Kiera, bending over her charts to Achmet, released from ballyhoo, "I have cast the horoscope of the boss-child. Behold! he shall be a leader. He shall go into far countries. Here are wealth and jewels and wives and banners and trumpeters. It is a marvel of a horoscope. Achmet, never have I seen such a one; and yet,—and here is the greatest marvel of all, for I understand it not,—*now*, at this very time, under these present auspices of the planets, I find the zenith of his happiness, a very apex of the pyramid of his being—now, even now."

"I understand it not," said Achmet. "He is but a babe."

The soft *pad-pad* of a camel's feet caused them to look up. Jimmy passed, high seated on the swaying black hump of Menelik, preceded by Hamil, chanting an improvised song in Arabic.

"Make way for the boss-child! Make way! Kismet he brings; wisdom is his. Allah shall guide his feet in the yellow sandals! Way for the boss-child!"

Jimmy swayed all over to the swing of the camel and Hamil's chant. He was so tired that he could hardly keep his seat, and the heaving of the great brute racked every aching bone in his little body. His finger hurt cruelly, the rapidly purpling lump on his head throbbed and burned; but he was the calif in the streets of Bagdad as he sucked his twenty-first ice-cream cone.

The Traitor

By A. HUGH FISHER

Illustration by Dalton Stevens

"WHAT is it makes the king's heart sore?"
"Ask of the huntsman at the door,"
Whispered the rushes on the floor.

"Huntsman, what is it qils the king?"
"He learned but now of a cursèd thing,
And bade me wait for his wayfaring."

"Why rides the king to-night so late?"
The forest murmured, "Love and hate
Move men of high and low estate."

"'Why goes she now to her wedding [illegible]'"
"'To seek what dresses array her best'"

"Why wakes Earl Athel with face so worn?"
"'T is the silver sound of that winding horn,"
Quoth the arras gray in the early morn.

"What was the secret he now has told?"
"How love once made him overbold
To cheat his king," said cup of gold.

"He was sent to learn at her father's hall
If the tales of her beauty were true at all,"
Sang a harp that was hanging on the wall.

"And the sly carl told with a cunning knack
She 'd a comely face, but a crooked back.
We know," cried the chessmen, white and black.

"But what is it now he bids his wife?"
"Disguise her beauty and save his life,"
Said a bowl of stain with nut-husks rife.

"Why burns such fire in the lady's eyes?"
"The heart's wrath flames when the heart's love dies,"
Wailed the trodden threads of her broideries.

"Why goes she now to her wedding-chest?"
"To seek what dresses array her best,"
Answered a brooch on her heaving breast.

"Keeps the king silence while she bears
Mead and meat for the travelers?"
"He sees and plans," said the ashwood spears.

"Where go these two with hidden hate
As if they were still affectionate?"
"The king commands," creaked rusty gate.

"Go they to hunt as huntsmen should?"
"Yes, hunt if the king deem hunting good—
Perhaps each other," sighed Wherwell Wood.

"Which of the two the fight will win,
The man of right or the man of sin?"
"The king," cried sharp-ground javelin.

"Why rides he back to Athel's tower?"
"To snatch a widow from her bower,"
Laughed shaken thorn-tree's snow-white shower.

"On the king's cheek why falls that tear?"
"Kings cannot conquer beauty; here
He found her dead," replied the bier.

Pepe

By WILLIAM CAINE

Author of "The Irresistible Intruder," etc.

CORDOBA is scheduled on the European itinerary as a half-day stand. Those who go from Seville to Granada, and those who go from Granada to Seville, take Cordoba on their way. Fifteen minutes for the cathedral, five for the alcazar, an hour for luncheon, and on to further discoveries—that is the Cordoba program. The hotels of Cordoba are, in consequence, unpalatial, a circumstance in itself which endears the little town to the judicious. I do not believe there is a lift in all Cordoba, and if your wife wishes, for any reason, to buy a new hat, she must go out of the hotel for it, and then it will be three years old. At night all the tourists are gone to Seville or Granada, and you and the Cordobans and the stars share the amenities of Cordoba's one boulevard, of which everybody is very proud, because it is much superior to anything that Paris or even Madrid can show. It was a lucky chance which caused them to build Cordoba so handily between Seville and Granada. It has provided a still little back-water for the traveler's repose, a spot where he may forget that American bars exist, eat his meals untroubled by the squeaking of a tango-band, and adventure himself among the mysteries of a bill of fare jelly-printed in blue and illegible Spanish.

You could put your hat over Cordoba, and very little would protrude. It is the compactest little town. From the tower of the cathedral it all looks like one building. You can hardly perceive the streets, so closely do they wriggle among the houses. The roofs are yellow, brown, gray, red; the walls and their shadows every color in the world. Among the buildings the green of palms, orange-trees, lemon-trees, chestnuts soothe the glare-struck eye. The Guadalquivir snakes through its rich plains from the far-away flat hills (red, gray, brown, yellow), and over all is the great sky of the South and the huge sun of the South, which imposes silence on the world till night shall set the guitars a-buzzing.

Before my wife and I begin our travels we always make an elaborate program of sight-seeing. Of this earth there is so much to admire and so little time in which to admire it! When one is in England, it seems wicked so much as to contemplate missing anything that a foreign country has to show. So, though we know very well what will happen, we spend hours and days with Baedeker and maps and the Continental Bradshaw, and in anticipation visit enough towns, with their galleries, cathedrals, castles, and other attractions, to last two people a year, both working all day and separately. I say we know what will happen, because it always has happened. No matter in what country we may be, after a week of packing up, paying hotel bills, checking luggage, tipping menials, traveling, unpacking, gaping at pictures, trailing round medieval piles, absorbing Gothic edifices, and packing up again, we come to the place called *"Basta!"* It may be a little town by a fair river, under vine-covered hills, graced only by a cozy inn and a ruin somewhere, and such is Chinon; or it may be a single inn by a small lake among snow-clad mountains, and such is Eibsee of Bavaria; or it may be nothing more romantic than a busy bathing-place crammed with Germans and English and French and every one else, full of beer-halls and lobster-cellars and cinematograph shows and hotels by the thousand, and such is Blankenberghe. Whatever its name may be, we translate it *Basta,* which is to say, *"Assez! Genug! Enough!"*

We do not recognize it always at once. It may take a few hours for the fact that we have reached it to become clear to us,

but once that has happened, we hasten to unpack to the very bottom of our trunks (where we abandon the Baedeker), and we do not budge till we leave for home.

Basta is a good place to be in after a week's hard labor on the European treadmill. The cooking at Basta is always of the first quality; the bedroom at Basta is always spotless, and the morning sun shines cheerfully into it; the hostess of the inn is always a kindly, smiling old lady, and the head waiter is generally a bonny girl. At Basta you are among friends all the time. At dinner there is good and gay company, honest citizens, *abonnés* of the house, or kindly indigenous visitors who love the simple life of small inns in their own land. If a tourist—such a one as you yourself were three days ago—comes to Basta, it is only to drag himself sweating to the ruin on the hill or walk hastily with his camera round the lake. He may swallow a luncheon, but as he eats it you know that you will be rid of him in half an hour. And while you eat your own leisurely meal, among the good friends that Basta has given you, you do not envy that tourist. Poor devil! he has a train to catch, and will be obliged to miss his coffee, if he does n't actually lose the dessert—the wild strawberries, with their little pot of cream; or the orange warm from the tree, with a bit of quince cheese; or the *Apfel-kuchen,* poor devil! Well, well, he will be in Munich to-night, or it may be Orleans or Florence. That glorious thought will be his dessert or his deserts. Give us *Basta,* say my wife and I.

Cordoba was our Spanish *Basta.* To it we brought memories of Burgos Cathedral and the Velasquez room in the Prado and a gorgeous day's journey south through La Mancha, that green garden, and all the wonderful glowing, ghastly land that Spain has made her specialty. We had been a week abroad, and we were very, very tired. But Seville was hard by, so was Granada. On the morrow our duty would call us in one direction or the other, we had not quite decided which.

Blessed indecision that enables the poor hustling mortal sometimes to sit down and consider and repose himself! Had we been decided between the wisdom of visiting Seville before Granada and that of seeing Granada before Seville, we should have avoided Cordoba, perhaps, altogether. But the map showed Cordoba to be just the place for deciding the question which vexed us. So we got out at Cordoba for at least a night.

They lodged us on the ground floor in a prison-room, fortified with that tremendous iron-grating behind which the Spanish maid quivers in response to the passionate breathings of the adorer; but the beds were good, and our cell was large. They fed us beyond all praise that night and next morning.

Then we repaired to the cathedral, and here in the Court of the Orange-trees we encountered Pepe.

The Court of the Orange-trees affords much shade to pilgrims weary with wandering among the countless pillars of that astounding building, half stately Moorish mosque, half barbarous Christian cathedral, to which it is the entrance. And not only to pilgrims. The people of Cordoba collect here (for they have nothing whatever to do) to drowse beneath the trees, lulled by the plash of fountains and the chirping of the grasshoppers.

Sitting with me on a low wall, my wife became the center of a group of young gazers. Here was a rare bird in Andalusia, tall and fair, and with golden hair not untinged with redness, and gray eyes that inclined to blue.

Now, in Spain, if a woman is worth looking at and goes out of doors, she is looked at; for that in the opinion of the country is what she is there for. These unspoiled children of the South have never learned to steal glances at a girl. Beauty, they know, wherever it is found, is the possession of everybody's eyes. They would as soon think of looking sidewise at a handsome woman as at a fair landscape. The Spaniards who are blessed with bonny wives, jealous of the public's frank admiration, mew up their property within four walls, or, if health or religion

insist on a sortie, provide it with a duenna and place it in a carriage, closed for preference.

The savage Englishman, reckless—or is it only ignorant?—of the proprieties, parades his wife brazenly for all to admire, and the eyes flock about the two of them.

Soon we had a group of young bloods of all ages below twenty-one staring open-mouthed about us. The words *hermosa, linda, deliciosa* emerged from the babble of suppressed conversation. Certain of the young gentlemen shot glances of hostility in my direction, but none directly challenged me to mortal combat.

We would have been delighted with them had they not embarrassed us more than a little. For retiring English folks it is hard to excite so much notice. To make the situation a little less difficult, we essayed in the Spanish of Monsieur Hugo to draw them into conversation.

I asked them if they did not find my wife admirable. This staggered them. They grinned at one another shyly, nodded their heads, and admitted that they were much impressed. I paid some clumsy compliments to the ladies of their country. Their loyalty obliged them to admit that I had right on my side. I said: "Spanish ladies lovely. English ladies lovely. All ladies lovely." They agreed with enthusiasm, the gallant dogs. I asked them if they would object to my photographing them. At that the dignity of these *caballeros* took fright, and they retired in a body. Only one remained, his big dog's eyes fixed adoringly upon my wife. He was about twelve years old and a vastly handsome boy. I photographed him, but he did not flinch. I doubt if he knew what I had done, for his soul was utterly absorbed in contemplation.

I got bored with him and began to sketch a fountain. Suddenly a single whispered word, of the English of the school of Cordoba-atte-Guadalquivir, broke the noontide silence that enveloped the Court of the Orange-trees:

"Su-eet-aht!"

My man had sidled to within a yard of my spouse and had thus declared himself. He was barely four feet high.

I offered him a cigarette, one courtesy calling for another. He accepted it gravely, struck a spark from his flint and steel, lit the thing, and, seeing that I also was preparing to smoke, offered me his fire.

My wife was still laughing, but the brave child was in no wise cast down.

"Pretty girl," he said.

"Is n't she?" I agreed. He ignored me, very properly.

"Do you lob me?" he demanded.

"No," said my wife.

He had now used up all his English, so he returned to his opening. "Su-eet-aht," he said, laid an orange at her side, and moved away.

She called him back.

"Como se llama usted?" she asked. How did he call himself?

"Pepe," he replied, "who kisses your feet," and he left us with much dignity and went forth from the Court of the Orange-trees, only looking back once to beckon farewell from the entrance. We waved in return. A comical fellow! We dismissed him from our thoughts.

"Well," I said, with a sigh, "if we 're going to Granada or Seville, I suppose we 'd better get on to the hotel and pack."

"Which are we going to?" said my wife.

"Have n't we decided?" I asked. "No more we have. Well, we 'll do that at lunch," and we left the Court of the Orange-trees.

"We may as well," said I, "take the alcazar on our way to the hotel. Baedeker says there 's a nice old garden there." So through the baking heat we sauntered to the alcazar, and all the way we were 'ware of Friend Pepe, fifty yards behind.

"This is a desperate case," I said. "We had better get out of Cordoba soon, or you will be carried off to the Sierra Nevada to-night, and I shall be found to-morrow with twenty punctures in me. Thank Heaven! for the bars to our windows!"

"Are n't we going on to Seville or Granada?" she asked.

"Lord!" I cried, "so we are."

"You 're getting lazy already," she said.

I said something about the Southern heat; so enervating. Could n't we put off our departure for another twenty-four hours, did n't she think? We had plenty of time before us.

"You want another of that hotel's dinners," she said.

I admitted it.

"It is that quince cheese," I said. "One ought n't to leave that in a hurry. And I 'm sure we have n't seen the cathedral properly."

With that we reached the alcazar.

His heaven receive the infidel Moor who laid out that garden!

The fortunate who enter it descend by the steps of terraces to a pleasaunce where sandy paths wind through the cool shade of dark greenery. Everywhere the orange- and lemon-trees hang out their pretty lamps, and in the middle of all is a mossy old fountain surrounded by ancient stone benches of excellent design. Here one may sit through a whole summer, cool and happy, in a stillness that is broken only by the tinkle of water and the twitter and flight of the birds that inhabit the place, and watch the lizards play hide-and-seek among the stones, and the specks of light give place to the spots of shadow, till the moon rises and the checker of gold and blue is replaced by one of silver and black.

If tourists come, no matter. They will pass, for they have a train to catch. Endeavor to forget that you were once a tourist.

No one will reprove you if you pluck a warm orange that hangs by your elbow; there are many of them, and they cost only the trouble of letting them grow. The old lady who sells the picture postcards at the entrance will give you a hatful for a peseta. And of course you will bury the skins carefully.

Out of the trees rises a yellow old tower, crenellated, burning with rich color. You can see it through the branches. In such a place it is good to smoke the cigarette that makes all other tobacco vanity.

We had been half an hour in this delectable garden when I became aware of one who moved softly among the trees—a small figure that flitted from patch to patch of shadow, circling about us carefully.

"Here," said my wife, "comes the brazen infant of the cathedral," and *"Olé,* Pepe!" she called.

Finding himself discovered, he abandoned all strategy and advanced boldly to within a yard of us, where he halted and stood wriggling his bare toes and grinning in captivating wise, one hand behind his back.

I said:

"Pretty girl, eh?"

"Caramba!" said he, and produced a big lemon, which he offered to her. She made a wry face and waved it away. He looked surprised. "No?" said he. *"Muy bien,"* and he pantomimed the consumption of the sour thing, rubbing his little stomach vigorously to encourage us.

"The boy 's mad," said I.

"No," said my wife; "he 's a darling. Peel his lemon, and I 'll eat a bit for him, if only to show him that I appreciate his kindness."

"You 're mad," I said, but I took the lemon and peeled it. It is not for me to fight against the generous impulses of others.

I gave my wife a piece of the lemon. She, visibly, took her courage in both hands and put it in her mouth. Then was I witness of a wonderful sight. As should change the face of one who, going to hear of utter ruin, is greeted with the news of some great fortune, so changed the face of my wife, all made up for the receipt of lemon. It was like the sun breaking through the sad clouds of a rainy day.

"But," she cried, "it 's sweet!"

"Su-eet-aht," said Pepe. *"Si, si. Muy bien."* He wriggled all over with joy at the success of his gift. "Pretty girl. Do you lob me?"

"Nonsense!" I said, but the evidence of her face was difficult to ignore.

"Taste it," she said. "It 's as sweet as an orange and *much* nicer."

I have never yet been challenged to taste a thing in vain.

With many shrinkings of the soul and palate (it makes my mouth water now to write of these things), I placed a piece of the lemon between my lips. Rapture! A very wonderfully choice fruit, warm from the sun, perfectly sweet, with luscious juice that gushed from a thousand bursting sacs. Lemonish, yet unlemonish. In a word, a discovery, an illumination.

"Muy bien," I said to Pepe; *"muy, muy bien."*

He sat down in the sand to watch with bright eyes my wife devour the rest of the fruit. Of course she insisted on my sharing it, and I could not deny her her wish; but Pepe scowled fiercely at me as I ate.

In return for his invaluable information, I thought it only right to give him a chance.

"Stay here," I said to my wife, "and entertain our good friend Pepe. He does not desire my company at all." With these words I rose and strolled from them, humming an air.

When I returned, my enemy stood where I had left him. Still he wriggled his toes, still he directed ardent glances toward my wife, still he smiled. And still she smiled. He was, in truth, a pleasing object.

"His father," she told me, "is a tailor, and he lives near the bull-ring. He has five sisters and six brothers, but his mother is dead. Three of his brothers are in the army, and he has two sisters married. He is going to be a bull-fighter when he grows up, and I think he wishes me to fly with him to-night while you are asleep."

"All right," I said, "so long as you don't make too much noise about it and wake me up." I expressed, you observe, no surprise at her having learned so much about the youth, yet I knew that she had not twenty Spanish words.

You have heard of feminine intuition. This was an example of it. My wife can understand any foreigner if she knows as much as three words of his language. I wish I could do that. I work, let us say, at Italian all winter with teacher, grammar, and dictionary. My wife plays the harp the while. We go to Italy, and I cannot understand a word that is said to me. She understands everything. Listen.

In our first stroll through Florence we were caught in a rain-storm and drenched. On getting back to the hotel I said to the porter, "Send some one up, will you, to take our clothes down to be dried at once?" I said this in English, because it is folly to talk to porters in any other language.

We went up to our room and changed, and in the middle of this operation a girl came to the door and addressed to me one short sentence of Italian.

I said, "Che?" and she said it all again.

Again I said, "Che?" because I thought it would encourage her to know that I was an Italian scholar.

She repeated her words, with the vast patience of a good chambermaid, inured to fools.

"What 's she say?" I cried to my wife, exasperated by my discovery that a whole six months of hard work had left me impotent to deal with this crisis.

"She wants our wet things," said my wife at once. And she had never got beyond the second lesson in the grammar, in which neither "wet" nor "clothes" is to be found. And she was right. That was what the girl wanted. When I had given them to her she went away quite happily. Never since that moment have I been surprised to find my wife understanding all that is said to her by the inhabitants of foreign lands.

And so she had gathered the main facts about Pepe's family and his aspirations for the future, though she had little more Spanish than *"Como se llama."*

I looked round for Friend Pepe. He was gone. He could not tolerate my presence. Well, he was an honest enemy, scorning the pretense of friendship with

the man whose happiness he purposed to destroy.

We returned to our hotel for lunch, took our siesta in our room, made ourselves tea, and repaired once more to our garden. The Alhambra and Seville Cathedral stretched out their hands to us in vain, begging the favor of our patronage. Cordoba and its garden held us as with fetters. We had found *Basta* once more.

That night we were wakened by sounds suggestive of music close beside our window. I looked at my watch, and discovered the hour to be two in the morning, an unseasonable moment, one would think, for a street musician to choose. But in Andalusia all moments are seasonable for the guitar. I went to the window and looked out.

The broad, deserted boulevard was flooded with moonshine, and, plainly to be seen, not six feet from me, stood Don Pepe, burdened with a guitar as tall as himself. Upon it he thrummed most passionately, most villainously. But no window showed its head, cursing the disturber of the night. This was Andalusia. He had the world and the moon and his worship of the fair foreigner all to himself. His little black shadow aped the movements of his hand up and down the strings. Then suddenly he began to sing. O Heaven! The howling of a young fox had been melody beside the singing of Pepe. It was shrill, it was loud, it was harsh, it was full of shakes and trills and long, long notes that seemed as if they would never end.

I took a carnation from a bunch that we had in our room, and tossed it to him through the grating. He fell upon it, pressed it to his lips, and vanished.

"Somehow," I said, "we must make this desperado understand that his pursuit is hopeless, or we must leave this good, peaceful Cordoba, its garden and its quince cheese, and go out once again into the cruel world where trunks must be packed and trains must be caught. What are we to do?"

Next day we went directly to our garden, but our persecutor was on the watch outside our hotel, and we knew that he followed. In his buttonhole was the carnation. As I have said, an honest enemy.

All morning we sat under the orange-trees; long he lurked in our neighborhood, and at last came and stood wriggling as before. My wife engaged him in conversation. She spoke in English, gestures, and her three Spanish words; he was voluble, and she seemed to understand everything. I would have remained wholly in the dark had she not kindly translated. It was all family news that he gave her, but now and then he murmured a "Sueet-aht" just to show her that he was still faithful.

He had three of my good cigarettes, a fearsome allowance of tobacco for a fellow of his years. At length I ran out of matches and begged his flint and steel.

Have you ever tried to get a light with the flint and steel and tinder apparatus? I have done so a thousand times and only rarely succeeded. The spark always falls on my fingers. Pepe chuckled at my clumsiness; offered to instruct me. It is hard for a boy to remain aloof and dignified where there is a chance of exhibiting his own superiority.

I had a thought.

I rose and left my wife to protect herself, and sought the post-card-selling dame at the entrance to the garden. From her I obtained two corks and some string, and, thus armed, I returned.

My wife had not been spirited away.

I shall not waste your time and my paper by attempting any detailed description of my celebrated two-cork trick. It is a humble bit of jugglery, but no one seems to know it except me, and it always mystifies. I displayed it in the sight of Pepe; offered him the corks, challenged him to perform my feat.

He essayed it; failed, as I knew he must, became interested, returned the corks to me, and signified his will that I should repeat the performance. I did so, and the corks again changed hands. Again poor Pepe was unequal to the deed.

Then I did a few string tricks before him—tricks that I had almost forgotten.

How shall the savage resist the lure of civilization's wonders? Open-mouthed, wide-eyed, he followed the clumsy movements of my fingers. He drew nearer to me, away from my spouse.

I showed him how to do the cork trick, and I showed him how to do the string tricks. My wife reminded me of a handkerchief trick. I exhibited it. Pepe learned the handkerchief trick. He now stood with his back to my wife. He had lost all interest in her.

I begged him to show me again how to manipulate his flint and steel. Swelling with pride, he obliged me. I expressed a desire to be possessed of the apparatus. We made a bargain. It became mine for a peseta.

I showed him how to pull his nose and ears so that they made loud cracking sounds. This is done, as every one knows, with the tongue and the palate; but Pepe had not known it.

When we left the garden to go back for luncheon, Don Pepe had not for thirty minutes directed so much as a glance or a whisper toward my wife.

He followed me—me, please understand—to the hotel, and at the door received one last lesson in a string trick of which he had not become completely the master.

We bade him good-by, and as I looked back from the door I saw him racing down the street in the direction of the Court of the Orange-trees and the assembly of his mates.

Only once again did we see Pepe, and that was on our sixth and last day in Cordoba. We came upon him at a street corner, standing in front of a lad of his own age under whose bulging eyes he manipulated two corks.

To love is great, but to excite envy is better. I mean when one is twelve years old.

Realization

By HELEN VIOLETTE TOOKER

SO thou art gone, though still I feel thee here.
Thy laughter lingers in each woodland place
We roamed at twilight, and I glimpse thy face
Between the trees—thy tender eyes that peer
In mine for love. My loss is not so clear
But habit turns me toward that window-space
Where once you watched, and even as I pace
My saddened ways, thy radiant form draws near.
Pure grief will not bide with us, for the truth
Of shifting nights and days, pleasures and ruth,
Is not for us: a part is all we know.
Imperfect, we must pass perfection by:
We dip our fingers in the river's flow
And gaze into the pool to watch the sky.

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–VIII

In the third decade of the nineteenth century Joseph Dylks, who was to become famous in the history of the region as the Leatherwood God, made his spectacular appearance at a camp-meeting on Leatherwood Creek. In their remoteness from the large cities of the country, the people of the region gave to religion their chief interest, and Dylks was received as one sent by God. He passed his first night with David Gillespie, whose sister he had married. He had left her, and in time, thinking him dead, she had married Laban Billings and had come to Leatherwood Creek. Gillespie knew Dylks as a scoundrel, but though he was assured that Dylks would not now trouble her, on religious grounds he demands that his sister send Billings away. Though she is now happy, after years of unhappiness, she yields to the demand.

Having refused to live with her second husband, and permitted her young son by her first marriage to go to hear Dylks preach, Nancy Billings stays that night at her brother's house. He and his daughter Jane are estranged through her desire to become a follower of Dylks. Indeed, the whole neighborhood has become divided. Dylks has gradually reached the point where he claims to be God. Many believe him; a few oppose. Among the latter Matthew Braile, the justice of the peace and a reputed agnostic, is the most important, though his opposition is not active.

IX

DAVID GILLESPIE woke later than his daughter, and when he had put away the shadow of his unhappy dreams, he took up the burden of waking thoughts, which weighed more heavily on him. The sight of his child groveling at the feet of that blasphemous impostor and adoring him as her God pitilessly realized itself to him as a thing shameful past experience and beyond credence, and yet as undeniable as his pulse, his breath, his seeing and hearing. The dread which a less primitive spirit would have forbidden itself as something too abominable possessed him as wholly possible. He had lived righteously, and he had kept evil from those dear to him, both the dead and the quick, by the force of his strong, unselfish will; now he had seen his will without power upon the one who was dearest, and whom he seemed to hold from evil only by the force of his right hand. But his hand could not be everywhere and at all times; and then?

The breakfast which the girl had got for him and left on the hearth was warm yet when he put it on the table, and she could not have been gone more than a few minutes; but she had gone, he did not know where, without waiting to speak with him after the threats and defiances which they had slept upon. When he had poured the coffee after the mouthfuls he forced down, he acted on the only hope he had, and crossed the woods-pasture to his sister's cabin.

She understood the glance he gave within from the threshold, where he paused, and she said, "She ain't here, David." Nancy had cleared her breakfast away and was ironing at the shelf where she had eaten; the baby was playing on the floor.

Gillespie looked down at it.

"I did n't know but what she 'd come over to dress it; she cares so much for it."

"It cares for her, too. But what brings you after her?"

"She 's gone somewhere without her

breakfast. We had high words last night after I brought her home."

"I 'm afraid you 'll have higher words yet, David. Joey was at the Temple."

"Nancy, I don't know what to do about her."

"You knew what to do about *me,* David." She gave her stab, and then she pitied him, not for the pain she was willing he should feel from it, but for the pain he was feeling before. "I know it is n't like that. I 'm sorry for you both. You have n't come to the end of your troubles."

"I can't understand the girl," he said desolately. "Up to a year ago she was like she had always been, as biddable as a child, and meek and yielding every way. All at once she 's got stiff-necked and wilful."

"She could n't tell you why, herself, David. We are all that way—good little girls, and then all of a sudden wilful women. I don't know what changes us. It 's harder on us than it is on you. It came on me like a thief in the night and stole away my sense. It gave Joseph Dylks his chance over me; if it had been sooner or later, I should have known he was a power of darkness as far as I could see him. But my eyes were holden by my self-conceit, and I thought he was an angel of light."

"He 's got past being an angel now," Gillespie said, forcing himself to the real matter of his errand, far from the question of his daughter's estrangement from her old self. "Did Joey tell you about—last night?"

Nancy did not quit the psychological question at once.

"Up to that time we think our fathers and brothers are something above the human; then we think they 're not even up to the common run of men. We think other men are different because we don't know them. Yes,"—she returned to his question with a sigh,—"Joey told me something about it—enough about it. I suppose it is n't right to let him be a spy on his father, but I have to. If I did n't, he might want to go, from the talk of those fools, and get to believin' with them. He said there was boys and girls kneelin' with the rest—little children, almost, and shoutin' and prayin' to Joseph. Did you see 'em?"

"Yes; it was dreadful, Nancy. But it was worse to see the women, the grown-up girls and the mothers of the children. It looked like they had been drinking. It fairly turned me sick. And my own daughter groveling on her knees with the worst! If I did n't know Dylks for the thing he is, without an idea beyond victuals and clothes, I might ha' thought he had thrown a spell on 'em just for deviltry. But they done it all themselves; *he* just gave them the *chance* to play the fool."

Nancy resumed from her own more immediate interest:

"Well, I let Joey go; and I don't know whether it helps or hurts to have him come home feelin' about him, and all the goin's on, just like I would myself. He always says he 's glad I was n't there, and he pities the poor fool women more than he despises his father. Or I ort n't to say despise. Joey don't despise anybody; he 's all good, through and through; I don't know where he gets it. He 's like Laban, and yet he ain't any kin to Laban."

"It must be hard on you, Nancy. I don't know how you can bear up the way you do. It is like a living streak of fire in me."

"That 's because there 's some hope left in you. I can bear what I 've got to because the feeling is all burnt out of me. It 's like as if my soul was dead."

"You must n't say that, Nancy."

"I say anything I please now, anything I think. I 'm not afraid any more; I hain't got anything left to be afraid of."

"Well, I have," David returned. "Something I 'm ashamed to be afraid of—his hold on Jane. I don't understand it. We 've always thought alike and believed alike, and now to see her gone crazy after a thief and liar like that! It 's enough to drive me mad the other way. I don't only want to kill *him;* I want to kill—"

"David!" She stopped him, and in his pause she added: "You 're worse than

what I ever was. Where is your religion?"

"Where is *her* religion? I raised her to fear God, the Bible God that I 've prayed to for her since she was a little babe; but now, since she 's turned to this heathen image, I begin to turn from *Him*. What 's *He* been about, if He 's all-seeing and all-powerful, to let loose such a devil on a harmless settlement like this, where we were all brethren and dwelt together in unity, no matter whether we believed in dipping or sprinkling? We loved one another, in the Scripture sense, and now look! Families broken up, brothers not speaking, wives and husbands parting, parents cursing the day their children were born, and children flying in the face of their parents. Did you hear about Christopher Mills, how he come crying to his father and mother and tried to make them believe in Dylks, and when his father said it was all a snare and a delusion, Christopher went away, telling them their damnation was sealed?"

"No," the woman said, with bitter pleasure in the mockery, "but I heard how our new Saint Paul Enraghty went over to his uncle's the other day, and said he should never see corruption, and should never die, and told his uncle he could n't shoot him. Them that was there say the old man just reached for his rifle, and was goin' to shoot Saint Paul in the legs, and then Paul begged off and pretended that he was only in fun!"

She laughed, but David Gillespie looked sadly at her.

"I don't believe I like to hear you laugh, Nancy."

"Why, are you turning believer, too, David? It 'll be time for me next," she mocked. "I could n't laugh at Joseph, maybe, but Saint Paul Enraghty is a bigger rascal or a bigger fool than he is. Some say that Joseph is just crazy, and some that he 's after money, and that Enraghty 's put him up to everything."

"Yes," David moodily assented to the general tenor of her talk. "The way they 've roped in between 'em that poor fool Davis, who 'd been preaching for the United Brethren, and now preaches Dylks! First he would n't hardly go into the same house, and then he would n't leave it till he could come with Dylks. I don't know how they do it! Sometimes I think the decentest man left in the place is that red-mouthed infidel Matthew Braile. Sometimes I 'm a mind to go to his house and get him to tell me what Tom Paine would do in my place."

"You *are* pretty far gone, David. But I don't wonder at it; and I don't believe I think so badly of Matthew Braile, either. He may be an infidel, but he believes in some kind of a God that wants people to do right; he don't believe in mortal sin, and maybe that 's where he 's out; and I hear tell he don't think there 's going to be any raisin' of the body or any Last Day or any hell: but he keeps it to himself unless folks pester him. I was afraid once to have Joey talk with him, before the plow went over me; but now I let Joey go to him all he wants to. He lets Joey come and pet the coon Joey give him because he heard that the squire's little boy used to want one. From all I can make out they don't do much but talk about the little boy; he seems to take comfort in Joey because Joey 's like him, or the squire thinks so."

"If Jane had died when she was his little boy's age, I would n't feel as if I had lost her half as much as I do now."

Nancy lifted herself from her ironing-board and looked at her brother.

"You told me what the duty of a woman was that found out she had two husbands. Don't you know what the duty of a man is that has a daughter turned idolater?"

"No, I don't, Nancy," David answered doggedly.

"Then why don't you wrestle with the Lord in prayer? Perhaps He 'd make you some sign."

"Oh, prayer! The thought of it makes me sick since I saw them fools wallowing round at Dylks's feet, and beseeching that heathen image to save them."

"Then if you hain't got any light of yourself, and you don't believe the Lord

"'You believe, maybe, that you would be struck dead if you said the things that I do; but why ain't I struck dead?'"

can give you any, what do you expect *me* to do for you?"

"I don't expect anything, Nancy. If she was a child, I could whip it out of her; but when your child has got to be a woman you can't whip her."

They left the hopeless case, and began to talk of the things they had heard, especially the miracle which Dylks had promised to work.

"He 's appointed it for to-night," Gillespie said, "but I don't believe but what he 'll put it off if the coast ain't clear when the time comes. He always had the knack of leaving the back door open when he saw trouble coming up to the front gate."

"You can't tell me anything about Joseph Dylks," Nancy said. She was ironing, and at the last word she brought the iron down with the heavy thump that women give with it at an emphatic word in their talk. "What I wonder is that a man like you, David, could care what people in such a place as this would say if they found out that I was livin' with Laban when I knowed Dylks was alive. There would n't be any trouble with his followers, I reckon. He 'd just tell 'em he never saw me in his life before, and that would do them."

"Nancy,"—her brother turned solemnly upon her,—"as sure as I 'm standing here I don't care for that any more. If you say the word, I 'll go and tell Laban to come back to you."

"You 're safe there, David. If you 've parted with your conscience, I 've got it from you. I wonder you don't go and follow after Joseph Dylks, too. All the best and smartest men in the place believe in him. Just look at Mr. Enraghty! A man with more brains and book-learnin' than all the rest put together, willin' to be the Apostle Paul because Joseph Dylks called him it, and gets up in the Temple, where he used to preach Christ Jesus and Him crucified, and tells the people to behold their God in Joseph Dylks! There 's just one excuse for him: he 's crazy. If he ain't, he 's the wickedest man in Leatherwood, the wickedest man in the whole world; he 's worse than Joseph Dylks, because he knows better. Joseph is such a liar that he could always make himself believe what he said. But it 's no use your stayin' here, David." She suddenly broke off to turn on her brother. "If you 've a mind to let Jane come, I 'll try what I can do with her."

The old man faltered at the door.

"Are you going to tell her, Nancy?"

"I 'm not going to tell *you* whether I am or not, David!"

Her words began harshly, but ended with his name tenderly, almost pitifully, uttered.

She called after him as he moved from her door, heavily, weakly, more like an old man than she had noted him yet:

"I 'll talk to Jane, and whatever I say will be for her good." She watched him out of sight from where she was working; then she went to the door with some mind to call more kindly yet to him; but he was not to be seen, and she went back to her ironing, and ironed more swiftly than before, moving her lips in a sort of wrathful reverie. From time to time she changed her iron for one at the hearth, which she touched with her wetted finger to test its heat, and returned to her table with an unconscious smile of satisfaction in its quick responsive hiss. In her movements to and fro she spoke to the baby, which babbled inarticulately up to her from the floor. Then she seemed to forget it, and it was in one of these moments of oblivion that she was startled by a sharp cry of terror from it. A man was looking in at the door.

X

THE man stood with one foot on the log door-step outside and the other planted on the threshold of the cabin.

Nancy came toward him with her iron held at arm's-length before her.

"What do you want?" she demanded fiercely.

"Give me to drink," he said, with a grin.

"Go round to the well," she answered.

The man bent his body a little forward,

and looked in, but he did not venture to lift his other foot to the threshold. "Where is your husband?" he asked.

"I have no husband. What is it to you?"

" 'Thou hast well said . . . he whom thou now hast is not thy husband.' You don't look a bit older, and you 're as handsome as ever, Nancy. I suppose that 's his," he said, turning his eye toward the little one on the floor, lifted by her hands half upright, and peering at him in conditional alarm.

"It 's mine," she retorted.

"Oh, anybody could see that. It 's the image of you. And so is our Joey. You don't let your young ones favor your husbands much, Nancy; and yet you was not always so set against me. What 's your notion letting Joey come to the Temple?"

"To see for himself what you are."

"That 's what I thought, maybe. Well, he don't seem to take to me much, if I can judge from his face when he looks my way. I hain't been able to give him all the attention I may later. But you need n't be troubled about him. I won't do anything to make you anxious. Nancy, I wish you could feel as friendly to me as I do to you. Will you let me have something to drink out of?"

"Go round," she said, "and I 'll bring the gourd to you."

Dylks laughed, but he obeyed, and found his way to the well, where he lowered the bucket at the end of the sweep, and stood waiting for Nancy to follow him with the dipper fashioned from a long-necked gourd, as the drinking-cup oftenest was in the Western country of those days. She held it out to him, with her head turned, and he carried it to his lips from the brimming bucket.

He drank it empty, and then turned it over with a long, deep "Ah-h-h!" of satisfaction.

"That was good! Good as the buttermilk would have been that you did n't think to offer me. Well, I thank you for the water, anyway, you woman of Samaria." He held the gourd toward her, but she did not take it, and he laughed again. "If you could have had your way without sin, you 'd have made it poison, I reckon. Don't you know I could drink poison the same as water?"

"*You* don't," she said, and as he swung the gourd in tacit question what to do with it, since she did not offer to take it, she bade him, "Put it down."

He did so, and she set her foot on the thin bowl and crushed it like an egg-shell. He laughed.

"Is that the way you feel about me, Nancy? Pity for the gourd; but don't you believe that if I was to will it so, it would come good and whole again?"

"*You* don't believe it," she said.

"It 's not for me to believe or to unbelieve," he answered. "I am that I am."

"Oh, yes," she taunted him, "you 've tried saying such things, and you 're not afraid because it hain't killed you yet. You think, if you *was* just a man, it would kill you."

"Who can tell what I think? Perhaps something like what you say has gone through my mind. Why, Nancy, if you would listen once, I could convince you of it, too. Come, now, look at it in this light! If God lets a man say and do what the man pleases,—and He *has* to do it every now and then, according to what the Book tells,—why ain't the man equal with God? You believe, maybe, that you would be struck dead if you said the things that I do; but why ain't I struck dead? Why, either because it ain't so at all, or because I 'm God. It stands to reason, don't it? What is God, anyway? If He was so mighty and terrible, would n't He have ways of showing it in these times just as much as in those old times that we read about in the Book? Don't you know that if there was anything besides you and me here now, it would have sent the lightning out of this clear sky and blasted me when I said I was God? Well, now we 'll try it again. Listen! I am *God,* Jehovah, ruler of heaven and earth!" He stood a moment smiling. "There you see! I 'm safe and sound as ever. Maybe you think it would be worse if *you* said I was God. Lots have said it. Last night

all Leatherwood was hanging to my arms and legs down there in the Temple worshiping me. If I had n't been God, it would have made me sick. No mere man could stand the praising God gets in the churches all the time. Why, that proves I 'm what I say I am, if nothing else does. I saw it from the first; I felt it; I knew it." He ended with his laugh.

She stayed herself by the trunk of the tree overhanging the well.

"Yes, you 've got all Leatherwood with you, or as good as all, and I don't wonder it 's made you crazy. But don't you be so sure. Some day there 's going to be a reckoning with you, and you 're going to wake up from this dream of yours." She seemed to gather force as she faced him. "I could feel to be glad it *was* a dream; I could feel to pity you. But don't you believe but what it 's going to turn against you. Some day, sooner or later, some man 's going to show the people what you are; some woman—"

"There you 've said it," he broke in. "That 's what I 've come for. You 're the only woman that could hurt me, not because you think you know me the best, but because you 're the bravest woman that ever was. That 's why I 've got to have you with me in my dispensation. Male and female created He them in His image. I can swing all Leatherwood by myself, but Leatherwood 's nothing. If I had you with me, we could swing the world. Nancy, why don't you come to me?" He flung his arms wide, and bent his stalwart shape toward her. "Leatherwood 's nothing, I tell you. Why, you ought to see the towns Over-the-Mountains; you ought to see Philadelphia, where I came from the last thing. Everywhere the people are waiting for a sign, just as they 've always been, and we would come with a sign—plenty of signs: the perfect godhead, male and female, for the greatest sign of all. Why, I wonder there 's a Christian woman living, with the slur that the idea of just one male God throws on women! Don't you know that the Egyptians and the Greeks and the Romans, and everybody but the Hebrews, had a married God, and that the godhead was husband and wife? If you had ever read anything at all you would know that."

The bad, vulgar beauty of his face, set in its flowing beard and hair, glowed on her.

"You need n't look that way at me, Joseph Dylks," she answered. "I don't want any book-learning to know what *you* are. You 're what you always was, a lazy, good-for-nothing— Oh, I don't say you was n't handsome; that was what done it for me when I made you my God: but I won't make you my God now, though you 're as handsome as ever you was; handsomer, if that 's any comfort to you."

"Nothing to what your coming to me would be, Nancy."

"You 'll have to do without, then. You think you can twist me round your finger, like you used to, if you willed it; but I 've outlived you—you and your will. Now I want you to go, and not ever come near me again, or I 'll have Laban here the next time."

"Laban? Laban? Oh, the man who is not thy husband! I 'm not afraid of your having Laban here; let him come. I 've converted worse sinners than Laban." He had remained, bent forward, with his gaze still on her; now he lifted himself, and said, as if it were another word of his spell, "Come, Nancy!"

She answered:

"If I thought there was any mercy in you—"

"Why, I 'm all-merciful, as well as all-powerful, Nancy!" he jeered.

"No,"—as if concluding her thought,—she said, "it 's no use! You could n't do a right thing if you wanted to; you can only do wrong things. I see that."

"What is right and what is wrong? When you stand by my side in your half of the godhead, you will know that there is no difference. Why, even a poor human being can make wrong right by wanting it enough, and with God there is nothing but one kind of thing—the thing that God allows. It don't matter whether it 's

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"She gurgled out a half-sob, half-laugh as the little one pulled and pushed at his face"

letting the serpent tempt that fool woman in Eden, or Joseph's brethren selling him into Egypt, or Samuel hewing Agag in pieces, or the Israelites smiting the heathen, or David setting Uriah in the forefront of the battle, or Solomon having hundreds of wives; it 's all right if God wills it. You 'll say it 's proved right by what happens to them that do wrong. Be God yourself, and the right and the wrong will take care of themselves. I want you to come and help me. Why, with the sister and daughter of old David Gillespie both following me—"

She suddenly shrank from the grandeur of judging of him to the measure of her need of his forbearance.

"Oh, why can't you let David alone? What 's he ever done to you?"

"What have I ever done to him?" Dylks demanded, temporizing on her ground.

"Why can't you let Jane alone?"

He gave his equine snort, as if the sense of his power could best vent itself so.

"Why can't she let *me* alone? That girl bothers me worse than all the other women in Leatherwood put together. She won't *let* me let her alone."

"She was all right before you came. Why can't you let her go back to Hughey Blake?"

"Hughey Blake? Oh! Then it was n't—" A light of malign intelligence shone in his eyes. "Well, I have n't got anything against Hughey Blake."

"Oh, if you 'd only let her go back to Hughey! If you 'd only let her alone, I 'd—"

"You 'd what?" He bounded toward her, and at her recoil he laughed and said, "I did n't mean to scare you."

"I was n't scared. You can't scare *me,* Joseph Dylks. It 's past that, long ago, with you and me. But if I only knowed what you was up to—what you would really take to let David alone, to let her go back to Hughey Blake— But there ain't any pity in you!"

"Don't I tell you I 'm *full* of pity? Look here, Nancy, I don't ask you to come with me, to be one with me, to go halves in the godhead, all at once. It 's been step by step with me: first exhorter, then prophet, then disciple, then the Son, then the Father; but it 's been as easy! You don't know how faith, the faith of the elect, helps along; and you would have that from the beginning: they would take you on my word; you would n't have to say or do anything. But that 's not what I 'm expecting now," he hurried to add, smiling at the cloud of refusal in her face. "I 'm not fooling; all I ask now is to have you come and see me do a miracle at Brother Hingston's to-night. I 'll do *two* miracles if you 'll come, and one will be sending Jane Gillespie away from me and back to Hughey Blake. You 'll want to see that, even if you don't want to see me turn a bolt of cloth into seamless raiment by the touch of my hand."

"You are a wicked man, Joseph Dylks," the woman solemnly answered, "and I 'm sorry I asked you anything. You *could n't* do good if you tried." She pulled her sunbonnet across her face, as if to hide it for shame, and went back slowly toward the cabin.

"Salvation!" Dylks shouted after her, and gave his equine snort. He began to sing as he took his way through the woods,

> "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
> We wretched sinners lay."

At first he sang boldly, filling the woods with the mocking of his hymn. But at the sound of footsteps crackling over the dry fallen twigs toward him intermittently, as if they paused in question, and then resumed their course toward him, his voice fell, brokenly silencing itself till at the encounter of a man glimpsed through the trees, and pausing in a common arrest, it ceased altogether.

"Who are you?" Dylks demanded of the slight, workworn figure before him.

"Laban Billings," the man faltered.

"Well, then, Laban Billings, make way for the Lord thy God," Dylks powerfully returned, and as if he had borne the man down before him, he strode over the place where he had stood, and lost himself in the shadows beyond.

Laban hurried on, stumbling, and looking back over his shoulder, till he found himself face to face with Nancy at the door of the shed behind the cabin. She was looking, too, in the direction where Dylks had ceased from their sight in the woods. They started from each other in mutual fright.

"Nancy," he entreated, "I did n't see you. I—I was n't comin' to see you; indeed, indeed I was n't. I just thought I might ketch sight of the baby. It 's pretty hard to do without you both! And I was just passin'— Well, they 've knocked off work at the Corners, so 's to come to the miracle at Hingston's Mill to-night—but I 'll go right away again, Nancy."

"You need n't, Laban. Come in and see the baby."

"Nancy!" he uttered joyfully. Then he faltered, "Do you think it will be right—"

"Oh, who knows what 's right?" she retorted. Then at his stare, she demanded, "Did n't you run across anybody in the woods?"

"Yes."

"What did he look like?"

"Like what they tell the Leatherwood God looks like. They 're half crazy about him at the Corners. They don't hardly talk about anything else."

"Did you think he looked like God?"

"More like Satan, I should say. He 's handsome enough for Satan."

"It was Joseph Dylks."

"Yes, I s'picioned that."

"And he 's been here, wanting me to go away with him—Over-the-Mountains."

Laban made a dry sound in his throat, and it was by a succession of efforts that he could say:

"And—and—and—"

"Oh, could you *ask,* Laban?" she lamented. "You 're my husband; don't you know it?" At the sound of her lament a little voice of fear and hope answered from the cabin. The father-hunger came into the man's weak face, making it strong. "Come in and see our baby, Laban."

She put out her hand to him innocently, like a little girl to a little boy, and he took it.

"I know it 's just for the baby; and I feel to thank you, Nancy," he said, and together they went into the cabin.

At sight of him the baby crowed recognition.

"She knowed you in a minute," the mother said, and she straightened the skirt of the little one, which the father had deranged in lifting the child from the floor. "I don't believe she 'll ever forget you; I *reckon* she won't if I have any say in it. Me and Joey talks about you every night when we 're gettin' her to sleep." She gurgled out a half-sob, half-laugh as the little one pulled and pushed at his face, which he twisted this way and that to get her hand in his mouth. "She always cared more for you than she did for me. I 'll set you a piece, Laban; I was just going to get me a bite of something. I don't take my meals very regular, with you not here."

"Well, I *am* a little hungry with the walk from the Corners after such an early breakfast."

"Well, you just keep her."

"Oh, *I 'll* keep her!" he exulted.

She bustled about the hearth, getting the simple meal, which she made more than she had meant, and they had a joyful, strange time together at the leaf she stayed from the wall.

He kept the baby in his lap while he ate. Then he walked the floor till she fell asleep in his arms. When he lifted himself from laying her in the rough cradle which he had himself made for her, he said, without looking at the mother:

"Now I must be going, Nancy."

"Don't go on account of me, Laban," she said with the same fierce courage she had shown in driving him from her before. "If it 's for me—"

"Nancy, I 've thought it all out since I been away, and I reckon I ain't your husband in the sight of God. You was right about that; and I won't ever come back again till—as long as—" He glanced

wistfully at the little one in the cradle, and then he turned to go out of the door.

"And—and—good-by, Nancy."

She followed him to the door.

"Kiss me, Laban!"

He put away the arms she lifted toward him.

"No," he said, "I reckon it would n't be right," and he turned and walked swiftly away without looking back.

(To be continued)

Academic Freedom

By VIDA D. SCUDDER

Author of "The Disciple of a Saint," "Socialism and Character," etc.

I

IN all weathers, under all skies, patient Liberty lifts her torch beside the golden door. Sometimes when the air is bleak and the poor lady icicle-coated, a sardonic imp hints a question: Is her pose that of a welcoming host, or rather that of an exile, turning her back on us with what dignity she can muster? Certainly there are moments when Liberty seems to be stranger to our business, if not to our bosoms; there are regions where she wanders homeless, or where all courtesy is frozen out.

Among the latter must we reckon our colleges and universities? Does our assumption of academic freedom hide a suave bondage all the more dangerous because partly unconscious? The question, sullenly murmured for ten years or more in radical circles, and often answered in the affirmative, especially by thoughtful working-men, has come out into the open of late, and that is well, for the implied suspicion is menacing. Lack of confidence can cause panic in the realm of thought no less than in that of finance. The higher civilization is likely to go bankrupt if once it is assumed that predatory wealth is endowing education, that colleges are not disinterested intellectual centers, but subsidized outposts of privilege, and that faculties are in the main made up of the retainers of capital. Distrust of the morale of colleges is no less fatal than distrust of the morale of the judiciary or the church. For our institutions of learning should be citadels to which the faith of the whole nation may rally. Should they become viewed as appendages to class while the tension between classes grows tighter, our democracy is routed indeed.

II

YET from one point of view it is amusing to listen to the heat of the radicals over this matter, for it may be questioned whether academic freedom has ever really existed. We think we see it in that informal Athenian academy where brilliant and beautiful Greek youths gathered round ugly Socrates, listening gleefully while he made fun of them, while he played with stupid, conservative Anytus as with a wriggling fish, while he led

them, gently, inexorably, to burn all that they had adored. Those were great days in education! Yet remembering the angry charge against Socrates of corrupting youth, remembering the poison, we can hardly felicitate dead Greece on her intellectual freedom. In the Middle Ages there was plenty of independence among those goliardic students who strolled over Europe sampling professors and singing lusty satires on church and state. Yet the universities as a whole were strongholds of orthodoxy. More recently we see a young atheist named Shelley expelled from an Oxford that could hardly help itself, being part and parcel of the ecclesiastical machine; and a little later, that most liberal theologian, F. D. Maurice, is anxiously writing a tract, "Subscription no Bondage," to prove that nobody need hesitate to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, an act then required of every undergraduate. We smile, but there are still colleges among us where church membership is a necessary qualification for the faculty; and in how many institutions of higher grade would Roman Catholic teachers be welcomed?

A change in emphasis can, however, be noted. Undergraduates, once hemmed in by pledges of all sorts, are now allowed to think and do pretty much what they like. Backward institutions, to be sure, discourage societies of radical type, but the majority permit them, and even in those dove-cotes, the women's colleges, chapters of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society and the Equal Suffrage League begin to murmur. Jews, Catholics, Christian Scientists know sweet converse together, to their great profit, if they do not walk to the house of God as friends. Let us register gain where we find it.

But on the faculties pressure is exerted still. It is pressure of a new type. The demand for religious uniformity is vanishing before our eyes, and orthodoxy is rather out of fashion. We may even at some points watch the pleasant spectacle of a fervid youth, trained at Silver Bay, trying to impose an evangelical policy on reluctant teachers. Meanwhile the storm-center has shifted from theology to economics, and it is about the freedom of the teacher to profess what social creed he will, and to adopt what line of social action he will, that agitation gathers.

Let us speak out frankly at once. It is hardly matter of dispute that in either gross or subtle ways such freedom is inhibited in almost every American institution. Probably there is not a sensitive person on any faculty in the land who can express convictions as freely, as simply, as he would do if unconnected with an academic organization.

Now, the first impulse of radically disposed people, when once they realize this fact, is resentment. Constraint placed on our accredited leaders of youth seems to them, if not to poison the wells, then to choke the water of life at its source. If the teachers spoke their minds, which they rarely do, they would say Amen. In every one the first hint of restriction stirs proud mortification and the jealous impulse to defend at any cost the sanctities of independence. One surmises that beneath the surface such feeling grows hotter year by year. Quite possibly, perhaps probably, we are approaching a great fight for freedom of speech in every field. It will concern church and press as well as college, for the sick shadow of suspicion hangs over all three alike. This fight may be carried on with as much passion as the struggle against negro slavery or against the annexation of the Philippines, and the alinement of forces is likely to be similar. The aggressors will be, as usual, the votaries of freedom at any cost, the heirs of that revolution which persists in all modern movements of revolt, and which, as has cleverly been said, constitutes a convention, a tradition, of its own.

Should the champions of freedom fight a losing battle, the effect will be pernicious. Once confirm that hovering impression of the working-class that education and religion are carried on in the interests of privilege, and all hope of achieving our task of social reconstruction not through class war, but through a common impulse and a fraternal mind, will be pretty much at an end.

Yet a losing battle in one sense it will probably be, and perhaps it ought to be.

For the passion of personal independence is not the whole story; it is part of an individualism whose day is over. "Liberty," Carlyle told us long ago, "requires new definitions," and in the new social definition that we are slowly working out, self-assertion has no larger rôle to play than self-effacement. The defiant and facile attitude that every one has a right to do what he likes and say what he likes, irrespective of the collective life he shares, has been discredited. It marks not a soldier of freedom, but a slave to self-will. We must, as Wells somewhere says, get rid of "these spendthrift liberties that waste liberty." With all our speculations, we have not outgrown St. Paul: society is no aggregation of units, but an organism composed of various members, and it is this entire organism, not any single factor in it, which fulfils the true function of life in liberty, being creative of new life.

We are just learning all this, and the very moment in which we begin to repudiate individualism in politics and industry is a poor time in which to leap to the defense of it in education.

III

Let us enter the situation instead of contemplating it; let us straightway put ourselves at the point of view of the radical professor. He is a man with red blood in his veins, impelled to full, free self-expression both within and without his institution. He is aware that his views differ widely from those of the trustees. Perhaps some day, on syndicalist principles, we shall eliminate trustees, but this dubious Utopia is not yet within sight. Trustees exist, and they prefer safe neutrality on burning questions, a preference in which parents and donors for the most part will agree with them. What is our professor to do?

Do we ask how he got his appointment in the first place? Why, let us not draw a falsely lurid picture of the situation. Appointing bodies are usually composed of high-minded persons who desire to see youth well educated, and give their own time generously to secure this end. For their faculties they seek the best. Very rarely, we may trust, do they scour the country for "safe" men. They have liberal American ideals of tolerance, and certainly no malign intention to repress anybody. In engaging a man they rarely make stipulations; the most they do is to take it for granted that a well-bred scholar will be of their way of thinking. Trustees usually belong to a mature generation. Their vision does not readily extend to new horizons. Slowly do men learn that all the obvious verities are not on their side of the fence; largely in every group do naïve class ethics still obtain.

When put to a test, it is no small factor in the exasperation of such persons that they feel themselves forced into a false position. They illiberal? Surely not! A view which they cannot indorse, which endangers the prosperity of the college, must *ipso facto* be pretty bad. The aggrieved distress of men betrayed enters into the disgust, the surprise, with which they find that their man has to be held in leash if he is not to escape the orthodox road.

Our professor, not being insensitive, does not lightly take action which may prove distasteful to these authorities. He questions himself: Have they not the right to decide what kind of views they will pay for, and as to himself, having accepted a bargain, must he not deliver the goods? The retort to objections put so crudely rises, however, at once: the trustees did not buy a trained automaton, but a free man; his teaching power is theirs, his mastery of his subject, but not his allegiance to "the high white star of truth." Independently of the way in which he earns his bread, his contribution to these troubled times is his own to make. So he proceeds: flings himself, where that star points him, into the political or the industrial struggle; publishes works unacceptable to tradition, or, unabashed, teaches in his class-room without reserve the faith that is in him.

At first he is let alone; but as his ten-

dencies become patent, pressure begins. It may come in delicate intimations, in remonstrances, or in reprimands; it can range from hint to dismissal. If he is high-mettled and has given no hostages to fortune, he is impelled to put up a fight. And then his real troubles are upon him.

Paradoxically enough, the less he is interfered with, the worse they are. Institutions exist, let us hasten to say, which maintain a truly generous attitude. They may allow their preferences to be known in case of stress, but in the main they leave their men untrammeled. And it is here, if connected with an institution of this type, that the unhappy professor is most likely to discover a disconcerting fact: he cannot be both "free" and honest, and this because it is maddeningly impossible for him to represent himself alone. To the public mind, he is one with his college, and to implicate that college in his personal activities and attitude is obviously an act of worse than questionable honor.

External pressure is bad enough. It is dramatic, and excites attention. But it is trifling compared with this pressure from within. Here, in the inward sense of obligation, is the quick of the psychological problem which hundreds of men and women are distressfully trying to solve.

There is humiliation in the experience. The man finds that he is less wanted than the prestige of his institution. This his radical friends are greedy to annex. Headlines dog his footsteps. Does he address a meeting? "Professor —— of ——" is printed on the program, and in the introduction his modest academic glories are waved aloft. Is he interviewed? The aristocratic institution which he has the honor to adorn forms his picturesque background. If he publishes, the situation is less crude, yet here, too, his status first secures his hearing. In vain does he patiently announce that he represents nobody but himself; in vain protests, explains. Professor! professor! ring the echoes. With Matthew Arnold, he yearns to resign the title to Professor Pepper the prestidigitator and retire into private life. But that is precisely what he cannot do; hardly, even if he resigns. I have known a kindred case where a settlement headworker, who had withdrawn partly in order to enjoy a free hand, was informed by his former board that to the end of time his every speech and deed would compromise the institution he had ceased to serve.

At all events, till death, dismissal, or resignation does its part, the teacher carries his institution on his back. In the newspapers, on the street, throughout all social circles, it will be taken for granted that the college indorses whatever he says and thinks.

IV

An intolerable situation! Stifled, appalled, he bends himself to thought. What line shall he pursue? Educate the public to a less absurd attitude? A necessary work, but it will take longer than his day. Resign? A simple solution; his mind leaps to it in tense resentment of these subtle chains. But let him first be sure of his ground.

We pass without discussion the painful case of the man who cannot afford to resign. People silenced by force because they dread the personal consequences of speech exist in our country. They present a pitiable spectacle, over-prominent in the radical press. But let our thoughts move on a more worthy level, for there are higher than personal considerations involved. To our professor comes the thought of numerous colleagues, in position similar to his own, scattered through the colleges of the land. What if they all resigned? Would the reaction on the colleges, on the public, be felicitous? Would the cause of education profit? The phrase of a wise bishop recurs to him: "To abandon the college is to abandon the rising generation." Resignation? That would give the situation over at once into the hands of the enemy, and justify that vicious mistrust of our educational system which threatens poison at the root of democracy.

He stays, then, in the college. And what shall be his line? Shall he keep

right on, speaking, teaching, writing, in entire disregard of misconceptions and misrepresentations? Keep on, in defiance of all the fools in the world, courting martyrdom, refusing compromise, till the authorities give him his quietus?

Let us be careful. High and ardent natures follow and defend this policy. Within the next decade we are likely to see more of them. They are of immense service. They bring the issue to a test, they clarify the air. They are of the noble army of witnesses, and may well prove witnesses in the *Te Deum* sense of the word.

Yet there are others who cannot move so simply without an ache of inward dishonor. To misrepresent the college, making the public think that a "safe and sane" institution is inclined to radicalism when it is really not so inclined at all, to deflect gifts, to offend parents, where here is loyalty—loyalty, without which no cent of salary should be drawn? How can one take the money and betray the will of the place one loves and serves?

The more real socialist one is, supposing radicalism takes this turn, the more intimately one has entered the consciousness of one's group. It is therefore the socialist to whom this difficulty is most poignant. A college stands for teamwork: shall he who has most loudly proclaimed the rout of individualism turn traitor? So our professor is caught in the toils. With shackled feet, gazing up to the stars, he sees them, too, fulfilling in obedience a destiny they cannot understand. In utter lassitude, he inclines to give up the battle:

> Submit, submit!
> 'T is common sense, and human wit
> Hath claimed no higher name than it:
> Submit, submit!

In this trap are caught more of our best leaders than perhaps we realize. And the way of submission is taken from high motives by many among them.

Yet it is hard for one who breathes democratic air to concede that it is a good way. The Jesuits have always trodden it, and gained corporate efficiency thereby. The Modernists are moving in it now, with bowed heads, very silent. But the teachers in American universities? There is incongruity in the thought.

There is more and more incongruity as reflection deepens. For our professor cannot obey in peace his ardent impulse to humility, to acquiescence. Before him shines once more, compelling, summoning, the larger cause that he had hoped to serve. Beyond the institution, beyond the college, lies a community hungering for life. For the sake of that community the college exists. He, as portion of the college, has his plain duty toward it, and may not with conscientious provincialism cut off relations. The great loyalty to the whole, inconsistent though it seem for the moment with loyalty to the part, has right of way, and leads him to freedom. In these critical days it cannot be right for the scholar to be shut away from playing his free part and offering his full contribution.

Moreover, his very devotedness to the college may now seem to point the same way. Is it so sure that loyalties really conflict, that the college will be best served by silence? Is he really its enemy, as the cold distaste of colleagues, the annoyance of authorities, would imply? True, he may temporarily injure its material interests, affect its reputation. Students may be withdrawn, gifts denied, mistaken impressions gain currency. Yet on the level of the ideal, if we have regard to the use the colleges may serve during the rising social crisis, it is conceivable that he, with all his insignificance, may be one of those to serve the noblest ends of education. A college, like a man, must now and then lose life to save it. Bitter though it be for him to be the instrument of its martyrdom, perhaps even from this he must not shrink.

But how be sure? He stands hesitant. Before he chooses his line of action, searching of heart and conscience must lead him deeper below the formulæ of class lines or groups into that profoundly personal region where motives must be sifted, ulti-

mate ends be weighed. Into this obscure region we may not follow him, for these are ways which a man must tread alone. Let us await him when he emerges equipped for close discrimination that may lead to definite conclusions.

V

THREE main practical questions confront us:

I. Shall a teacher express his heresies frankly in the class-room,—subject, of course, to his pedagogic judgment of expediency,—when they relate to the subject intrusted to him? In other cases?

II. What degree of freedom should he practise in mingling with the general community life?

III. How much should he claim outside?

The only clear case is that of the second point under the first head. One would think it plain, were exceptions not curiously frequent, that a teacher should spend his time exclusively in teaching what he is paid to teach. But in matters of common honesty people must be left to their own conscience.

None of the other questions can be categorically answered; in each of them decisions must be daily renewed. In the class-room it is of such vital importance to persuade young minds that firm conviction does not preclude intellectual disinterestedness, that to the very extent of one's power it is usually well to keep personal views well to the rear. If you are playing your part through books or action there is no danger that students will not know where you stand; much they will discount you, with the curious instinct of youth to confuse faith with fanaticism. There is also a better reason for caution; convictions, do what one will, inevitably color attitude, and the balance in the students' minds must be preserved. Of course no honorable teacher permits himself propaganda in the class-room. Exposition of varying schools is there his business; quiet reserve, unless in response to a direct question, is in order. True, it is possible to carry this reserve too far, till the student is left believing that a perpetual see-saw is the most dignified position for a human mind. Moreover, to appear cowed or over-reticent would destroy the respect of the students. The teacher will find the right line delicate to draw, the balance exciting to maintain. But on the whole, for the man of rather fiery and definite opinions, the chief guard should be against too great frankness in self-expression.

Outside the class-room, still in the college? There, too, freedom must be used carefully. Not now, however, on account of business honor or pedagogic balance, but rather on account of the youth of the community, which imposes a natural check on full discussion. Still, the teacher will naturally allow himself to be more outspoken than in the class-room. If his colleagues may conduct religious services according to their predilections, why should he not, if he likes, preside over a meeting for single tax? With those colleagues, if they take any interest in his ideas, complete frankness would seem in order. Only let him beware of boring them.

Finally the crucial question—the attitude toward the outer world.

Certainly not an automatic silence. Certainly freedom to join any organization he likes, partizan or scholastic. Certainly freedom to act in all circumstances according to his conscience. At the same time, a tedious, unremitting thought for appearance and consequence. Not for one moment may he act without the galling consciousness of his institution; always he must be measuring the probable reactions of his doings upon it. A man may hazard his own reputation gaily; he may take life with gallant insouciance, careless of inconsistency, experimenting with ideals, growing up in public, as many a fine creature has done. Pioneers of highest value thus toss prudence away, and lead on into open country, unaware whether firm land or quagmire awaits their tread. A delightful rôle, but not for our academician. His shall never be the luxury of the free-lance, the folly of chivalry, the whimsical adventuring with life or creed. He lives

not for himself; his movements must be cautiously determined, he must continually think before and after. This is the price he pays for his group life; it is his tribute to the college which he serves.

Having paid it, he will bear his sober witness with unflinching courage. He moves, if you will, in bonds, but they are bonds that beseem him well. And for the sake of the higher honor of the very institution which he serves, there will be times when he will not dare conform. If he can thus carry himself, he will be making the true contribution of the scholar to politics. Adjustment, compromise? Yes, such is his policy. But these to him are no mean concessions, but spiritual indications of his deep love for social freedom. Mere subservience to the wishes of authorities is ruled out for him by his larger loyalty to the commonweal; yet liberty unchecked is impossible to one who gladly shares the lofty disciplines of the corporate life, finding in them the best earnest of the social future. Twin demons, craven cowardice and defiant self-assertion, seek to possess us all. Let the leaders of our youth pray and fast, for they need as never before to unite intrepidity with humility, to rise into the region where venal mean-spiritedness cannot mask itself as modesty, nor arrogance as self-respect.

VI

So we leave our professor to his conscience; it will bind him as nothing else can, and it is the only restriction which he ought to undergo. Still within the situation, we turn to the governing boards; how can we feel that constraint exercised by them is other than vicious? Just outgrowing the bad old traditions of religious oversight, shall we renew them in another sphere? There is indeed a legitimate and vital sense in which a teacher must not be free; but 'ware of imposing bondage on him from without! Restraint may simplify, but it simplifies to kill. The whole lesson of democracy is that checks and inhibitions must develop from within; to make them mechanical is to glance obliquely toward the Inquisition. External authority in its crass form is worn out; to cling to it in the centers of truth-seeking is fatal. The rôle of trustees should be to protect and to proclaim aloud entire liberty on every line among their teaching force.

One almost dares to say that there are no dangerous creeds, only dangerous persons. Mistaken creeds there are in plenty, but, given time, the race always finds them out. Nor can a paternal policy expedite the process. Something has happened to us moderns, for all along the line paternalism exacerbates, and what has happened is that we are growing up. Let the colleges trust the men to whom they have given a sacred charge. If these men are of fine fiber, the very situation will force discretion on them. Should they do things that seem inimical to the welfare of the institution, be it remembered that even trustees can be mistaken, and that in these confused times reactions are beyond our vision. Should a cheap demagogue now and then disgrace the faculty, two or three dull pedagogues will probably be at hand to balance him. Unfortunate episodes are a lesser evil than any color to that suspicion of subservience to privilege which, taking us unaware, hangs stormily over the academic heavens. A policy brave enough to dispel this suspicion is our most crying need. Almost one longs for salient instances, test cases. One would not pray that professors may be rash, but should they be moved to rashness, one may feel that Providence, always ingenious in wresting good out of evil, is giving the colleges their chance to convince a waiting public that they know no fear or favor, and swing wholly, superbly free from any dominance by the moneyed interests.

Nor need the authorities fear lest by such magnanimity they run great risk of alienating sympathies, or of handing colleges over to the radical side in the great debate upon us. In the community at large there is a warm reserve fund of respect waiting for the institution which shall take a stand for complete academic freedom. And the danger is slight lest

any American college acquire an over-radical color. Experience tells us that the radical element, either among students or faculty, is likely to be small. Educational centers, left to themselves, tend to conservatism. This is not strange, for in one sense the whole weight of the past clings to any center of learning. Its function is to interpret to the rising generation, first the experience of humanity, second the laws of nature; not from such studies is rash impatience engendered. The future is always gathered within the college walls, but the college is busy telling the future what the past should mean to it, and the pursuit is steadying. Moreover, in America at least, youth is not restlessly radical. It views novelty with distaste, and clings quite properly to the point of view of its progenitors. Currents of all kinds flow through the liberal soil of a great educational institution; but even those which tend toward undiscovered regions proceed from the ancient hills. Incidentally we may remark that new movements instituted or approved in academic circles have, from Wyclif on, generally been accredited by time.

Adherence to new movements in academic circles need not, then, be viewed with suspicion; it is good for the balance of things, and academic people, taken as a whole, will never endanger the best values of our national life. Give them a free hand, a free mind. If this is done, and known to be done, the situation will be automatically simplified; for the public will soon recover from that bad trick of identifying the man with his institution, which in itself witnesses to the widespread belief in undue trustee control. Could this trick be unlearned, the most confusing factor in the whole matter would be removed. Such incidents as trustees may legitimately regret will be the cost we pay, not too high, surely, for holding the confidence of all sides in the crisis through which our civilization is passing. Just now, as never before, it is essential to our social salvation not only that the colleges should possess perfect liberty, but that all men should believe them to possess it. Every channel by which life can circulate from class to class unobstructed, through the whole social organism, is of inestimable worth. We have always assumed, not quite fatuously, that our educational system was such a channel; woe to us if in the public mind that channel be closed!

VII

Let us, for the last time we say it, get all formulæ out of our heads. We are so lazy that we love them, and when we clamor most loudly for freedom, then are we most likely to be their slaves. But they will not help us here. We are not dealing with a malign tyranny on the one hand, threatening our sacred liberties, and on the other with a resolute band of freedom's champions, standing out from a larger number of self-deceived paid retainers. These conventional types impede our vision of truth. What we have is varying groups of perplexed, well-meaning men; governing boards; faculties; anxious parents in the rear; donors, inscrutable, rather, but surely actuated in the main by generous motives; students, too, who would seem to have something to do with the matter; and in the distance a confused throng of those spectators who in our country are dramatis personæ also in any matter that affects the public weal. Each of these groups has legitimate interests to protect. It is right for trustees to be concerned for the maintenance of the college; it is right for the teachers to follow their star. As for donors, they can hardly be expected to find our attitude graceful if by maladventure we bite the hand that feeds us. Among parents, the majority wants its children guided toward good old ways, and resents teaching that would separate the generations. The public is as yet rather inarticulate except for that sullen murmur of suspicion from some quarters. Perhaps they may some day prove to hold the key to the situation. Or, that key might conceivably be among the students, who with an elective system get, in the long run, what teaching they desire.

What will be the resultant of all these forces, so reasonably, so inevitably, pulling in diverse directions? No one can say, but all who love the high, clean tradition of our American colleges are called to help determine. Should the new movement toward corporate independence and self-government of the teaching force prove successful, great gains might result and interesting vistas might open. Yet it is fatuous to hope that the problem of the individual teacher would be solved thereby; indeed that problem might easily become more acute, for quite possibly his colleagues would exercise a closer and more critical supervision over him than a more remote body of trustees. The irksome task of determining the balance in relations between personal liberty and social efficiency would be unlikely to grow any easier than it is now.

But the task is necessary, irksome though it must remain. First because the strategic position of the colleges will always be highly important; and then because they offer so rare an opportunity to differentiate true social freedom from its travesty. Such freedom is no natural right; it is in every sphere, from least to greatest, a slow conquest, an ever-receding, but never-vanishing, ideal. To realize it in the nation at large proves harder than we expected in the old days when the Declaration of Independence expressed us. We created so-called "free institutions," and thought our end achieved: behold! these institutions press horribly on the masses, and bind our whole circulation tight. We can find release by no facile reiteration of theories based on individual rights; we are groping toward a better way. That way can be found only by patiently working out our tentative ideas of solidarity and of coöperative living in all the little groups of which that great group, the nation, is composed. Among these lesser groups, none affords a fairer field for experiment than the college: for nowhere shall we find an organism more sensitive through its whole being to the acts of its every member; nowhere is unity of a higher type; nowhere is mere personal independence less possible or desirable; and at the same time nowhere is real freedom for each individual to attain the fullest self-expression consistent with the integrity of the whole, more essential alike to the fulfilment of function and to the perpetuation of worthy life.

A Man

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I LISTENED to them talking, talking,
That tableful of keen and clever folk,
Sputtering, followed by a pale and balking
Flash whenever some one spoke,
Like musty fireworks or a pointless joke
Followed by pointless, musty laughter. Then,
Without a pause, the sputtering once again.
The air was thick with epigrams and smoke,
And underneath it all
It seemed that furtive things began to crawl,
Hissing and striking in the dark,
Aiming at no particular mark,
And careless whom they hurt.

The petty jealousies, the smiling hates,
Shot forth their venom as they passed the plates,
And hissed and struck again, aroused, alert,
Using their feeble smartness as a screen
To shield their poisonous stabbing, to divert
From what was cowardly and black and mean.

Then I thought of you,
Your gentle soul,
Your large and quiet kindness,
Ready to caution and console,
And with an almost blindness
To what was mean and low.
Baseness you never knew;
You could not think that falsehood was untrue,
Nor that deceit could ever dare betray you.
You even trusted treachery; and so,
Guileless, what guile or evil could dismay you?
You were for counsels rather than commands.
Your sweetness was your strength, your strength a sweetness
That drew all men, and made reluctant hands
Rest long upon your shoulder.
Erect, but never proud,
You walked through sixty years as through a crowd
Of friends who loved to feel your warmth, and who,
Knowing that warmth, knew you.
Even the casual beholder
Could see your fresh and generous completeness,
Like dawn in a deep forest, glowing and shining through.
Such faith has soothed and armed you! It has smiled
Frankly and unashamed at Death; and, like a child,
Swayed, half by joy and half by reticence,
Walking beside its nurse, you walk with Life,
Protected by your smile and an immense
Security and simple confidence.

Hearing the talkers talk, I thought of you.
And it was like a great wind blowing
Over confused and poisonous places.
It was like sterile spaces
Crowded with birds and grasses, soaked clear through
With sunlight, quiet and vast and clean.
And it was forests growing,
And it was black things turning green.
And it was laughter on a thousand faces.
It was like victory rising from defeat,
The world made well again and strong and sweet.

The Luck of the Devil

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Author of "Alibi," etc.

Illustrations by H. J. Mowat

I LIKE to monopolize the end section of the club car unless my fellow-passenger is unusually entertaining; naturally, therefore, I was annoyed at the arrival of one too stout for the builder's specifications. Besides, he had a melancholy face.

I *don't* like to take the initiative, and I doubt if I should have addressed my neighbor if it had n't been for his extraordinary behavior when he saw the paper-bound book I had laid down on the seat beside me. It was a golf guide, and since I happened to be looking at the bulky new-comer just as he happened to glance at the guide, I insensibly connected that harmless compendium with his startling display of deep feeling. First, he grew even redder in the face, if that was possible; next, he turned suddenly toward the window; finally, he snatched from his pocket a voluminous white silk handkerchief, and all at once I was convinced that under pretext of a necessity common enough in that climate he had cleared away the traces of two tears.

Instantly I was attentive. That a man could utter vivid words at the memories engendered by such a volume, that he could flush with shame, that he could writhe in self-contempt, I could easily understand; but that he should shed tears!

Attentive and curious, I offered him the guide.

"Pardon me," I said; "perhaps you 'd like to look it over."

His large features registered extreme horror, but his bow was courteous.

"Thank you—*no!*"

"I beg your pardon; I thought you were interested."

"Golf," said the fat man, "ceased to interest me four years ago. I have played, and I have stopped playing."

"Indeed!" I said. "That 's most astonishing. Every one threatens now and then never to swing a club again; I did n't realize that any one ever meant it."

"*I* meant it!" said the fat man, belligerently. "And I would n't look at that book of concentrated degeneracy for—for a hundred dollars. Oblige me by putting it out of sight. Thank you." Again he carried the white silk handkerchief to his shining face, and seemed relieved.

"Surely," I said, "you must have had great provocation."

"The cause of our grandeur is generally the cause of our downfall," said the fat man, permitting his features to relax dolefully. "And a golf tournament is like a pool of stagnant water: it corrupts itself and everything else in the neighborhood. I suffer so keenly in a golfing atmosphere that I may be offensive to you. In that case—"

"My chief pleasure in the game," I hastened to assure him, "is objective. My handicap is twelve; but as a metaphysicist of the links I 'm behind scratch."

He eyed me steadily.

"My reasons for quitting the game were n't technical; they were sentimental." Here I presented an imported cigar of the same structural aspect as that of my vis-à-vis. "Very well," he said, decapitating the cigar fiercely, "if you *will* have it.

"WHEN you come right down to the determining factors in any man's success or failure, you can't eliminate luck. I *defy* you to eliminate it! Take the Duke of Wellington. Where would be his place in history if Napoleon had ordered a different menu? Take Newton, and suppose that apple had n't fallen until the next day. Take Watt if his mother had n't made him watch the kettle. Take Colum-

bus if a bit of driftwood had n't floated along. What would have been the result? A Continental empire, a country schoolteacher, a village blacksmith, an untimely death by drowning. Pursue the analogy. Take anybody you choose; take Brown, for instance.

"This Brown was unique. He could have set down luck as one of his assets and borrowed money on it. If the favorite of fortune is born with a silver spoon in the mouth, Brown was born with a whole tea-service of flat silver in dozen lots. And if he 'd had the added luck to be born deaf, dumb, and blind, he 'd have been a millionaire before he was old enough to vote. As a matter of fact, he 's a millionaire now, but it 's taken him thirty-four years because he was n't wise enough to discount what little honest intelligence he had and put all his hope of glory into the hands of Providence.

"And then, on the other hand, take Smith. He was unlucky. These two grew up as boys together. When they went skating, Brown fell through the ice, and Smith went after him to pull him out. Smith got pneumonia, and Brown got a medal for life-saving. If they went to steal apples, Smith got caught and whipped, and Brown got away with all the fruit. When an old pupil came back to the school and offered a prize of ten dollars for the best speller, that was the only day in six months that Brown knew his lesson, and he got the ten dollars because Smith had contracted the whooping-cough the day before.

"That was the way it went in college, too. If they had an examination, all the questions were from exactly those few parts of the course that Brown had crammed last night, and Smith had skipped because he was letter-perfect on everything else. The last place on the base-ball team was between the two; while the coaches were deciding in favor of Smith, he was busy in the gymnasium breaking his arm. That afternoon, with the bases full and two out, Brown ducked to get out of the way of a wild pitch; the ball hit his bat, rolled fair, and won the game. So Smith was a substitute for four years.

"Those are merely incidents, but they 're indications. After the two were graduated, they continued the same old procedure. They bought the same speculative stock at the same figure. It dropped eleven points: Smith telephoned his brokers to sell at the market; he 'd swallow the loss. Brown *tried* to telephone, but the line was out of order. When he got down-town in a street-car, the stock had recovered nineteen and a half points. Think it over.

"I could quote a thousand examples, but I won't. My illustrations are typical. Understand, however, that the two men were inseparable. Smith never envied Brown —never. He never allowed himself to be pitied. And Brown invariably refused to capitalize Smith's misfortunes, although, in the light of later years, it is questionable if this was forbearance or simple negligence. Never mind; for many seasons their friendship was rarely beautiful until —you have probably guessed it—they fell in love with the same girl."

The fat man paused, and raised his eyebrows significantly.

"Thank you; a glass of seltzer," I said.

"And for me," he told the attendant, "a glass of French vichy; with the juice of a quarter of a lemon in a separate glass, and one small lump of ice in a saucer, and a spoon. Bring a full bottle of vichy, and uncork it here; and if the ice is n't absolutely clear, I 'll send it back. To resume:

"Yes, in the course of time they fell hopelessly in love with the same girl. None of your knitting, tatting, pink, and peachlike French dolls, with a baby stare and a lapful of Pomeranians and chocolate creams; not a bit of it! She was a dashing, smashing beauty, a big, healthy, athletic girl full of vim, vigor, and vitality. She read the newspapers; she talked politics like a man; she was created to be an executive and a disciplinarian. She could sit a horse like a bronco-buster; but she believed that women are downtrodden and oppressed. The equality of marriage was one of her principles. Obviously, she was n't popular among old-fashioned

young men: but Smith and Brown were bowled over simultaneously; they saw what a life-partner that girl would make.

"Make no mistake; they were still friends—friends when Smith must have appreciated the almost insuperable obstacles placed in his path by the luck of Brown; friends when Brown must have been sorely troubled to acknowledge as an associate a man who made so many egregious blunders as Smith. Yet I insist that from the very beginning the girl was not averse to Smith.

"Brown? Oh, *he* was always lucky. We won't waste time with *Brown*.

"Presently, of course, each asked her to marry him. To each she gave the same answer: sisterly affection and more; she could n't decide between them; time alone would tell. And *still* they were friends.

"But eventually there is an end to all things. That, I think, is an axiom. And no matter what may be the foundation of friendship between two men, no matter what hardships it may have overcome, no matter how solid and substantial it may seem to be, it cannot withstand the gentlest of all the elements.

"At length Brown said to Smith: 'My dear fellow, things have gone crossways with us. Why prolong the agony further?'

"And Smith said to Brown: 'For twenty years, ever since you got a medal because I tried to rescue you, and I got pneumonia for being rescued, you 've come out ahead in every contest. This time I 'm going to win!'

"And Brown: 'But suppose that instead of staying on in this way, watching our friendship beat itself to pieces on the rocks, and politely knifing each other, so that a third party might come along and cut us both out—suppose that we settle the difficulty neatly and promptly. One withdraws; the other has a clear field. Let 's make sure that *one* of us is successful.'

"Smith was no fool; he knew that if luck were to swing the balance anyway, he was already beaten.

" 'What 's your suggestion?' he asked.

" 'I 'm so fond of you, dear boy,' said Brown, 'that upon my word I 'll be almost as happy if you win as I should be if I won myself. I 'll leave it to hazard. I 'll toss you to see which of us stays here, and which of us leaves within ten days for a trip around the world at the expense of the other.'

" 'Hardly!' said Smith.

" 'Well, have *you* anything to suggest?'

" 'Golf,' said Smith. 'Eighteen holes match play—with a referee.'

" 'It 's a bargain,' said Brown. 'Personally I think it 's a bit unfair, but it 's a bargain. You know very well that the best I ever made was an eighty-nine, and you 've done a seventy-four.'

" 'That does n't signify,' said Smith. 'You never cracked ninety more than once because you did n't need to. This is different. Your natural luck is coming into action. I 'll hedge. I 'll bet you a thousand dollars you 're eighty-two or better.'

" 'It 's a bargain,' said Brown. 'Tomorrow at one-thirty?'

" 'I 'm content. Who 'll referee?'

" 'Bert Jones?'

" 'It 's a bargain,' said Smith. 'But, mind you, we 're going to stick to the rules.'

" 'Also the conditions,' said Brown. 'The loser sails within ten days, to be gone not less than ten months. And that 'll quite clear the situation, because she 's admitted that if either one of us had never met her, she 'd certainly be married to the other by this time. One-thirty?'

" 'On the dot,' said Smith.

"There is no cause for you to be prejudiced against Smith because he selected golf as the test when the apparent superiority of his game over Brown's was so great. To be sure, Brown never broke ninety, but he was never over ninety-six. Smith had played seventy-four, and he had also played 132. At medal-play Smith would have had a tremendous margin in his favor; at match-play the odds were even. I am telling you this to avoid misunderstanding.

"To resume. At half-past one on the following day Smith and Brown, with Jones, the referee, were on time to the

"'How did it get there?' he demanded angrily. 'You did n't lift it, did you?'"

minute. Miss Robinson was also there; somehow the story had leaked out. Possibly two hundred and fifty other members of the club were also there. Smith and Brown, who had expected a quiet little struggle to the death, found themselves in the presence of a gallery better befitting a sectional championship. Too late; their bargain was struck, and neither would relent. The referee tossed a coin; Brown won the honor. He drove."

The fat man regarded me soberly.

"For very good grounds," he said, "I can recall every stroke of that match. If you are bored, say so. I should dislike to bore you."

"Pray proceed," I begged him. "And take another cigar."

"With pleasure. To resume. Brown drove. As usual from the first tee, he sliced. A bunker was placed for the specific purpose of catching a sliced drive from that point. Brown hit the bunker.

" 'Tough luck!' said Smith, who was by far the better sportsman of the two.

"Smith drove perhaps two hundred and fifty yards straight down the course, and the gallery applauded; but Smith ignored them. It was his customary drive.

"The aggregation set itself in motion; on arriving at the bunker Brown began to hunt for his ball.

" 'Over here,' said his caddy, pointing.

"Brown turned, incredulous. The ball was out on the fairway.

" 'How did it get there?' he demanded angrily. 'You did n't lift it, did you?'

" 'No, sir. It hit a rock and bounced back.'

"The gallery spread out in a long V, and Brown hit a good mid-iron shot somewhere near the green.

" 'Where 's mine?' asked Smith.

" 'You 're in the brook,' said the referee, Jones.

"It was a fact; Smith's perfect drive had rolled into the water, which was intended to penalize a poor second shot. It had never happened before; it has n't happened since. That two-hundred-and-fifty-yard screamer had crawled another hundred yards over the smooth baked turf.

" 'One up,' said Brown, going to the second tee as soon as Smith had broken his niblick on the small stones of the brook.

"The second hole was about two furlongs; Brown topped into the tall grass, opened his mouth to discuss the shot, remembered Miss Robinson in the gallery, and let the profanity ooze through his pores. Smith sent out another magnificent drive, and counted the hole as won. Unfortunately, nothing but skill and courage were on his side; Brown had the luck. Brown attacked that tall grass with a brassy, something that Vardon himself would n't have done, and got enormous distance—something else that Vardon would n't have done. He was still away; he played an approaching cleik, ran into a sand trap, hopped out to the green, and was dead in three.

" 'Great work!' said Smith, without sarcasm.

"He himself played dead to the hole. Brown went down in four. Smith addressed the ball with a putter.

" 'You touched it!' said Brown. Every one looked toward the referee.

" 'Did it move?' inquired Jones.

" 'It did,' said Brown.

" 'I yield to the judgment of the referee,' said Smith.

" 'I think it moved,' declared Jones. 'It costs one stroke.' Whereupon Smith also holed in four.

" 'Still one up,' said Brown, grinning idiotically. 'Now all I 've got to do is to halve sixteen more holes, and the match is mine.' He swung easily as he spoke. The hole was a short one; but his iron was wild, and the ball swerved sharply to the left.

" 'Oh, hard luck! hard luck!' said Smith.

" 'Wait a second!' snapped Brown. His Crescent Colonel had ricochetted amazingly from the trunk of an oak-tree. He was not only safe; he had a sure three. 'Beat that if you can!'

" 'I 'll do my best,' conceded Smith, modestly, and with never a thought of the breathless crowd behind him, he drove in

perfect form. He could n't have placed the ball more accurately if he 'd gone down to the terraced green and dropped it from his hand. It was six feet from the cup. Brown got his three, and as one or two of his personal friends cheered lustily, he took off his cap in salutation. Smith had taken his stance; Brown's cap hit him on the shoulder, and with innate consideration Smith moved aside.

" 'Pardon me, old fellow,' he said.

"A roar went up from the gallery: Smith had accidentally stepped on his ball.

" 'I 'm sorry, Smith,' said the referee. 'Rule Twelve—costs you a stroke.'

" 'Does it?' flashed Miss Robinson, coming forward. 'That is n't fair!'

" 'These gentlemen are playing according to the rules,' explained Jones. 'Smith has a chance for the half.' He got it.

"At this juncture the gallery was pretty evenly divided. Public sentiment generally rules in favor of a good loser, but public sentiment always inclines toward the good fellow who has a little luck. It was about half and half. The merits of the case were still in abeyance.

"Once more Brown drove poorly, and once more Smith cracked out a shot with the trajectory of a bullet. Nevertheless, both were on in three. Brown putted, and Smith prepared to putt. The club went back in the pendulum stroke; it descended; the ball traveled straight for the cup.

" 'My hole!' said Brown, gaily.

" 'How 's that?'

" 'My ball had n't stopped moving.'

"Smith looked at the referee. You may judge of his emotions. 'Is that a fact?'

"The referee nodded sorrowfully.

" 'But I distinctly *saw* it stop,' said Smith, not in the way of a protest, but rather as a minority report.

" 'It virtually stopped,' said Jones, 'but the wind must have taken it. It surely was oscillating when you played. You lose the hole, and Brown 's two up.'

"It was noticeable that Miss Robinson had left her proper position among the spectators, and had moved up to the side of the referee. She was breathing hard, and seemed to be seriously affected by the trend of the match. Afterward it was claimed that she disputed that decision.

" 'Now, then!' cried Brown, waving his driver. 'Fore!' There was no one in front of him; the warning was for the evident purpose of attracting attention, although the man who 's driving has usually more attention than he likes. Not so with Brown. Furthermore, his drive was n't remarkable for anything but its height. Oh, yes, it was straight—for the first time that day. But Smith outdistanced him by twenty rods. That 's conservative.

" 'Over the ditch from here!' bragged Brown, selecting a heavy brassy.

" 'Look here, old fellow,' said Smith, 'that is n't golf! You can't carry it from here. Play safe for a half. You 're throwing it away.'

" 'Keep your eye on Uncle Cyrus!' said Brown as he slugged in execrable form. The ball scurried along the ground like a frightened mink. It headed squarely for a motor-mower. 'Fore!' yelled Brown, this time in deadly earnest. The chauffeur of the mower hesitated and dodged. The ball struck a projecting boss of metal and leaped skyward. When it came to earth it was over the ditch. The players halved in a par five.

" 'I do hope,' remarked Smith, going to the tee, 'that we don't need any more referee's decisions. I 'd rather like to finish this match without technicalities.' He played a full mashy, and on my word of honor, he holed out! Down in one! It 's only a hundred and forty yards; it had been done before. You seem pained; wait a moment!

" 'After *I 've* driven,' said Brown, coolly, 'you can take that shot over again.'

" 'What?'

" 'It was my honor,' said Brown. 'I have the privilege of recalling the shot. You were out of turn.'

" 'Bert,' said Miss Robinson to the referee, 'is that right? Can he do that?'

" 'The rules state—'

" 'I don't care *what* they state; that was a wonderful shot. Are you going to take it away from him?'

" 'I am,' insisted Jones. 'I 'm here to interpret the rules of golf. By virtue of the authority vested in me I direct Brown to drive, and Smith to drive after him in his turn.'

"There could be only one outcome: Smith's nerve was shaken. Brown was none too clever from the tee, but Smith was worse. He lost by a stroke, and stood three down. Figure it for yourself: morally he was five or six under par; literally he was three down. It seemed inconsistent.

"The seventh hole was normally a drive and an iron; there was a stone wall running parallel to the line of flight, and a row of shaggy trees running along with the wall. Brown hooked into the trees. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred that would have been out of bounds; but no! the ball rattled around among the limbs, dropped to the top of the wall, and leaped nimbly out to the fair green, where it ambled peacefully up to a tuft of grass and sat down. The gallery cheered delightedly; even Miss Robinson had to applaud. Nobody paid any special heed to Smith, who was stinging another clean shot down the alley; a lot of people can hit straight balls! Why, when the crowd found that Brown was all teed for his iron shot, they cheered him again, just as though some merit accrued to him for being lucky! And nobody thought to groan because Smith was squarely behind a mole-cast!

"No, not even when Smith played a masterly cut shot to the edge of the green did he get the sympathy of the proletariat; for Brown, banging away, caromed off the stone wall again and was on the edge of the green! Both played well up in three; Brown holed in four, and Smith was sure of a half—the putt was n't over two feet.

"Now, a good many matches are won and lost within two feet of the hole. Vardon has lost some, and Braid and Chick Evans and Hal Reed have; but mighty few golfers ever missed a putt as short as that for the same reason that poor Smith missed it. He hit a grasshopper.

"Long before this, Miss Robinson had begun to share with the players the attention of the crowd. Regardless of appearances, she trudged along with the referee. She seemed to find plenty of amusement in Brown's luck and some source of regret in Smith's, but as for open leaning toward one or the other, there was n't a sign. When Brown sclaffed into the pit on the eighth, her expression altered not the slightest; and when he played out with a nickel-plated lofter, her face was slightly flushed, but still inscrutable. She showed no more emotion on discovering that the ball had landed in a shallow trench just short of the green and bounded comfortably close to the pin than she did on perceiving that Smith's excellent approach had overrun by a yard or two and gone down a small shaft where once an irrigating-pipe had been.

" 'My hole!' said Brown, with rather more joy than the circumstances warranted. 'Your ball 's unplayable.'

" 'I think not,' said Smith, deferentially. 'I think I can drop a club's-length away without penalty.'

" 'Mr. Referee?' said Brown, with a rising inflection.

"Miss Robinson sidled nearer to Mr. Jones.

" 'I am of the opinion,' he declared, 'that Smith loses the hole. It 's a rub of the green.'

" 'But if the pipe had been there,' said Miss Robinson, 'and his ball was unplayably close to it, he could have lifted, and dropped without penalty, could n't he?'

" 'He could,' said Jones.

" 'So he loses the hole simply because somebody took that pipe out of the ground this morning?'

" 'He does,' said Jones.

" 'But that is n't golf!'

" 'It 's in the rules,' said Jones, 'and Smith is five down. So far he has n't made one mistake, and Brown has n't made one good shot. It is n't golf; but it 's the official score.'

" 'For my sake,' said Miss Robinson, so that several bystanders overheard her—'for my sake, won't you be lenient enough with these silly rules so that there 'll be some sort of *contest?*'

"'If you get out safely, there [illegible] reason for [illegible] ruin my clothes.'"

"The referee straightened himself manfully.

" 'The links is no place for leniency,' he maintained. 'I 'm here by special request to administer justice according to the rules of the game as approved by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, and as adopted, with amendments, by the United States Golf Association, of which this club is an active member in good standing. Regardless of the private questions involved, I find that if a ball lodge in a hole recently vacated by a water-pipe, and is unplayable therefrom, the player loses the hole. If the water-pipe had been there, Smith could have moved away from it. It 's Brown's honor.'

"So Brown, having the gratifying lead of five up, drove for the ninth. His was a high drive into the wind; it was unmistakably ticketed for the sand-pits. The ball reached the zenith of flight; it began to drop, and at that moment an unexpected gust of wind came whistling over the hills, and Brown was ten yards short of the pits, on good turf. Smith drove handsomely; a ball apparently destined to clear the hazard with something to spare. Another gust of wind, and Smith was bunkered.

"Outlucked, but never outgamed, he chipped prettily out, and ran down a long putt for a three. Brown took four. It was the first hole he had lost; even so, the match was in his pocket."

The fat man looked covertly at me to see how I was taking it.

"It 's a pretty fair story," I said, "but one day up at Siwanoy I—"

"Brown is four up with nine to go," he reproved me. "To resume. It would be far beyond my power as a truthful man to relate, or yours as an experienced golfer to believe, that Brown was equally fortunate on all of the eighteen holes. I hope I have n't given you that impression, because it 's unjustified by the facts. On the tenth, for example, he played his regular game. He foundered his ball off the tee, missed his second shot, went into a cop bunker and out again, and took four long brassies to the green, where he went down in three putts. At the eleventh, which was short, he sliced into a roadway; missed the ball completely, but drove a good-sized pebble a hundred and seventy-six yards straight down the course; was on in six, and down in seven. At the twelfth he foozled, topped into grass, went out in three, into the pond in four, out in five, on in six, down in eight. That made him dormy six.

"I repeat, that made him dormy six. Two of those holes he won and the other he halved. Let me detail Smith's progress. At the tenth, when Brown was five and Smith was two, Smith lost his ball. After that, when Brown was four and Smith had driven ever so slightly into the rough, his caddy, hunting for the ball, kicked it down a woodchuck's burrow. The twelfth they halved. It was like this:

"Brown, you recall, took eight. Smith made nearly three hundred yards off the tee, and was on the green in two. Miss Robinson's bull-terrier, which had joined the gallery recently, picked up the ball in his mouth, and started for the club-house with it. I claim that it was wholly natural and spontaneous for Smith to run after that dog, and feint at it with a putter. I shall always insist that there was sufficient aggravation for Smith to hit the dog with the putter. Of course it was injudicious of Smith to punish an animal for playfulness in the sight of its owner; but it was worse than injudicious for him to hit it with the putter, when he could as easily have kicked it. After a moment or two of skirmishing, the terrier retrieved the ball, and deposited it on the green. Smith, not daring to glance toward Miss Robinson, holed out, and said, 'Three.'

" 'Not three—eight,' said the referee.

" 'That 's what I made it,' agreed Brown.

" 'I—don't understand,' faltered Smith. 'If a ball at rest is displaced by any agency outside the match except wind, the player shall drop a ball as near as possible to the place where it lay without penalty.'

" '*You* did n't drop it; the dog dropped it,' said Brown.

" 'Yes, but he dropped it within an inch of where it was originally.'

"'Let the referee decide!' said Miss Robinson, softly, and every one turned to Jones.

"'This is n't a case in law,' he judged, after some deliberation; 'it 's a case in equity. If the ball had lodged in anything moving, Smith could certainly have replaced without penalty. He 'd be down in three. Of course the ball did n't *lodge* in anything moving, but it was immediately taken up *by* something moving, and found lodgment therein. Smith could have recovered the ball and played it; but he did n't. Furthermore, he did n't strike the dog with a stick or with his foot; he struck it with a putter. I adjudge that this act of Smith's operates as a waiver under Rule Seventeen. I adjudge that Smith's strokes with a putter at the body of the dog count as fair strokes. He had five of them. Each was for the evident purpose of causing the dog to drop the ball as near to the hole as possible. His official count for the hole is therefore eight. Every attempt to compel the dog to disgorge, inasmuch as the ball was struck at, and not spooned or pushed, was a stroke. The hole is halved, and Brown is dormy.'

"I will not deceive you; the gallery was dazed and bewildered. In dead silence Brown drove off, a futile attempt which barely cleared the tee-box. In all that gathering, the only person whose mental processes were working placidly was undoubtedly Smith. He carried the green with a magnificently placed iron; and neither the fact that he had knocked the ball into a prolate spheroid, nor the ill fortune he had to find it lying between serrated ridges cast up by worms, could deprive him of a par three and the hole.

"He won the fourteenth with a par four, and the fifteenth with a par five. The luck had apparently turned, and the sentiment of the gallery had changed. The applause was all for Smith, and Miss Robinson's smiles, too, were frequently directed at him. He was as calm and unconcerned as though the match were for nothing more important than the caddy fees; Brown, on the contrary, was noticeably afflicted with nerves.

"And the sixteenth hole was no place at all for a man with nerves. Directly before the tee an impenetrable morass, a region of swamp and swale, yawned hungrily for a topped drive. To the left, a deserted quarry; to the right, a corn-field. Nothing but a hundred-and-sixty-yard carry uphill, nothing but a perfectly straight ball, would do, and Brown topped into the swamp. So had Smith.

"The gallery stood about on dry land and watched intently; the two contestants, followed by Jones and Miss Robinson and her dog, picked their way into the wilderness. Smith's ball was found first; it was resting conveniently in a small puddle, under a couple of bulrushes, behind a jagged rock.

"'Play it from there,' said Brown, cheerfully.

"'I intend to,' said Smith.

"'What are you waiting for?'

"'For you to find yours,' said Smith.

"'Why, mine 's right around here somewhere. Go ahead!'

"'Not yet. If you found yours farther from the hole than this is, you 'd recall the shot if it happened to be good, and let it go if it happened to be bad. I want to see where yours is.'

"Brown looked at the swamp. He was standing on a board, and he had previously observed that Smith, while he was talking, had settled in rich mud up to his knees, and was still sinking.

"'Shoot!' said Brown. 'If you get out of there, I 'll promise not to recall your shot.'

"'I stand on my rights,' said Smith. 'If you don't find your ball within five minutes, it 's my hole.'

"'But if you get out in one shot,' said Brown, 'I 'll *give* you the hole. Don't you see? If you get out safely, there 's no reason for me to ruin *my* clothes!'

"'How 's the time, Mr. Referee?' asked Smith.

"'One minute left.'

"Brown stepped gracefully from the board. The leg he put forward disappeared utterly; the other clung to its harbor; Brown looked not unlike the well-known

photographs of the diving horses at Coney Island. To the accompaniment of huzzas from the crowd and much encouragement from Miss Robinson, he struggled free, staggered onward, and brought up sharply with a cry of dismay. He had trod on his ball, and driven it under the surface of the mud.

" 'Two!' said Smith, with a shade of genuine feeling for a discomfited enemy. 'Remember, you can displace only so much of the mud as to enable you to see the ball.'

" 'I know it,' barked Brown. 'Niblick, boy!'

"He dug for that ball with all his strength; it popped lazily in the air with a reverse English, avoided Smith's mud-puddle by the fraction of an inch, and came to rest on the very board from which Brown had stepped into the swamp. It could n't roll, because of the clayey mass adhering to it. It presented a very decent lie for the next shot.

"Brown looked wickedly at his opponent and then at Miss Robinson. He failed to catch her eye, because she was looking somewhere else; but the roar of the gallery encouraged him, and swiping prodigiously with his nickel-plated lofter, he carried the slope of the green.

" 'Shoot from there!' he called cheerily to Smith.

"Smith did his best; it was n't good enough: the ball imbedded itself farther in the mire. He struck once more; his club came over his left shoulder at the finish of a fine swing, but the ball did n't soar away as it should. Indeed, it had simply disappeared. It had n't risen from the swamp; it was n't on the fairway; it was n't in the puddle.

" 'Dig for it,' said Smith to his caddy, and at that moment a terrific shout went up from the circling multitude.

" 'Now 's your chance, Smithy!'

" 'Be careful! be *careful!*'

" 'Turn your club over—*quick!*'

"Smith, puzzled, inspected the face of the club. The grip almost slipped out of his hand; he caught it by a convulsive effort. The ball, almost entirely enveloped in black, sticky mud, was firmly attached to the roughened metal.

" 'Wha—what do I do with *this?*' he inquired blankly.

" 'Drop it without penalty,' said Brown, too hurriedly.

" 'Is there anything in the rules to prevent me from carrying this up to the green, and dropping it in the hole?'

" 'If there is n't,' said Brown, 'there 's nothing to prevent any one from jostling you while you 're on the way.'

" 'I think I 'll try it,' said Smith.

" 'If you do, it 's my hole. That was a ball at rest displaced by an agency outside the match.'

" 'Not in a thousand years! This club of mine has been in the match since we started; so have I.'

" 'It—it is n't good golf,' said Brown, paling.

" 'Never mind. It is n't luck, either. More than that,' said Smith, 'if you jostle me, that 'll constitute an infringement of my right to play my own game. You 'll be deliberately disturbing the lie of my ball. I leave it to the referee.'

" 'Smith is right,' pronounced Jones. 'I can't think of any rule to cover the point, so we 'll decide it in accordance with common law. The ball must be played from where it lies. Smith played it from there. It now lies on the face of his mashy. His next shot must be played with a different club OFF the mashy. *De minimis non curat lex.* Nevertheless, there is some precedent for assuming that the stroke made by Smith is yet unfinished. The face of the club hit the ball. That 's obvious. It was a legitimate hit. Now, everybody knows that in every shot the face of the club is in contact with the ball for a more or less appreciable space of time. The stroke is consummated after the ball has left the face of the club. This ball has n't left it at all. The stroke is therefore still in process. So we have two theories, one that Smith's ball is now at rest, in a lie from which the next stroke must be played; the other, that it has n't come to rest after the stroke he *did* play. So that if he goes to the green and with

some other club knocks the ball off the mashy into the cup, he will have taken three strokes, which gives him the hole. If we adopt the other theory, and he merely shakes the ball into the hole without using a separate club for the purpose, he will have holed in two, which again gives him the hole. In either case he wins. Brown is dormy two. Smith's honor. Play, gentlemen.'

"The crowd laughed and cheered. Brown stalked wrathfully across the footbridge to the fairway, picked up his ball, and threw it at his caddy. Smith, quiet and self-contained, followed him. Miss Robinson, taking the referee's arm, called him a Daniel come to judgment. He was all of that.

"Smith won the seventeenth in four. Brown needed eleven. It is only fair to state that Brown had fallen into his old weakness: instead of playing by sheer guesswork, he was calculating his shots carefully, and trying to gage the wind and estimate the speed of the greens. While he held to that method he had n't a chance in the world; and either he realized it himself or some one reminded him of it, for when he took the tee at the last hole, he merely waggled his driver once or twice, made no endeavor to stand properly or to swing in form, and as an obvious consequence—obvious to those who knew his attributes—he got off his very best drive of the day. It was n't more than fifty or sixty yards behind Smith's. They played good seconds, and came to the flag on even terms.

"I won't detain you. Smith got his par five. Brown needed only a half. If he 'd shut his eyes and putted, there would n't have been a chance in a million for poor Smith. But Brown wanted to be a hero; he wanted to look like Walter Travis sinking a hard putt. So he studied the line carefully—and missed! The match was all square!

"They were walking back to the first tee for the extra hole when Miss Robinson and Jones joined them. Miss Robinson was authoritative—even for her.

" 'Listen!' she said. 'Don't you think you 've carried this wretched farce far enough?'

" 'How?' they replied in chorus.

" 'Had it occurred to you that *I* might not be willing to stand by the result of it?'

"She was right; they had n't thought of it.

" 'All we agreed,' began Brown; but she stopped him with one of her peremptory gestures.

" 'Golf is a game of character,' she said. 'You 've shown me more than you think you 've shown. Go on and play your extra hole, settle your match once and forever, but bear this in mind while you 're playing it: the race is n't always to the swift —nor to the lucky. He laughs best who sees the point of the joke. Your winner *may* be the loser, and the loser might be the winner, after all. I only want you to remember that I have n't agreed to bow to your verdict. That 's all.'

"The men stared stupidly at each other. They could n't comprehend it.

" 'Anyway,' said Brown, suddenly, 'I have n't broken eighty-two. I was much more than that. I 've won your thousand, old fellow.'

" 'Yes,' admitted Smith, 'and it 'll just about pay the tips on your long trip.' But just then he began to wonder if Miss Robinson, who was notably independent, would deliberately side with the loser of the match. He glanced at Brown. Brown was palpably wondering, too. But Brown was thinking more in the past than in the future. It now concerned him to know if his rigid insistence upon the letter of the rules had hurt his cause with Miss Robinson while it was helping him with his contest. His abstraction was so great that he usurped the honor, which did n't belong to him, and drove off; very creditably, too. His mind was occupied; it was characteristic luck.

" 'Now, then,' said a voice from the gallery. 'Recall *that* drive, Smithy! He did it to you.'

" 'I waive it,' said Smith, loudly, as he advanced to the tee. He addressed the ball with a flourish; by mischance he top-

pled it off the tee, and it rolled thirty feet downhill.

"'Playing two,' said Jones.

"'I refuse to accept that penalty,' denied Brown, peering about to see if Miss Robinson was within earshot. 'Take it over, old man.'

"'Never!' said Smith. 'I play from where it lies.' He played poorly. 'That 's two.'

"'You have a right to decline my waiver,' said Brown, stiffly, 'but *I* have a right to adjust the matter as a gentleman should.' Here he bent over his own ball, lifted it an inch or two above the ground, and dropped it. 'I have touched a ball in play not for identification, and the penalty is a stroke. We lie alike.'

"'I waive!' said Smith.

"'You can't!' said Brown.

"'The referee states,' said Jones, rather faintly, 'that a penalty may not be declined. Proceed.'

"'Very well,' said Smith. 'I have my own ideas of sportsmanship!' He intentionally drove out of bounds. 'Drop another ball, caddy! Now I 'm three, and you 're two.'

"'Observe this!' said Brown, taking his stance. 'In the act of addressing this ball, I cause it to move. That costs me a stroke. We lie alike again.' They glared at each other like two strange bulldogs.

"Miss Robinson was plainly heard to say, 'Imbeciles!'

"'The amusing part of it is,' remarked Smith, conciliatingly, 'that *I* 'm trying to play a gentleman's game.'

"'You 've missed it by a mile,' said Brown.

"'I 'm tired of your methods,' said Smith. 'I 'll lay you a thousand I beat you this hole now!'

"'Double it!'

"'Make it five if you like.'

"'Certainly.'

"'Please play, then. You 're away.'

"Accordingly, Brown played an iron. It was too strong. It should have gone past the green, over to the fairway of the seventh; but Brown was wild with anger: he did n't concentrate on the ball, and luck was with him. He hit the very tip of the flag-stick. The ball dropped dead to the hole.

"'Four!' he gloated. '*Now* shoot.'

"Smith turned to the gallery.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'this is a match for big stakes. You 've seen that the rules have been strictly followed. So far I have n't had to rely upon technicalities; I am now about to rely upon one. If the player's ball strike the opponent, his caddy, or his clubs, the opponent shall lose the hole.' Smith took a heavy approaching-cleik from his bag, and looked squarely at Brown, who turned very white. 'The opponent,' repeated Smith, easing his wrists, 'shall lose the hole.'

"Brown, whose knickerbockers suddenly seemed too large for him, looked desperately for his caddy; but the caddy also knew the rule: he was hiding behind the bunker. Brown edged toward the left-hand side of the V of the gallery; Smith altered his stance, and got the range. Brown strode briskly across to the right-hand side; Smith was as alert as a trap-shooter at unknown angles. The cleik trembled suggestively. As long as he could endure the strain, Brown held his place; he wanted to appear too proud for flight. But finally his nerves snapped; he whirled, and sprinted for the open end of the V.

"Smith, who had n't been daunted at the knowledge that his opponent was dormy six; Smith, who had played the gentleman's game from the start; Smith, who was the injured party throughout; Smith sighted for the fleeing man. He calculated for the tiniest of hooks into the wind; he allowed a trifle for irregularity of ground; he drove.

"It was a beautiful wind-cheater, a low, vicious drive barely above the grass-tops, the kind of ball that travels as straight as a surveyor's line for a hundred yards or so, and then slowly curves upward, like a gravity rise with a hop on it. It was, however, twenty feet to Brown's right.

"'Missed him!' shouted the gallery.

"'Oh, close!' said Miss Robinson.

"'Wait!' said Smith, grabbing the referee's arm. And all in a second that ball

swerved to the left with the hook, upward with the gravity rise, and at exactly the right pin-point of time Brown threw a glance over his shoulder. Lucky! There was no doubt of it! He could n't dodge; the ball was a club's-length from his head. He had played base-ball. Action was automatic: the ball broke his hand, but he held it.

"The gallery rushed forward; as the leaders passed the referee they heard him saying, 'Hole and match to Smith.' It was all over.

"The rest shall be brief. They took Brown to the club-house and bandaged his hand. The two men, refined in the fire, met once more as friend and friend. They embraced. Their better instincts returned. Their bitter enmity was forgotten. They canceled their bets. At length they set out to hunt for Miss Robinson. Brown was formally to intercede with her and plead for Smith.

"She was n't to be found. Her warning had been more serious than they had imagined. While Smith and Brown were risking their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, she had eloped with the referee Jones, leaving behind her a note to say that she could n't marry a man as perennially unlucky as Smith, nor yet one as sharp as Brown.

"Consider their emotions at the discovery! Reflect upon the tension they had undergone! Not only money was involved, not only default of courtship; they had all but shattered the precious vessel of integrity! And for what? For whom? They had made of themselves laughing-stocks forever; they had gained for themselves the reputation of poor sportsmen, and worse. The executive committee held a special meeting in the grill-room; its announcement that both Smith and Brown were expelled for gambling on the links followed by only five minutes the shock that came from the knowledge that she who had inspired them to do this thing had eloped with the referee! And think what might have been! If Brown had been less sharp, he might have won a bride, even though he lost the match. And if Smith had been less buffeted by fortune, he might have had a wife to console him. As it was, the very competition which was to insure to one of them the possession of a beautiful girl lost her to both forever.

"That 's all."

At the nearer door an Ethiopian swayed rhythmically as he intoned the call to lunch. My fat neighbor rose precipitately.

"That is why," he said, "I never play golf. That is why I hate to think about it or talk about it. The associations are too depressing."

"And no wonder!" I said. "But before you go, would you mind satisfying my idle curiosity? You were 'Smith,' of course, were n't you?"

He looked at me in lugubrious astonishment, and two more great tears sparkled in his eyes.

"Oh, no," he said. "Oh, no, indeed; I have much more cause for depression than that! I was the referee. I 'm Jones."

Indianapolis in 1825

The Opening West

Our Nation in the Building

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part V. Chapter VI

WITH the signing of the Treaty of Ghent History blotted the page, turned a leaf, and bade the United States begin a new chapter. Issues, conditions, and the point of view all changed. Europe regarded the United States with greater respect than ever before; but the real achievement of the War of 1812 was the transformation it wrought at home. The experience of common danger, and a common pride of victory welded the States together as nothing else could have done, and opened wide to them the vista of what they were to become, united and powerful.

Up to that time our chief concern, all unconsciously, had been our relation to Europe—what Europe would think of us, how we should fare in the making and keeping of treaties. With the return of peace, what the rest of the world might choose to think suddenly became of minor importance, and the country entered upon the second phase of its life as a nation,—thirty years or more devoted to the contemplation and eulogy of its own greatness,—giving the rest of the universe only such time as it could spare from this engrossing occupation. It was the hobbledehoy, boy-who-can-do-without-any-help stage, doubtless necessary to development, but unattractive and most provoking to European onlookers.

In this second period political domination passed from Virginia and New England to the cotton-growing regions of the South and the new States of the Mississippi valley. Cotton assumed immense importance in industry and in politics, and the region beyond the Alleghanies, which had been a disturbing possibility to Federalists of the old school, became a vital and vocal fact in Congress and in commerce.

The land-hunger which has played so large a part in changing the face of the American continent appears to be ours by inheritance, a legacy through a long line of Goth and savage ancestors from some remote, naked colossus, who wielded his club in obedience to primal instinct. It seems stronger than volition, stronger far than reason. Parties and men who have honestly tried to oppose it have gone down to defeat. Parties and men who have dishonestly urged it on have flourished for a time at least, and the country has profited by their acts. Manifest destiny is an arro-

gant phrase, sadly overworked; yet experience seems to whisper that there may be something in it. The early explorers annexed in the name of their sovereigns all the land that they sighted and all about which they were told. The colonists coming after them took all they needed at the moment from the Indians, and with the growth of new settlements claimed ever-widening western horizons.

Daniel Boone

At the end of the Revolution the Federalists, dismayed at the size of the Government, limited their desires strictly to what lay near at hand, voicing the sentiment of the humble-minded farmer: "I ain't grasp-in'. I only want the farm that jines on to mine." But even the Federalists admitted that sooner or later the land that "jined" would have to be taken in—admitted it sorrowfully or with resignation or secret elation, according to their natures.

Upon the Western map Hamilton read balance-sheets written close with figures of the country's prosperity. Jay, it will be remembered, saw in his mind's eye, and tried to make Congress see, "delightful villas, gilded spires, and spacious cities rising." Gouverneur Morris, turning resolutely away from the beguiling mirage, strove to regard the Western region in the cold light of fact. He wrote:

> As to the navigation of the Mississippi, everybody knows that the rapidity of the current will forever prevent ships sailing up, however easily they may float down. Now, unless some new dragon shall be found whose teeth, sown on the banks of the Ohio, will produce seamen, I know not where else they will be obtained to navigate ships abroad which can never return home.

He felt obliged, therefore, to favor admitting Spain's claim, and advised giving up the mouth of the river. Which goes to show that that far-off primitive ancestor, land-hungry without knowing it, wielded his club in rhythm to a higher law than mere reason.

Jefferson, unhampered by Federalism, let his mind run riot over the map. He saw the empty spaces filled with population, and, dividing them into States, gave them names mostly of his own devising: Sylvania, Saratoga, Cherronesus, Assenisipi, Metropotamia, Michigania, Illinoia, Polypotamia, Pelisipia, and Washington, monstrosities like lumbering centaurs, half buffalo, half Mercury, the very look of which inspires gratitude that the map he really saw was so nearly blank.

Even before the Revolution the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi had been well blocked out. Posts, founded by early French explorers at dates remote enough to be respectably ancient according to European standards, nourished themselves upon our wild beasts, and endured as centers of the fur trade. At St. Louis, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes, French accents could be heard mingling with Indian gutturals and the drawl of pioneer speech, and in such places unexpected elegancies of life were to be found side by side with the rudest of frontier customs.

Who had been first among white settlers of the Atlantic coast to cross the mountains, or when or where they crossed, no one knows. Little by little the American sequence of trapper, pioneer, surveyor, and husbandman pushed westward, drawing its alien civilization with it. Earliest English name of all to appear upon the

map was Cumberland, given in a fit of nostalgia by Dr. Thomas Walker, forerunner of Boone, to the noble stream and mountains that reminded him of old England across the seas. Then came the Watauga Commonwealth, germ of Tennessee, known later as the State of Franklin,

Cincinnati in 1810

and later still forgotten and abandoned by its sponsors on the coast; that lonely island of civilization in the wilderness, with its currency made up of whisky, skins, and sugar, where John Sevier lived in primitive luxury, a republican monarch, dealing out justice, accountable only to his own sense of right. There were the Holston settlements, destined to endure and become Kentucky; the ill-starred Moravian community, wiped out by massacre in 1782; and year by year an ever-increasing number of lonely clearings in the forest where men toiled and hunted and defended their homes, and women drudged and bore children in ever-present dread of Indian attacks. Even before the Revolution so many settlers had come that whole regiments marched back again from behind the mountains to take part in the struggle; and at the close of the war hundreds went west where one had gone before.

The great difficulty of the mountain barrier lay in its immense length and width rather than in its height. Three hundred miles of ridge upon ridge from east to west made hard traveling for the early settlers; but the barrier could be pierced at four separate places. In the north the Hudson and Mohawk valleys led to the upper Alleghany, and that in turn led to the Mississippi River by way of the Ohio. Farther south was the valley of the Potomac, which offered a route direct to the upper Ohio. Still farther south lay the way through Cumberland Gap, a natural entrance from Virginia and the Carolinas, which was a favorite also with Pennsylvanians because of comparative ease in travel, though it lengthened their journey many miles. Last of all, the Western country might be reached through the strip of low land along the gulf coast. Once beyond the mountains, emigrants had before them the whole great middle plateau of the continent, with its varying zones of richness, from the tree-clad Alleghanies to the poisonous alkali-beds of the Western desert; from the north, packed with undiscovered coal and minerals, to the regions of sugar-cane and cotton. Through the center of this, dividing the known country from the unknown, the Mississippi coiled on its southward way.

The four routes across the mountains were so far apart that emigrants started westward along their own parallels of latitude, to which they were apt to cling, it being easier and more natural to remain in a climate to which they were accustomed. As yet the greater portion of emigration came from the Southern and the central Atlantic States, for it was only with the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825 that New England poured its overflow into the upper Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

The southward trend of the Ohio River, chief natural highway into the West, tended to sweep the few who ventured from Northern States south as well as west, and the fact that the country to the north of the Ohio, "the Indian side," remained for many years in possession of the red men delayed its settlement long after its southern bank, as far as its junction with the Mississippi, was dotted with clearings and towns.

As the warlike Creek and Choctaw and Cherokee Indians of the South were likewise effectually preventing settlement in their neighborhood, the frontier swept northwestward from Cumberland Sound, then the extreme southern limit of United States territory, toward the Mississippi, which it reached at the point where the Ohio flowed into it. White settlement thus, even before the War of 1812, had assumed the form of a great wedge of invasion that was later to press forward, spread out, and possess the land.

Kentucky, already an old State and a strong one, lay at the point of this wedge. It had been the second to enter the Union after the Revolution, and when it did so in 1792 its population already numbered 100,000 persons. It was progressive, too. From the time it had been a mere oasis of white settlement in the wilderness it had supported institutions "for the teaching of Latin, Greek, and the different branches of science." As eager for new ideals of political freedom as for these old ones of culture, it had forged rapidly ahead to prominence in national councils. It had owned cotton mills and nail factories, dancing-schools and societies for the promotion of useful knowledge, long before it was out of the pioneer stage. It had even produced a few painters of portrait and landscape. It had also developed many citizens with an aptitude for politics and a gift for oratory, a new and effective school of statesmanship of which Henry Clay was the eloquent flower.

Its rich country had originally been a neutral zone threaded with Indian trails, a territory where none might dwell, but through which all were at liberty to move in hunt or war. The shade of its forests was so dense, the story of its white settlement so full of tragedy, that it was known as the "dark and bloody ground." The great character of its pioneer period had been Daniel Boone, whose picturesque, half-legendary figure stands for all that is typical in that vanished phase of our national life.

Born in Pennsylvania, he had grown to manhood on the banks of the Yadkin in North Carolina, had built his hut and married early after the fashion of the locality. But he found tilling the ground dull work when the forest called. Expeditions into it to hunt game or to make salt at the salt-licks where animals and men alike went to satisfy their cravings only fastened its dominion more firmly upon him, and when a wandering Indian trader strayed across his pathway and told him of the rich country to the west called Kentucky, which in the language of the red men meant "at the head of the river," or "Long River," he gave himself up to it with a fervor that was little short of fatalism, believing himself "ordained of God to settle the wilderness."

Marietta, Ohio, in 1790

With this Indian trader for guide, he and five others left the Yadkin in May, seven years before the outbreak of the Revolution, and hunted all that summer through a country he never tired of extolling; for Boone had the eye of a lover for nature's beauties and no little eloquence in describing them. When winter came he and one of his companions were captured by Indians. Making their escape, they searched long and unavailingly for the rest of their party. Instead, that marvelous coincidence only found in the drama and the dealings of Providence led them through unnumbered miles of wil-

derness straight into the arms of two other white men, one of whom proved to be Boone's younger brother, who had started out to follow him. Their companions were soon waylaid and killed, but the two Boones spent a long winter unmolested in the forest. By spring their ammunition had run low, and the younger brother went back to the settlements for a new supply, leaving Daniel alone in the woods "without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog" for three long months. He exercised great caution, hiding his camp and sleeping in the cane-brake if the signs were not to his liking, but he was absolutely without fear, "which," as he sagely wrote in his memoirs, "is vain if danger comes, and if it does not, only augments the pain."

After the safe return of his brother they hunted a year longer, and then made their way back to their homes. In 1773 he started westward again with a party that met disaster at Cumberland Gap. His eldest son and a number of others were killed by the Indians, and the rest, dismayed, retreated to safer regions. Soon after this he was called upon by the Governor of Virginia to guide a party of surveyors through Kentucky, his rude, but practical, knowledge of compass and chain being an added qualification. Later he was given command of three garrisons in the new region, and after that the history of the State is for some years the history of his own personal prowess. A month before the beginning of the Revolution he was opening up the "Wilderness Road" from Virginia to Kentucky. Afterward he made his mark in the legislature of the infant State, as he had already done in its forests.

It is sad and also characteristic that as the country filled up and pioneer virtues were supplanted by subtler arts of peace, Boone, who had done more for Kentucky than any other man, found that the land upon which he had settled, and which he thought his own, had been wrested from him by trickery. Once again he emigrated, this time across the Mississippi into what is now Missouri, but was then still the Spanish colony of Louisiana. Here he accepted a commission from Spain, and here Lewis and Clark, on their way west in 1804, found him with his married children settled around him.

In all the arts of woodcraft and those strange super-senses by which men so gifted find their way unerringly without trail or guide he was wonderfully endowed. He had a serviceable knowledge of medicine as well as of surveying, and a "way" with men white and red. "He was my father, my physician, and my friend. He tended me as his child, cured my wounds by the use of medicine from the woods," wrote one of his road party.

His influence with the Indians was a mystery even to himself. In the course of his strange career he killed dozens of them with his own hand, but he did it without rancor and without incurring their enmity. Even the murder of his eldest son, the loss of other relatives, and the capture of his own daughter by the savages, failed to move him from his attitude of impartial, impersonal justice. Three separate times the Indians made him prisoner, but they never harmed him. Once they carried him in triumph to Detroit and exhibited him as a trophy to the Long Knives of King George, but they could not be induced to give him up.

He carried on the game of life and death inspired by certain notions of chivalry even toward animals. Mighty hunter that he was, and he "hunted steadily" "when not on other duty," one of the bills he advocated in the legislature was for the protection of game. Deer and their like he killed only when hunger or need of their skins for clothing drove him to it, but he warred relentlessly upon beasts of prey, as he did upon hostile savages, as enemies of the whites who were flocking into the new region.

He and his class were followed by the husbandmen who took up the lands pioneer and surveyor opened to them. Such lands were abundant and cheap. Hamilton's early scheme for making the Northwest Territory banker and pledge for the

young nation had undergone some changes. Hamilton had reserved certain tracts for subscribers to the national loan, and placed the rest upon the market to be sold in lots of a hundred acres to actual settlers, or in townships ten miles square to capitalists, at a price of thirty cents an acre. He originally suggested twenty cents, but a virtuous Congress demanded more. Small purchasers were required to pay cash, the others to finish payment in two years. But under these conditions there were few small purchasers. Even the poorest had sufficient confidence and enough of the gambling spirit to try to buy in larger quantities. So in 1800 the price was changed to two dollars an acre, and again in 1820 it was changed to one dollar and thirty-five cents, without credit. But even at two dollars an acre a man was shiftless indeed who could not hope to own a family estate.

Though not necessarily better Americans, these people west of the mountains were more distinctively American than those to the east. Long after pioneer days were over their closeness to pioneer conditions influenced their point of view. They built schools and called them colleges before their fields were fenced, just as the colonists on the coast had done; but the old feudal distinctions of caste and privilege that had successfully crossed the Atlantic a century before, and still persisted in older communities, had been unable to gain a foothold beyond the mountains. Accident of birth or of wealth no longer set a man apart from his fellows. In subduing the wilderness it had been found that a horn of powder counted for more than an ancestral sword.

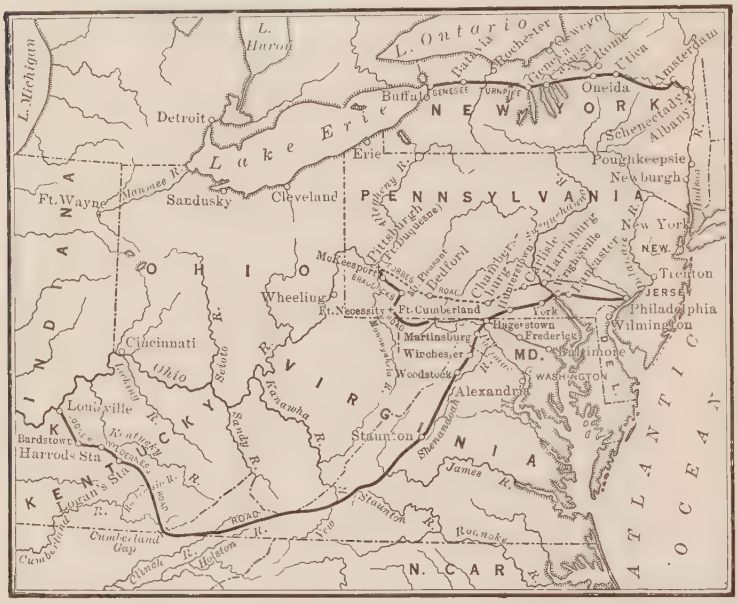
Europe, with its arbitrary standards, its politics dyed in oppression, its wonder of architecture, and all its luxury of worldly gear, seemed very far away. Having demonstrated to their own satisfaction that they could create new homes and keep bright the ideal of liberty, these Westerners were in danger of forgetting their country's place and obligations in the family of nations. England was not to them the mother country, but the country which they had successfully fought and whipped. The Spaniards on the border to the south and west were a subtler, though less immediately sinister, menace than the Indi-

"The Puritan"
By Augustus Saint-Gaudens

ans. France was not the country that had sent us Lafayette, but a nation of maniacs flying at one another's throats.

Settlers from the North and settlers from the South carried with them their own sectional ways and prejudices, which circumstances gradually modified; but there was one point upon which they united as one man against the people of the East. That was the future greatness and present needs of this new region. They charged the East with inability or lack of will to protect them from Indian raids and the harassments of Canadian and Spanish allies of the red men; and when specially incensed they indulged in threats of following their own destiny, of breaking away from the indifferent older States, and forming a confederation of their own in the Mississippi valley, ignoring the fact that even if all they charged was true, they would be no better able to cope with Canadians, Indians, and Spaniards after secession than before.

The successful outcome of the War of 1812 silenced these threats, though it did not effectually remove the distrust between the regions. Then followed years when conditions on both sides of the Atlantic literally pushed people into our Western country. A great growth in manufactures at the end of the war largely changed industrial conditions in America. In 1800 nineteen twentieths of the population had lived upon farms. Even yet the raising of food-stuffs was the great national industry, but the change to manufactures was too rapid not to cause hardship. It became difficult to find employment either in town or country, and hard to sell the produce grown upon Eastern farms. The roads leading westward filled with processions of men and beasts and goods, the well-to-do, traveling with their flocks and herds in caravans numbering from two wagons to fifty, the poorer in little household groups, sometimes grotesque and sometimes pathetic, the man pushing the scanty household belongings in a cart or even carrying them on his back, while his wife and babies trudged behind him. Thus the western procession moved forward, impelled in part by enthusiasm, in part by want. Capitalists went on the impulse of business expansion that opened new roads and new industries in reckless disregard of momentary needs, and it was only natural that those dependent upon their two hands, having no plant to sacrifice and little to lose in any event, should betake themselves westward with hope.

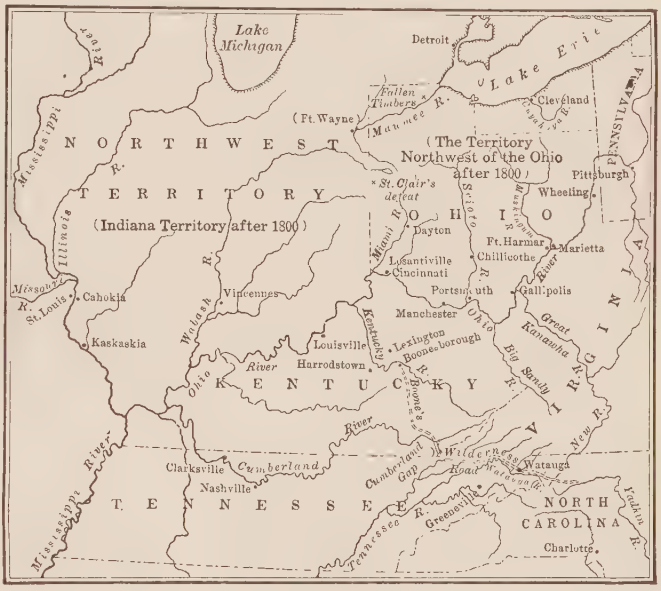


Routes of Western immigration

There was still another element in the great movement. New types of faces were to be seen. After Napoleon's downfall the breaking up of Continental armies released thousands who hurried away from battle-scarred Europe to try their fortunes in a new world. For the most part they were wage-earners in need of

instant employment. Coming at a time when the United States was itself in the throes of business depression and recovering from war, they complicated not a little the industrial situation in the East, and numbers of these also joined the westward procession.

But the presence of Europeans did not lessen the aggressive Americanism of the West. The French Revolution and Napoleon's meteoric career had left as their residuum not so much the fruit of victory as horror at their excesses. Anarchy had staggered back into respect for order. Fear of one man's imperious will had driven bickering nations into the semblance of concord out of which present-day Europe was to emerge. Battle, murder, and sudden death had sent emigrants flocking to this country, but they all accepted as foregone conclusions the principles for which the soldiers of our Revolutionary armies had died. The older immigrants might sigh in secret for Europe, but it was for a long-past, golden vision of their youth, not for the recent misery from which they had fled. The younger ones knew only the misery, and as they became used to the New World and its ways, they were well satisfied with a country where there was no conscription, where the industrious had a chance to rise, where even in times of want there was usually enough to eat.



Kentucky, Tennessee, and early Ohio

They wrote to their relatives left behind, and these came, too, and the westward stream of emigration, both foreign and domestic, grew in volume every year. After the completion of the Erie Canal opened an easy water-route from the North, travelers went both up and down the Mississippi valley. "More than half the whole number of emigrants now arrive in the West by water," was a statement made in 1832. "The remark applies to nine tenths of those that come from Europe and the northern cities." Germans arrived in substantial numbers in 1820. In 1833 came thirty-three thousand more to settle Cincinnati, change St. Louis from its early French aspect, and lay the foundations of broad and solid industry throughout the Middle West.

There was still unlimited land. The sequence of hunter, pioneer, surveyor, and husbandman pushed on. The great wedge of invasion that had broadened and flattened and pressed hard against the Mississippi, crossed it and took its way over the plains. Trains of white-covered emigrant wagons, streaming in broken lines by day, at night formed in circles, with the women and flocks inside, to make improvised fortresses against the Indians. And before the rich prairie lands of Kansas and "Ioway" were well settled, while still wide reaches of arable land and an unknown desert stretched to the west, discovery of gold on the Pacific coast sent many more thousands on a new venture across the continent.

Meantime the East as well as the West was experiencing changes. Wide differ-

ences of custom remained. Slavery and a genial climate had, in our southern Atlantic States, grafted care-free prodigality upon feudal English notions. New York was strongly Dutch. New England was Puritan to the backbone. Even their holidays were different. On New Year's day visiting and the exchange of greetings possessed the inhabitants of Manhattan like a frenzy. Ladies in their best frocks and the clergy in their vestments received in state, while men of all grades of society hurried from house to house, intent on covering the whole list of their acquaintances, lest a failure to call might be taken amiss. Confectioners advertised great seed-cakes baked for the festival season, and people thronged to see the huge loaves before they were cut up.

In the South, Christmas was the season of rejoicing both in the "great house" and the slave quarters.

Farther north, "Deeds, not words" was the motto of the New-Englanders, who chose to be ungracious in both, and frowned upon Christmas as popish and expressions of good will at the beginning of the year as a waste of breath. Thanksgiving was their day for what to other temperaments would have been jollity. Reunited families gathered "in their usual places of worship," and after the lengthy duty of thanking the Lord was over, went home to eat an inexpressibly hearty dinner and to conceal more or less successfully covert criticism or approval of "in laws" and blood relatives.

All these diversities of local custom remained, but with dawning national consciousness the mental attitude of the different regions rapidly became one of self-satisfied glorification. There was one holiday in which all parts of the country, even repressed New England, joined with abandon. This was Fourth of July, with its speechmaking and its noise of cannon and hurrahing. "The whole atmosphere was filled with Independence" in a sort of inspiring, national intoxication. The one sentiment in which all united regardless of region or religion or political affiliation was the conviction that the United States had the best form of government upon earth and that American society was more moral, and therefore more highly desirable, than anything to be found in the effete monarchies of Europe. Tocqueville wrote:

> Nothing is more embarrassing in the ordinary intercourse of life than this irritable patriotism of the Americans. A stranger may be very well inclined to praise many of the institutions of the country, but he begs permission to blame some of the peculiarities which he observes—a permission which is, however, inexorably refused. America is therefore a free country in which, lest anybody be hurt by your remarks, you are not allowed to speak freely of private individuals or of the State or of the citizens or of the authorities, of public or of private undertakings, or, in short, of anything at all except it be of the climate and the soil; and even then Americans will be found ready to defend either the one or the other.

The national self-esteem had risen to a pitch where it could tolerate with good humor certain affectations in foreigners, but for itself it would have none of them. A British minister who reached New York on his way to Washington during this period drove through the streets with two footmen in livery upon his carriage. New York looked on more amused than impressed, and its gamins finally voiced public sentiment in the cry: "Hurrah for the Englishmen! Hurrah for the Englishmen! It takes two Englishmen to make one nigger!"

CHAPTER VII

ONE BORN OUT OF SEASON

At the close of the War of 1812 the old Federal party died. For some time before this there had not been the wide difference between Federals and Republicans that distinguished them in earlier years. As Calhoun once put it, "When the Republicans, headed by Mr. Jefferson, stormed and carried the citadel of government in 1801, they were not such fools as to spike their guns." Once in

office they had been forced to adopt certain Federal practices even while proclaiming Republican theories. Federal representation in Congress steadily decreased, and opposition to the war finally killed it. It is almost impossible for a party to oppose a war in which the country is actively engaged and still live.

It is said that when the number of Federals in Congress dwindled to eleven a conference was called to decide whether it were worth while to continue their futile opposition. It was not a cheerful meeting, but one of them still had spirit enough for an army. "Friends," he cried, springing to his feet and beaming upon the little company with a persuasive energy that brought answering light to the faces of all who heard him, "just remember that we are as many as the apostles were after Judas deserted them. Think what *they* did, and fight it out!"

Immigrants traveling by flatboat on the Tennessee

But even such spirit could not stand against facts. In their stronghold of New England the Federals rallied, and late in December, 1814, called the Hartford Convention to consider ways of ending their unwilling connection with the war. They even proposed to withdraw from the Union if it could not be managed otherwise. Commissioners were sent to Congress with a respectful petition, but they reached Washington just in time to witness Henry Carroll's triumphant entry with the treaty of peace, and quietly faded away in the general rejoicing. One witty journal issued an advertisement, "Lost: Two gentlemen of Boston," etc.

The country had had enough of strife, and the old issues being gone, there were new ones on which all could unite. The first task was to draw the nation out of the financial depths into which it had sunk. The Bank of the United States, organized through Hamilton's eloquence and genius, legally expired in 1811 when war with England was about to begin. How the Government got money for its expenses is an unexplained mystery.

Long before peace was signed both gold and silver had vanished from circulation. Notes issued by local banks overspread the land, growing less valuable with every mile they traveled. Then the Government had issued treasury notes —not money, only promises of the Federal Government to pay local banks for their poor paper—in such quantities that army officers setting out from Washington with a supply of these to pay the troops found that the value of every third dollar had entirely disappeared by the time they reached the Northern frontier. Small change took the form of "cut money," either actual silver dollars chopped into halves and quarters and eighths, or "shinplasters," which were merely scraps of paper decorated with coarse woodcuts of such precious fragments. Both forms invited dishonesty, for coins could be, and often were, fraudulently divided into fifths and ninths, and woodcuts were obviously easy to reproduce.

In the two remaining years of Madison's term Congress chartered a new National Bank, like the first one, for a period of twenty years, and passed laws to protect manufactures that had sprung up when war and the embargo cut off all possibility of importing from abroad. These had grown rapidly, but with the return of peace, English manufacturers rushed their goods to America to compete for their old trade.

To shut them out, Congress placed a prohibitive duty on such foreign articles

and grades of cloth as could be made at home, a lower tax on those that could be partly supplied by American factories, and a tariff for revenue upon articles largely consumed in this country, but made abroad. This raised a clamor of protest from the regions injured, and a clamor of support from those aided by the new law. The shipping interests of New England complained bitterly. The South, which raised cotton and used much coarse cloth for its slaves, approved.

The new tariff proved an immediate stimulus to industry. In a short time the mills of New England were making all the cotton goods needed, and the delighted country entered upon an orgy of business expansion, of speculation, and of internal improvement which speedily overshot the mark and brought about the "hard times of eighteen hundred and starve to death," when America experienced the first taste of the bitter fruit that was to follow.

Reasoning that the tariff of 1816 had been a good thing, Congress attempted to find the remedy for these hard times by imposing higher duties in 1818 and again in 1824, though the measures of the latter year passed by only narrow majorities, as against the almost unanimous vote of 1818.

Madison, meanwhile, had been succeeded in 1817 by James Monroe, upon whom the choice settled by common consent, Young Republicans favoring him because of the zeal he had shown in the war, while the conservative element accepted him because he reached the Presidency in the usual way, from the position of secretary of state, as the culmination of a long and creditable public service.

The "last of our Revolutionary stock of Presidents" is a shining example of what ordinary talents may attain when united to great industry and high purpose. He had entered the American army at its very formation, when only seventeen, and had literally taken part in the making of his country's history from the beginning; but only once in all that time had he shown exceptionally brilliant qualities. That was in his prompt willingness to assume responsibility at the time of the Louisiana Purchase. Whatever the device upon his coat of arms may have been,—if he possessed one,—it should have read, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Three separate times he lost political favor and dropped from a lofty place to the very bottom of the political ladder, but each time he entered the Virginia general assembly and from there rose to greater heights than before.

It has been said that Monroe "lacked genius, but possessed judgment." It would be hard to find a shorter or truer summary. He was wise enough to profit by experience, as few do, and he grew with his opportunities. With the exception of those who opposed him on the ground that all the Presidents save one had come from the same State, his fellow-citizens seemed to feel that he would make a safe President and at the end of four years were sufficiently of the same opinion to elect him for a second term.

Jefferson, an onlooker now, took almost as deep an interest in Monroe's career as he had in Madison's. He was frankly delighted at his election and still more delighted when he heard that John Quincy Adams was to be Monroe's secretary of state. The two men were made for each other, Jefferson declared. Monroe could be trusted to furnish sound judgment for both, while Adams wielded a pointed pen. Monroe was so thoroughly honest that, if his soul were to be turned inside out, not a blot could be found upon it. As for the new secretary of state, Jefferson somewhat spitefully added, give Adams a conclusion, and he could be relied upon to produce the best of reasons in support of it.

There were few appointments to be made, most of the offices being already filled by the party in power, which was perhaps fortunate for Monroe's popularity. In the matter of appointments a bit of unsought advice came to him that took on amusing significance in the light of after events. This was a letter from Andrew Jackson, begging him "to exterminate that monster called party spirit," and give the best men the offices, regardless of

party, so that even the Federals might be drawn into the "great and united Republican brotherhood."

The great and united Republican brotherhood seemed an actual fact during the first years of Monroe's Presidency. The country was so agreeably busy in reorganizing its plans and its resources and its ideas that there was no time for quarreling. His second election was almost unanimous; but even at that moment the much-vaunted Era of Good Feeling was on the wane, and four years more sufficed to bring about partizan wrangles that again threw the Presidential election into the House of Representatives.

Five issues of Monroe's administration were important enough to color national history for all time. It is significant of the new America that only one of these issues had to do with Europe except in a secondary way, and that this was the most distinctively and aggressively American of them all.

It was during his term of office that the protective tariff ceased to be an experiment and became a party creed, discussion merging into contention as to whether the tariff ought to be applied for the purpose of protecting American manufactures or solely for the purpose of raising revenue.

Under his Presidency the system of internal improvements—the building of roads and opening of waterways necessary to the country's development—was pushed to such extremes that it became fatal to the national finances.

During his administration the slavery question, already a disturbing element in national politics, though still regarded as a matter of policy more than of morals, reached the point of heated discussion and was lulled again into comparative quiet for forty years by Clay's ingenious plan of the Missouri Compromise.

It was during Monroe's administration that destiny for the country—and for Andrew Jackson—advanced a long and fateful step by way of Florida.

Most novel of all, it was during this administration that the United States had to decide what attitude it would take toward the fledgling independent states of South America.

This was a thrilling point, for it marked how far the country had traveled beyond its colonial status. In its turn it was called upon to pass judgment on rebellious colonies.

It was in Monroe's message to Congress of December 2, 1823, that he announced the doctrine of America for Americans. How far credit for this belongs to the President, how much of it was in the air, it is fruitless to inquire. Responsibility for particular historic acts attaches itself like a bur to the first convenient object and sticks. Jefferson has popular credit for the purchase of Louisiana, yet important shares in the credit belong to Napoleon Bonaparte and James Monroe, who are rarely mentioned in connection with it. In the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine it is quite likely that John Quincy Adams, who held the pointed pen and the office of secretary of state, had some part. The idea was not a new one. In 1808, fifteen years before the events that called out Monroe's statement, Jefferson, referring to these same Spanish colonies, wrote in a letter to the governor of Louisiana, "We consider their interests and ours as the same, and that the object of both must be to exclude all European influence from this hemisphere."

History had been making since 1808. Our success in war with England and the reëstablishment of a republic in France had, as Captain Mahan says, "roused Spain's indolent, but passionate, colonies" to announce their freedom. But Europe, having just safely interred the bugaboo of Napoleonic domination, had no mind to exchange it for a plague of republics in either hemisphere. Austria, Russia, and Prussia formed their Holy Alliance, which aimed at nothing less than the government of the world and showed unmistakable signs of interfering to help Spain regain the upper hand in South America, and at the same time tighten Russia's grip upon American territory near the Arctic Circle.

It was to this that Monroe replied by declaring America to be no longer ground

for colonization, and that hereafter Europe might acquire ownership of American soil neither by purchase nor war. Fortunately for the Monroe Doctrine, it happened that England at this time was as desirous as the United States of preventing such interference, though from totally different reasons. She proposed an alliance with the United States to offset the Holy Alliance, which Adams politely declined, replying that every purpose would be gained if England recognized the South American republics. One can imagine even the precise and serious Adams, as he penned the message, chuckling a little over the change a few years had brought about.

From the very nature of the case this great friendliness on the part of England could not last. Her interests and ours were too far apart; but at the moment the spectacle of the two countries standing shoulder to shoulder sufficed to turn away threatened interference. Owing to more pressing matters, England delayed recognition of the Spanish republics for two years, and when at last she did act, Canning, the British prime minister, explained in swelling words, "I called the New World into being to redress the balance of the Old," a boast at variance with the idea Monroe and Adams had in mind, but one which they could afford to pass over in amused silence.

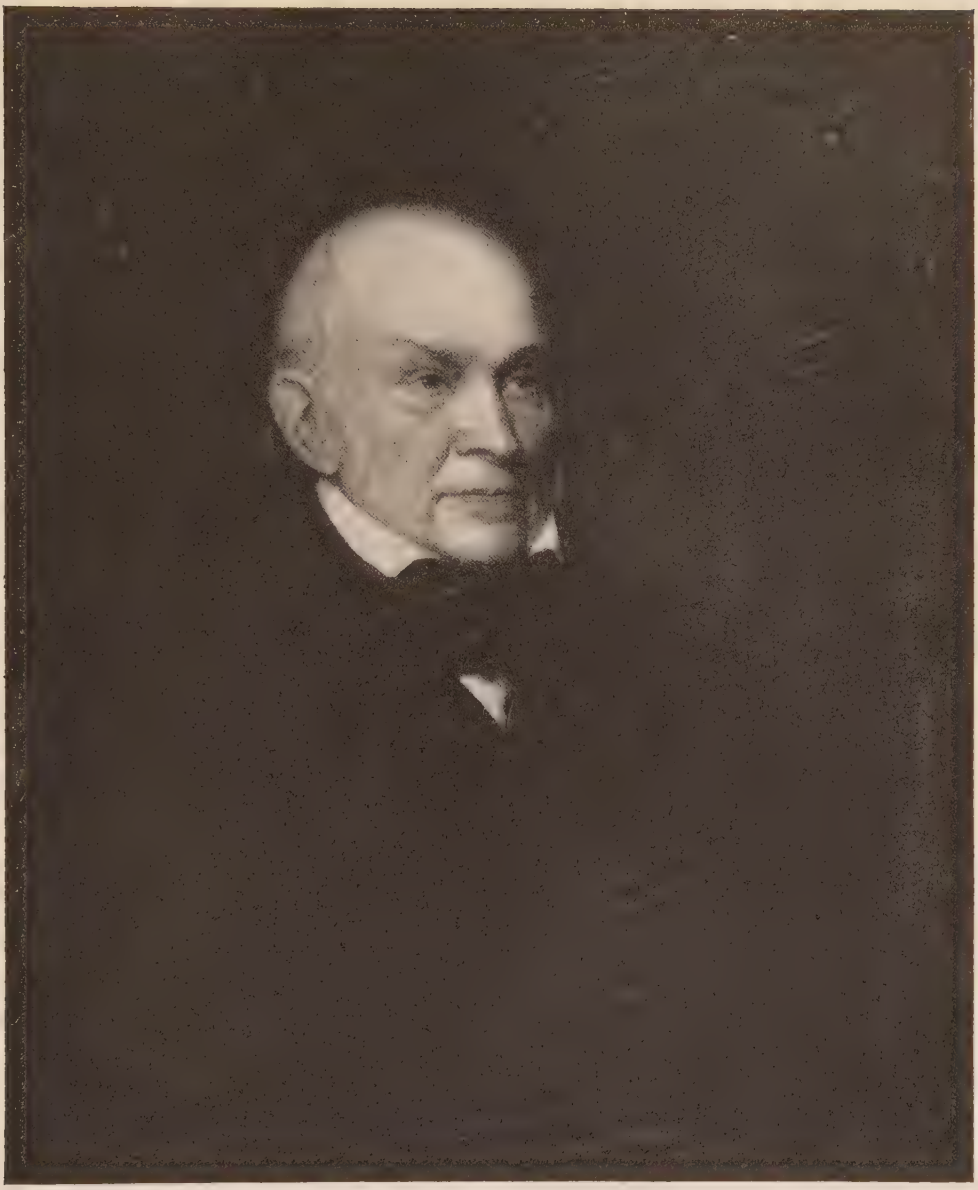
Before long England was calling the position of the United States "extravagant," but the Monroe Doctrine was an established policy; and although it has never been written into American law or had the full sanction of Congress, from that day to this it has been a guiding national principle, cited perhaps more often than any other in American diplomacy. In consequence Monroe's name has never ceased to be upon the lips of his countrymen, though his personality is probably less vivid in their minds than that of any of his predecessors.

The new and aggressive American spirit showed a distinct trend toward democratic ways of doing things. One evidence of it was the growing sentiment against having candidates for President nominated by a congressional caucus, as had been the custom since Jefferson's day. States had been giving the right of suffrage to more and more of their people, and all wanted a hand in President-making. Monroe's second election had been almost unanimous; it was agreed that he was to be the candidate, how the nomination was made did not much matter. The campaign of 1824, on the contrary, has been aptly called a scrub race for the Presidency. There were five principal aspirants, besides others locally popular, but dropped upon evidence that they had no large following. With the exception of William H. Crawford, who was nominated in the old way by congressional caucus, all these became candidates by acclaim, so to speak. It at least showed wide-spread interest and a belief that there was an ample supply of Presidential timber.

One of the visitors from across the sea —who, by the way, were becoming frequent—noted our national preference for numbers rather than for quality in political life:

"The Americans themselves generally admit that their system is adverse to the formation of men of commanding talents. But they always add that in the present state of affairs they do better without what we call leading men. 'When, however, moments of danger and difficulty shall arrive,' say they, 'the general intelligence which is spread over our country will insure us leaders enough for all possible exigencies of the State,'" an idea which, of course, struck a good Englishman as absurd.

Of the five chief candidates to succeed Monroe as President, three were members of his cabinet, which speaks volumes for the caliber of the men he chose as his advisers. The first was John Quincy Adams, secretary of state. The second was William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury, a man of showy parts and good luck, who passed at the time as great. The third was John C. Calhoun, one of that famous triumvirate of intellect and oratory that ruled the country from Congress for many years, but never reached



From the portrait, painted in 1835, by Asher B. Durand. Owned by the Century Association, New York

John Quincy Adams

the Presidential chair. Henry Clay, speaker of the House of Representatives, another member of this trio of congressional giants, was the fourth candidate. The fifth was Andrew Jackson, whose rugged personality gained a stronger hold upon the people every day.

This was the first campaign in which the West exercised marked influence. Two of the candidates, Jackson and Clay, came from this region. Calhoun and Crawford were from the extreme South. Adams was from New England. There being at bottom little difference in the principles advocated by the five; campaign oratory had to depend mainly upon personalities. "It seems as if every liar and calumniator in the country was at work day and night to destroy my character," Adams wrote. "It is impossible to be

wholly insensible to this process while it is in operation. It distracts my attention from public business and consumes precious time."

Crawford was charged with being corrupt; Jackson was denounced as a murderer, Clay as a gambler. Clay's partizans in Ohio met and resolved that all the candidates were honorable men, and that his friends, at least, would "not indulge in the unworthy practice" of vilifying them. A rumor that Clay was about to retire called forth an answer in winged words that Clay "would not be withdrawn from the contest except by the fiat of his Maker," and the campaign progressed at a lively pace with meetings, campaign clubs, pamphlets, rallies, rhymes, and invective. Before its end Crawford was stricken with paralysis. His friends and family strove to conceal the nature of his malady, but succeeded only in adding a touch of futility and pathos to the struggle. Calhoun was believed to stand little chance of being elected President, but almost everybody favored him for Vice-President. He was therefore considered and voted for only for that office. Thus the South was eliminated from the contest for first place, which narrowed down to a very personal trial of strength between Adams, Clay, and Jackson, West and East each offering a candidate of virtually the same views, while Jackson, who relied more upon the strength of his military record than upon theories of government, opposed them both.

At that time the Tuesday after the first Monday of November had not come to be the national day of election. The States still voted for Presidential electors at their own convenience. The slow mails delayed news, and it was late in December before it was definitely known that the vote stood Jackson 99, Adams 84, Crawford 41, Clay 37, giving nobody a majority, and throwing the election into the House of Representatives. The House had to choose between the candidates having the three highest votes. This eliminated Clay, who frankly wanted to be President. But as speaker of the House he wielded immense influence, and might be President-maker, if he could not be President.

He had neither personal nor political confidence in Jackson. He told a friend that he could not see in the fact that Jackson had killed twenty-five hundred Englishmen at New Orleans any proof that he would make a good President. Nor had Jackson's actions in Florida since the battle of New Orleans furnished any such proof. Crawford was incapacitated. There seemed, therefore, only one thing for Clay to do—to use his influence for Adams, though Adams was far from acceptable to him personally.

This he did, and Adams was elected. When it became known that Adams, in turn, purposed to make Clay his secretary of state, the partizans of Jackson raised a mighty cry of bargain and corruption. Clay unwisely replied, thus giving prominence to the charges, and the chorus swelled to a furor of denunciation strong enough to defeat Adams for a second term and to keep Clay out of the Presidency through a long and most popular political lifetime.

A leading historian has said that "the Adams family furnished two Presidents from two successive generations, neither fitted to the task." But two more upright and conscientious men never lived. The younger Adams was even more thorough and less warmly impulsive than his father. He was not popular, and it seems fitting that the final act of his election should have taken place in a chilling storm. The town was muffled in heavy snow when the House and Senate met to count the electoral vote with all the formality and ceremony due the occasion. The House uncovered in honor of the Senate, for it was still the custom for members to wear their hats during ordinary sessions. After the counting, the Senate retired, and the House cast its ballot and declared Adams elected. There was not the least enthusiasm either in the Capitol or out in the snowy streets. Only the black people cheered a little when they heard the news.

The new President had been in public

service since the age of fifteen, when he became secretary to his father. Edward Everett said of him that there "seemed to be in his life no such state as that of boyhood," and a painfully earnest and unspeakably priggish letter written at the tender age of nine bears out this uncanny suggestion. His rigid code of self-discipline began with distressingly early rising, —4 A.M. winter and summer,—and his day extended well into the midnight hours, as is attested by the eloquent witness of seventy-five folio volumes of diary, dedicated impartially to great events and the minutiæ of his own and other people's lapses.

If there was a fearsome amount of "ego in his cosmos," there was great ability. He was so conscientious that he appeared surly. For example, he would not consent to make a speech in German to the farmers of Pennsylvania when he went north to open the Erie Canal, because that would be "electioneering"; and when offices fell vacant, he followed Jackson's advice to Monroe and appointed political enemies, if he thought them the better men. It is said that he removed only two officials during his entire term, and those "for cause." This was pleasing to the limited number who drew government salaries, but not to the vastly larger number of voters who wished to do so. One brave person dared remonstrate. Adams replied with blunt stubbornness that he did not intend to make removals; whereupon his interlocutor, a witty Irishman, bowed, and remarked that in that case he had no doubt his Excellency would find himself removed at the earliest opportunity.

Adams was a Puritan born out of season, with all the virtues and defects of the Puritan temperament. He had strong prejudices, but his sense of justice was stronger, and when he thought duty demanded it, he could waive personal prejudice even to his own political hurt. The suspicion lingers that such sacrifices were not without their mitigating pleasure, that the greatest satisfaction he got out of life was in running counter to his natural impulses.

He was more generous toward his defeated rivals than the most exacting conscience could require. How he reconciled offering the position of secretary of the treasury to Crawford, a hopeless invalid, with his sense of duty to the country is not explained. But he did so, and offered the war department to Jackson, who declined it. However much the wisdom of making Clay his secretary of state may be questioned, or Clay's astuteness in accepting the office doubted, the fact that Clay threw his influence in favor of Adams's election, and that Adams chose Clay for the highest office in his gift, shows freedom from personal pettiness on both sides, for they had clashed almost continually during their joint service at Ghent. Adams freely acknowledged Clay's good points. He wrote:

> Clay is an eloquent man, with very popular manners, and great political management. He is, like all the eminent men of this country, only half educated. His school has been the world, and in that he is proficient. His morals, public and private, are loose, but he has all the virtues indispensable to a popular man.

He may have thought it well to attach this sort of popularity to his administration, feeling that he could amply supply erudition and moral tone. They worked well together on the whole, and toward the close of his administration Adams offered Clay a place on the supreme bench, which the latter, with his eyes upon the White House, refused.

With his conscientiousness and his obstinacy, Adams did not find the Presidency a bed of roses. He managed to antagonize Congress and popular sentiment in the measures that he particularly championed, notably a bill for a yet higher tariff. The Twentieth Congress, elected after Adams had been President about a year, was hostile in both branches, "a thing which had never occurred during the existence of the Government," Adams dolefully noted. Another administration measure that brought forth unexpected opposition was an innocent proposal to take part in a con-

vention of American republics held at Panama. For this Adams reaped the blame, though Clay likewise seems to have welcomed the suggestion as likely to promote American sentiment and strengthen the Monroe Doctrine. The meeting was to be upon an isthmus. The Greek republics had made wonderful history upon an isthmus; why should not Americans do the same? Europe had made a Holy Alliance against liberty; could not the New World do as much against despotism? Popular imagination failed to catch fire. Perhaps it was not sufficiently well read in classical history to grasp the comparison; but race prejudice was readily inflamed when the opposition called attention to the fact that Haiti, a republic of revolted slaves, had been asked to take part in the conference.

This led not only to heated verbal battles, but to actual duels, the most notable one being between Clay and John Randolph of Roanoke, whose venomous tongue hinted at state-department forgeries in these invitations to Panama, and wove the names of Clay and Adams together as a "coalition of Blifil and Black George, the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the Black-leg." The fiery Kentuckian had lately denounced dueling as a relic of barbarism, but at these words he forgot all about his objection. Two shots were exchanged, Clay being in deadly earnest, Randolph not intending to do his adversary harm. Fortunately Clay's shots went no nearer than his opponent's coat. The other emptied his pistol in the air, remarking, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay," and the two shook hands, to the admiration and delight of their seconds. "It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I ever witnessed," wrote Thomas H. Benton, regretfully.

Political abuse grew more violent as time passed. Jackson, who meant to be a candidate again, kept his forces well in hand. At first the friends of the administration contented themselves with defending their party chiefs, but the temptation to retaliate with countercharges was too strong, and the campaign of 1828 became one of the most abusive in our history. The old charge of bargain and corruption was revived, and did vociferous duty against Adams and his secretary of state. Clay was denounced as every kind of villain, public and private. Adams was held up to execration as a monarchist in disguise, a friend of duelists, a man of luxurious habits, who even desired a billiard-table and chessmen in the White House, and of having drawn such vast sums from the public treasury that the total amounted to sixteen dollars for every day of his long life. The tariff was the one real issue of the campaign, but all the charges, absurd or serious, that could be twisted to fit the purpose were used by an enemy trained under Jackson's energetic leadership to a degree of subordination that left Burr's adroit manipulation of Tammany far in the background.

The partizans of the administration, on their side, flung themselves upon every one of the vulnerable points in Jackson's career, placing the worst construction on each; and both sides were guilty of dragging the names of women into the contest.

Adams went down to defeat, but he was a gallant loser. A Washington lady, whose diary has already been quoted, drew two companion pictures—one of Adams in victory, the other in defeat. The earlier tells of a White House "drawing-room" held at the time the vote in the House of Representatives made Adams President. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe were host and hostess, and about them surged a crowd that contained thieves as well as honest folk, for General Scott had his pocket picked of eight hundred dollars that night. Adams, Clay, and Jackson were all present, Jackson outshining the successful candidate as a center of interest. Ladies climbed chairs and benches to get a look at the hero of New Orleans, and Mrs. Adams "very gracefully took his arm and made a tour of the rooms." Clay, exultant and expansive, walked about as well as he could for the crowd, with a lady on each arm. Van Rensselaer, the representative who cast the deciding vote, was also there, devoting

himself to a beauty and trying to appear unaware of the whispered word "treachery" which accompanied glances in his direction. Adams, despite his triumph, had not thawed out of his customary glacial manner, and "was scarcely more attended than usual." He stood in comparative isolation while wits made jokes among themselves about their Clay President.

Four years later the same lady wrote that the members of the administration were taking Adams's defeat very much to heart, the gentlemen more than the ladies; but Mr. and Mrs. Adams had gone a little too far in an assumed gaiety.

From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart

James Monroe

At the last drawing-room they laid aside the manners which they have always worn, and came out in a brilliant masquerade dress of social, gay, frank, cordial manners. What a change from the silent repulsive haughty reserve [the writer was prodigal of her adjectives] by which they have hitherto been distinguished. The great audience chamber, never before opened, and not now finished, was thrown open for *dancing,* a thing unheard of before at a drawing-room.

This, then, was the first appearance in society of the famous East Room of the White House, where John Quincy Adams's mother dried the Presidential linen in the uncomfortable days of her occupancy. In the hour of his defeat her son filled it with music. Its walls have looked down since upon many historic scenes, the bivouac of volunteers, the acclaim of successful generals, weddings, diplomatic gatherings of wide significance, and the coffin of America's most precious dead, but they have never echoed to more unexpected, yet characteristic, sounds.

In a time of stress the elder Adams sent for a supply of arms, gathered his servants about him, and prepared to defend his home with his life, if necessary. The son defended the citadel of his emotions in the same way.

Most men retire from the Presidency to private life. The younger Adams had no thought of rest this side the grave. He is the only one of our ex-Presidents who has subsequently made for himself a successful, even a brilliant, career. The opposition in both branches of Congress to which he ruefully referred, and his knowledge that Congress all through his term had disliked him and paid as little heed to him as possible, appear to have put him on his mettle. Elected to the lower House on the wave of anti-Masonic feeling that swept the country in 1831, he served until mortally stricken in his place on the floor, February 21, 1848, as he rose to present a handful of petitions.

As he had not been prominent in either the House or the Senate before his Presidency, his friends had feared that he could not sustain his reputation. But he proved himself an adept in the rough and tumble of debate, a "free-lance and a hard hitter," who loved a fight better than he loved his friends.

Yet he was never genial, never could escape his Puritan conception of evil and sinful humanity. He believed that the United States was blessed by nature above all other countries, that we had "mingled in our cup a portion of enjoyment as large and liberal as the indulgence of Heaven has perhaps ever granted to the imperfect state of man upon earth," but he despaired of the future. The westward movement of immigration troubled him. Western ideals and manners outraged his sense of fitness. He thought that this wild and unstable element was destined to overrun Texas and Mexico, and that the inevitable outcome would be the breaking up of the Union he loved into two or three confederacies, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," as one can almost hear him singing.

(To be continued)

The Wishing-bridge

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Illustration by J. M. White

'TIS years agone I saw herself, a warm and wishful day in June—
A tourist lady, silken fine, and me the ragged wild gossoon.
I ran beside her stumbling nag, a hard-mouthed creature, old and slow,
The seven murdering Irish miles up through the Gap of old Dunloe.

And him that rode foreninst herself, and edging nearer all the while,
The fat-jowled, ugly old mudhoon (may devil take his oily smile!),
I saw her turn her head aside the whiles he 'd whisper in her ear;
I saw the stricken eyes of her, so lost and lone and filled with fear.

But her old mother rode behind. She watched her like a pouncing hawk,
And purred like any pussy-cat, and strained her ear to catch their talk.
His words were fair (bad scram to him!), but, oh, her mouth that drooped forlorn!
Alone, for all the tourist folk, and lonesome as the moon of dawn.

"Now sorrow take your gold!" thinks I. "What 's jewels, lands, and satin clothes?
If you 'd be King of France itself, 't is like a pig would eat a rose."
The furze was gleaming in the sun, and when we climbed the topmost ridge,
"Miss dear," I points, "St. Patrick's Lake! 'T is there we cross the Wishing-bridge."

"The Wishing-bridge," she says and smiles, and, oh, her smile was worse nor tears!
"Give him the no, Miss dear," I says too low for any other ears;
And then rose-red she went, the lamb, from her white neck until her hair,
And "Funny Irish boy," she says, "how did you guess? How do you dare?"

"Alannah, is it blind I am? Sure, he 's an owl if you 're a lass.
Lay your left hand upon your heart, and all you wish shall come to pass.
Not while the furze is gold," I says, "should young hearts ever mate with old,
Or love be sold for pounds or pence—and, faith, the furze is always gold."

She stayed her nag upon the bridge; I saw her half-scared glances dart;
She fetched a long and quivery breath; she laid her left hand on her heart.
I saw her eyes the like of stars. "Ochone," thinks I, "sweet saints above!
Who would n't sell his soul itself to be the man you 're thinking of?"

Then he caught up and whispered low, but "No" she gave him, loud and clear,
Her head held up like any queen, and bold enough for all to hear;
And she rode on, and paid no heed to the black rage behind her there—
The purple, poisonous look he had, the mother fit to tear her hair.

And then that furze was twice as gold, and like an angel's cloak the skies,
For whiles she hummed deludering tunes, and whiles she dreamed with misty eyes.
Too soon we reached Killarney's Lake; she paid me well, and went her ways,
And, oh, the light was on her face! God save her kindly all her days!

Traveling folk come year by year; I guide and serve them as before.
I tell them tales, I earn my hire, I see the likes of her no more.
It warms me now, on winter nights, to mind her look that day in June—
A tourist lady, silken fine, and me the ragged wild gossoon.

"She stayed her nag upon the bridge"

Can Wilson Win?

By GEORGE CREEL

Author of "A Way to Industrial Peace," etc.

WOODROW WILSON will be renominated by acclamation, but his reëlection rests on the knees of a large number of very small gods. Not since Lincoln has any President been called upon to run so continuous a gantlet of tremendous problems, nor since the passion of the sixties has the voice of the people been louder and less intelligible.

A peculiar, yet definite, change in the popular mind has taken place within the year. In the first horror of war, when daily tidings of wholesale slaughter shocked Americans into renewed appreciation of the blessings of peace, the sentiment was unanimous that the United States "must keep out."

Sensibilities, however, have been dulled, and as a very natural consequence of staled imaginations there is to-day no very great reaction to European despatches that tell of a hundred thousand sons and fathers killed, a hundred thousand homes destroyed. It is not that our emotions have calloused; simply that our emotions have numbed. Former habits of life and thought, reasserting themselves inevitably, have restored the old selfishness and all the old prejudices.

A certain unity, bred by common revulsion against the insanity of conflict, has disintegrated under the influences of the partizanship stirred by that conflict; the silence of tragedy has given way to the noise of recrimination; ugly distrusts and suspicions have developed; and a vast irritability is gaining ground. In a word, peace has got on the nerves of America. The strain of neutrality has brought on a national attack of the hives.

The moral courage of neutrality is colorless indeed when compared with the physical courage of war; when all the world is at one another's throats, inactivity is bound to take on an appearance of ignobility. The pro-Allies damn us as poltroons for not adopting some aggressive course that will cripple Germany, and the pro-Germans berate us as poltroons for not taking some aggressive course that will harass England; and between the two attacks American pride is being rubbed to the raw.

It is not war that is desired,—even the noisiest disavow such urgency,—and yet the average mind surges to a restlessness compounded of wounded vanity and suppressed truculence. President Wilson's very definite offense is that he has not been able to hit upon some plan of procedure that will afford all the excitement and heroism of war without the bloodshed and desolation of war. He has guarded the United States against the ultimate crime, but he has not found a soothing salve for the egotism of the United States.

Unjust and absurd though it may seem when subjected to analysis, it is out of this yeasty ferment that Woodrow Wilson's defeat may come. National vanity will be the dominant issue in the campaign, and neither money nor political skill will be spared to prove that the President's devotion to peace has shamed us as a nation and heaped humiliation upon every individual head.

Already forces are gathering as powerful as they will be compact. In the larger hatred that Woodrow Wilson has aroused all lesser hatreds will be merged, and more millions will be spent than at any time since the popular unrest of 1896 menaced the plans of men who joined splendid vision with mean rapacity. Massing for united assault against this common enemy are all those who resent the Federal Reserve Act and the restrictions that it has placed upon frenzied finance; the high tariff group, with its hunger for the old profits; the American concessionaires, eager for intervention in Mexico; those who hate Lane for his conservation meas-

INSTIT CHICAG

ures, McAdoo and John Skelton Williams for their campaigns against usury and wildcat banking, and Daniels for the honesty that has kept millions out of the pockets of armor-plate and munitions manufacturers; the shipping trust, with its fear of the administration's shipping bill; such employers as opposed the Clayton Anti-trust Law; and scores of others equally sick of four lean years.

Nothing of this, however, will show upon the surface. As far as may be possible there will be avoidance of all industrial and economic issues, entire emphasis being placed upon direct appeals to the passions of human nature that have their roots in anger, prejudice, and hysteria. The dead children of the *Lusitania* will be dragged from their ocean bed, and the bodies of Villa's victims loaded upon campaign carts. Bonfires of jingoism will be lighted in every market-place, so that the flame of an unreasoning emotionalism may bury all else in shadow. It is the intent to keep the people so busy feeling that they will have no time for thinking.

The ultimates involved have far larger implication than mere individual victory or defeat. It is the *common honesty* of the American people that is up for test. Nothing is more natural than that the United States should be "despised" by combatants who seek our aid and are angered by our neutrality; but if a campaign of hysteria is permitted to destroy Woodrow Wilson, it is a surrender of self-respect that will prove all contempt to have been deserved.

The whole matter of Belgium, for instance, is illustrative of the attempt to have hypocrisy adopted as the governing principle of American life. Not at the time of the German invasion, or for months afterward, was the question of a protest by the United States even suggested in Congress or in the press. Not only was there no treaty that bound America to take action, but it was not even claimed that such treaty existed.

The Hague Declaration that "the territory of neutral powers is inviolable" contained no means of enforcement, and, as far as the present war is concerned, nullified itself entirely by Article 20: "The provisions of the present Convention do not apply except as between contracting parties, and then only if all the belligerents are parties to the Convention." Neither Great Britain nor Servia ever ratified the convention.

Mr. Roosevelt was President at the time, and Mr. Root his secretary of state, and if the following clause was not inserted at their specific request, at least they gave it their indorsement: "Nothing contained in this Convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions of policy . . . of any foreign state."

A protest under this instrument was not even dreamed, much less urged. Mr. Lodge and Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt, now most shocked by President Wilson's "poltroonery," were then without conception of Belgium's value as a campaign issue. Not once in the year that followed the German occupation did Senator Lodge or Senator Root open their mouths about a protest, while Mr. Roosevelt went so far as to warn President and people against the very thought of protestation. Writing in "The Outlook" under date of September 23, 1914, he said:

> A delegation of Belgians has arrived to invoke our assistance. . . . It can be assumed that no action will be taken that will interfere with our neutrality. It is eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other. Of course, it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose, and very probably nothing we could have done would have helped Belgium. . . . Nevertheless this sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective, and only the clearest and most urgent national

duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference.[1]

The rôle of world policeman is a pleasing one to national conceit, and many a President other than Mr. Wilson has been called upon to suffer for upholding the traditional policy of the United States with regard to entangling alliances. Washington himself was attacked furiously because he held to neutrality during the war between England and France, and Mr. Roosevelt did not escape bitter censure when he refused to protest against the Kongo atrocities, the murder of Armenians, the Kishinef massacres, and against Japan's bold violation of America's treaty with Korea.

The *Lusitania* clamor is no less the result of misunderstanding exaggerated by the pharisaism of politicians. It is now a fixed idea in the average mind that while war against Germany need not have been declared, at least diplomatic relations should have been broken off. Yet had President Wilson adopted this course he would have played into the hands of Germany as completely as could have been desired by the most enthusiastic "hyphen."

What would have happened had Bernstorff been given his papers? For the pleasure of a moment's bumptiousness, Belgium and Poland would have gone unfed, and Turkish cruelty would have been given free hand in Armenia; international law would have been left without a voice, and the rights of neutral nations, the obligations of humanity, lost to sight in an unchecked rage of "reprisals." All to what end? What would have been gained that has not been gained?

Because diplomatic relations were *not* broken off, the United States has been permitted by Germany to feed the starving millions of Poland and Belgium, and the activities of Ambassador Morgenthau in behalf of butchery-threatened Armenians have not been stayed. By virtue of steady, unyielding pressure, made possible only by diplomatic relations, Germany and England alike have been compelled to pay a continued regard to international law, and concession after concession has been secured by President Wilson that could not have been won by war.

As for "protests in the name of humanity," a phrase increasingly dear to the unthinking as well as the subtle, what higher ground could have been taken than the Wilson notes with regard to the *Lusitania* and the *Ancona?* The annals of international correspondence contain no such scathing arraignment of one world power by another, and every word was more effective than a gunshot in expressing America's horror and detestation.

If diplomacy, with its victories, is to be given over in favor of the harsh uncertainties of war, it is not one nation that must be fought, but all. England has violated rule after rule in the matter of contraband, Germany has heaped offense upon offense, the Allies marched across Greece even as Germany marched across Belgium, though with no such ghastly result, and Japan has disregarded justice in her treatment of China. International law has broken down at every point, and the world's one hope of salvage lies in the persistence of American standards.

Mexico, joined with Belgium and the *Lusitania* in the attempt to prove Woodrow Wilson's unworthiness, is another depressing example of the manner in which hysteria can force forgetfulness of established facts. During the Taft administration there was a clamor for intervention even as now, and Senator Stone, a Democrat, took the usual partizan advantage of an opportunity to make political capital out of a crisis. Speaking against the Stone resolution from the floor of the Senate, Elihu Root laid down this statement of the administration attitude:

Granting that injuries have been done to American citizens that ought to be redressed; that wounds have been inflicted, that lives have been taken, that property has been destroyed, it does not follow, sir, that we should begin the process of securing redress for those injuries by a threat of

[1] In order to meet any charge of unfair annotation, the full text will be found in Current Comment.

force on the part of a great and powerful nation against a smaller and weaker nation. That, sir, is to reverse the policy of the United States and to take a step backward in the pathway of civilization. There is no reason whatever, sir, to assume, if injuries have been done of the kind described, that the government of Mexico is unwilling to make due redress upon having those injuries and claims presented to her in the ordinary course of peaceful negotiations. . . . Sympathy with the people of Mexico in their distress, a just sense of the duties that we owe to that friendly people, and the duties that we owe to the peace of the world, must forbid our assenting to or yielding to any such course.

This has been the attitude of President Wilson from the first, nor has he suffered any of the sudden changes that political ambitions have worked in Mr. Root. Nor has public misconception of this attitude been due to any of the generous instincts aroused naturally by Belgium's desolation or the horror of the *Lusitania*. Back of the Mexican outcry lie the huge stakes gambled for by American concessionaires, and the insistence upon intervention springs from a desire to have profits guaranteed far more than from any interest in American lives.

A judge would be shamed for sitting in a case where one of the litigants was his secret client, and yet Senator Fall, even while admitting his huge interests in Mexican concessions, does not scruple to demand the employment of the army of the United States to insure his dividends. Mr. Hearst, whose papers have contributed more to hate and hysteria than any other agency, also possesses tremendous investments in Mexico that he seems to put above American principles and the struggle for liberty of an enslaved, oppressed people.

From the very first, foreign interference has contributed as largely to Mexican disorder as internal revolution. Documentary evidence is coming to light that proves the Mondragon-Reyes-Diaz plot against Madero to have been hatched with the full knowledge of the American ambassador, if not planned in the very embassy itself. As far back as December, 1915, the inner circles of Washington buzzed with the report that it had been arranged for Villa to kill Americans on their own soil in order to force the intervention that greed demanded. Nor has a campaign of organized terrorism been lacking to back up the work of actual treason.

If one thing more than another has inflamed the public mind, it is the charge that American ships were withdrawn from Tampico at a time of danger, forcing American citizens to seek refuge under the British flag. No more effective instance of perversion and distortion could be cited. Admiral Mayo and his fleet were in the open sea six miles from Tampico, under orders to give American life and property every protection. Vera Cruz had just been taken by Admiral Fletcher, and the coast trembled on the edge of riot and bloodshed.

The captain of the English man-of-war, more than disturbed, made earnest representation to Admiral Mayo that the sight of American ships steaming up the river would precipitate an attack upon all foreigners throughout the entire oil region, and begged the privilege of collecting American citizens and bringing them out to the American fleet.

As a consequence, Admiral Mayo advised Washington:

> Arranged as last resort to go in this morning to bring out Americans. Felt almost sure such action would precipitate hostilities. British captain whom I informed of my purpose requested me for the sake of all foreigners not to come in, but that he would send Americans out, to which I agreed.

Washington agreed, and not a single life was lost.

The Wilson policy with regard to the protection of American life and property in Mexico has been stated succinctly and repeatedly. Property loss will be expressed in damages and collected in the course of recognized procedure, but the safety of

citizens cannot be guarantied against the lawlessness of guerilla bands eager to embarrass the established Government by acts of violence. Safe escort has been offered repeatedly, and those Americans who remain in Mexico do so of their own will and despite warning.

At the very moment when Republican clamor was greatest against President Wilson because of his refusal to send in an army for the protection of those who persisted in subjecting themselves to risk, the Republican party was recording itself in favor of the proposition that Americans had no rights on the high seas that Germany was bound to respect. Of the fourteen votes in the Senate in favor of the resolution warning Americans off of English ships, twelve were cast by Republicans, while of the one hundred and forty-two votes in the House, one hundred and two were those of Republicans.

Even under the strain of Villa's raid across the border, President Wilson has remained steadfast, insisting that pursuit must not be regarded as other than a punitive expedition. From first to last his policy has been consistent, and those who attack it must be prepared to take the ground of intervention and conquest, with their years of war and their repudiation of every principle for which a democracy stands.

If war does come as a result of Carranza's inability to control his tribal chieftains against the persistent effort of unclean money to undermine their loyalty, Woodrow Wilson will have the consolation that he held true to the faith of America, and that the blood of the youth of the land is not upon his hands.

Aside from Belgium, the *Lusitania,* and Mexico, the only other issue that will receive attention is the medley of meanings that are grouped under the one head of "preparedness." As far as land defense is concerned, there can be no denial that the country *is* unprepared, and equally must it be admitted that there is an utter lack of intelligent, decisive action in remedying faults that have come to be obvious.

Even in this vital matter, however, confusion and indirection are not so much an indictment of President Wilson as they are an indictment of our governmental system. Except at regular elections, when a jumble of issues and personalities are presented, there is no opportunity for the expression of public opinion on great issues as they arise.

With regard to preparedness, the President has received no command, and Congress stutters and stumbles in a pitiable state of uncertainty. Mr. Mann, speaking for the Republican minority, is certain that action must be taken, but when pressed for details, flatly disavows support of a large standing army or compulsory service. Senator Chamberlain's bill, providing for general training of American youth, died without a voice to speak for it. The President's solemn speech at Topeka was followed within twenty-four hours by a vote of the State Grange of Kansas that put two million farmers on record against a single dollar of increase in the present army and navy appropriations.

Regardless of where Mr. Wilson stood in 1914, when the sentiment of the country was unanimous against action that might have been regarded as inflammatory and aggressive, the fact remains that his advocacy of preparedness to-day is as clear and bold as words can make it. In Kansas City, on February 2, he said, "Speaking in all solemnity, I assure you there is not a day to be lost." Nor has he failed to indicate the course that he believes adequate preparedness should take.

In all of his speeches he declared his friendliness to a plan that would give the United States a citizen soldiery along Swiss or Australian lines, and with equal force has he placed himself on record against any attempt to base home defense upon the organized militia. He said:

> There are a hundred million people in this country, but there are only 129,000 men in the National Guard, and those 129,000 men are under the direction, by the constitutional arrangements of our system, of the governors of more than twoscore States. The President of the United States is not at

liberty to call them out of their States except upon the occasion of actual invasion of the territory of the United States. . . . I want Congress to do a great deal for the National Guard, but I do not see how Congress can put the National Guard at the disposal of the nation.

What else could have been done by him save the arbitrary adoption of some one plan, drawing up his own bill, and attempting to force it upon a Congress torn to pieces by a thousand indecisions? Out of the Babel what clear word is there for his guidance?

The militarists, with their dream of empire, preach a preparedness that would turn the United States into an armed camp, and a program of naval increase that would burden the country with a terrible, crushing load of taxation. The pacifists go to an extreme that takes no account of present dangers or future needs, and stand as iron against augmentation of either army or navy. A middle ground must be found, as a matter of course, but who can tell just when the ground *is* middle?

Not only is the problem of an adequate land defense a debatable question, but it will *continue* to be debatable for a long time to come, and the debate rages as fiercely wherever citizens gather as it does in Congress. An issue so vitally concerned with the life and future of democracy is not determinable in a day or by the violences of extremists.

The same truth applies with equal force to the navy of the United States. Navies are not built in a year, and inadequacies complained of must be traced much further back than 1912, if blame is to be allotted justly. Between 1903 and 1912, the General Board, with Admiral Dewey at its head, recommended thirty-four battle-ships, yet fifteen only were authorized, while requests for aircraft, destroyers, cruisers, scouts, submarines, and fuel-ships were either halved, quartered, or ignored entirely.

It was in 1906 that President Roosevelt declared that the navy need not be enlarged, the only need being to replace existing war-ships as they were abandoned, and it was in 1909 that Germany passed the United States as a naval power. Beginning in 1903, the General Board made annual recommendations of a continuous building program instead of a slipshod yearly plan, but Secretaries Moody, Bonaparte, and Meyer flouted the idea, and held fast to a "small navy" policy. Can it be denied that such an attitude was entirely obedient to and expressive of the popular will?

Even the humblest citizen to-day is competent to tell what should have been done, but the proper time for this competence to have displayed itself was ten years ago. The honest thing for present concern is not past neglects, but future plans. The Wilson administration is not to be judged by what Republican administrations did not do between 1900 and 1912, but what it *is* doing and what it promises to do. Naval defense presents no such tangles as land defense. The question is simply one of standstill or increase.

Contrary to the average belief, Secretary of the Navy Daniels will not be a load for President Wilson to carry. When abuse is put to one side and fair investigation made, it is seen that this so-called "country editor" has incurred enmity by his honesty and economies, and that the navy to-day, in the opinion of Admiral Dewey and Admiral Badger, has reached a state of effectiveness and efficiency never possessed before.

When Secretary Meyer went out of office in March, 1913, the navy was short 6000 men of the number allowed by law; of the men discharged in good standing, only fifty-four per cent. were reënlisting; there were 10,360 desertions during his term, an average of 1800 men in prison, and Annapolis was not within three hundred midshipmen of its capacity.

Under Secretary Daniels the navy has been brought to its maximum allowance of 53,672 men, a gain of 6365; reënlistment has increased to eighty-five per cent. of the discharges; desertion has dropped seventeen per cent., there are fewer than

700 men in prison, and provision has been made for the addition of 531 midshipmen to the number now trained at Annapolis.

The navy has been increased by the addition of forty-seven ships; a million dollars have been appropriated for aviation, fifteen machines have been purchased and fifteen ordered; the number of aviators has been increased from four to eighteen, and the establishment of an all-year school at the Pensacola station is turning out fliers and mechanicians as a matter of routine; the first three sea-going submarines ever possessed by the navy have been authorized; radio has been installed on all submarines and seventy-five ships; the navy is manufacturing its own powder for thirty-four cents a pound as against the fifty-three to eighty cents charged by the monopoly; the manufacture of torpedoes has been doubled at the Newport and Washington yards; for every nine mines possessed two years ago, there are now thirty-one; in place of one mine-laying vessel there are three; nets and entanglements have been provided; and every navy-yard has been turned into a building and manufacturing plant.

A five-year program, prepared by the General Board and Secretary Daniels, will strengthen the navy by ten dreadnoughts, ten battle-cruisers, ten scouts, forty destroyers, fifteen fleet submarines, eighty-five coast submarines, and bulwarked by a $25,000,000 fund for reserve ammunition, all totaling a cost of $500,000,000.

It is up to Congress, Republicans as well as Democrats, and by the increases or decreases urged or brought about the people will be permitted to judge of the faith and intelligence of men and parties. President Wilson stands on Mr. Daniels's recommendations.

Taken as a whole, and examined in connection with facts and results, the Wilson record presents an impregnable front. The truth stands clear, however, that this examination will not be made by the electorate unless the President himself compels it. The people are lacking in information, suffering from inflammation, and tormented by exaggeration. There is not a man in all his following able to make the interpretations that must be made, to give the explanations that must be given.

If the President indulges his natural distaste for vote-begging and keeps to his tent, he will be defeated. Few men, however, have greater gift of the direct appeal that gets under the skin of people. Woodrow Wilson more than any other man in public life to-day possesses the ability to present confused and complicated issues simply and clearly, winning interest and understanding without resort to noise and fustian. If he goes before the country, taking the people into his confidence, it is not believed that all the millions of the opposition can prevent his reëlection.

It is a duty laid upon him less by his ambitions than by the future welfare of the nation. The answers that must be given to the pressing problems of national defense and international relations will not disappear with the needs that call them forth, but will endure to shape the thought of the people and the destiny of democracy. It is the high privilege of Woodrow Wilson to restore habits of orderly deliberation so that these great answers may not be given in anger, fear, or hysteria.

Love Lane, Brooklyn, and the New York Sky-line

Four Scenes in American Cities

Etched by

Katharine Merrill

Woolworth Building from City Hall Park, New York

Looking up Michigan Avenue, Chicago

The Polish Cathedral, Milwaukee

An Emissary of Satan

By E. R. LIPSETT

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

HE was old and feeble, and tottering in his gait; and it tells its own little story when it is recorded that the neighbors prefixed his name with "Uncle" instead of "Granda'."

The one is a form of appellation self-suggested at sight, and all a man needs to do to earn it is to look old enough; the other reflects a certain warmth of feeling gradually grown out of grateful association.

"Uncle Jay" the women and the children called him. The men, however, with that strain of irreverence that ever runs through the sex, often referred to him as "Uncle Jehovah." Still, they always hastened to help him across the street.

Jerucham was his real name—Jerucham Markovitz, in full. He had lived long enough in this country to have had it Americanized into Jermyn Morecombe, or Jerold Morgan. But he was contemptuous of superficialities, and under his searching, analytical, and often cynical mind no make-believes could endure or come into being.

You could see him day by day bending over a lathe in his Harlem basement, filing and pinching and turning and hammering. He was dressed invariably in an ancient Prince Albert coat, threadbare in parts and grease-crusted in other parts. A tapering, velvet skull-cap sat lightly on his massive head, accentuating the breadth of his furrowed forehead. All about him there was a confusion of legless chairs and tables, drawerless bureaus and dressers, disemboweled, old-time table pianos, derelict picture-frames, and great rings of rusty keys.

He kept a second-hand furniture store and did odd repairing jobs—that was what the neighbors had to tell about him in general. And also they would tell you that he was a nice, good-humored old man who loved to crack jokes with everybody in his broken, misapplied English.

He seldom sold anything except when a man came in to match a key or select some old tools. But there was ever a rush of things to be repaired. The women brought him their clocks, their egg-beaters, and their baby-carriages; and the children came fast with their mechanical toys and their coasters; and everything had to be done well and conscientiously, and it took time—much time.

Jerucham delighted in mechanics and mechanisms. In his younger days his mind had been running largely on inventing, and he was then a familiar figure to the doorkeepers at the Patent Office in Washington. Amid the dust, back of that conglomeration of pieces of old furniture, there still lay rolls of sectional drawings for anti-nicotine pipes, self-extinguishing gas-burners, safety-revolvers, noiseless street-car wheels, and many such like promising and long-waited-for innovations. At one time he had been very near acquiring a fortune from the British postmaster-general for devising a pillar box that would leave it impossible for letters to be abstracted by means of the bird-limed stick or by any other manner of means. And still to this moment Jerucham had not yielded up all hope of finally realizing the great perpetual-motion idea. Still awaiting completion, amid those rolls of drawings, lay the bulky work he had written on the subject in small, close Hebrew script.

Now at his high old age, Jerucham was given to sermonizing over his labors. And when he worked three days over a sixty-five-cent clock, and gave it back to its owner in perfect order in consideration of a dime, Jerucham was still the gainer.

"Humph," he would say, filing down the other seventy-nine cogs in the wheel to make them even with the one worn

away or broken off, "I rub, rub, rub—what do I do? Nothing. I make dust,—little grains of dust,—then it goes. It turns and it ticks and it goes; a little rod moves, and it points, such a figure and such a figure; then the children of the earth come and look. They look and say it 's time to do this, it 's time to do that; it 's time to go here, it 's time to go there. They rush, they scamper, they run. *Gewalt! gewalt!* Man, man, man, child of earth, where do you run? What for? Vanity! vanity! vanity! They think they know. They think big. The little brass rod stands at such a figure; they say the sun and the earth stand so and so; the little brass rod stands so and so; the sun and the earth keep with it. Time, time, time, they call it; such a piece of time and such a piece of time. What 's time? Where 's time? Babble and vanity and darkness and arrogance! We think we know things, we think we do things. I rub a little, I make dust a little, and to-morrow, when the wheel turns and the little rod points, I come and shake my finger at the sun and the earth, and I say, 'Ha, I make you move, I make you go!' *Gewalt! gewalt! Tpui!"*

His indignation at man's extravagant estimate of himself and his place in the universe took Jerucham's breath away, and he cut it all short by spitting on the floor.

In the evening you found Jerucham the central figure of an admiring, and often a spellbound, audience of graybeards, in the synagogue, as he expounded to them, from his place at the head of the long, narrow table, some intricate passage in the Talmud. Sometimes, in less formal circumstances, he had them stand round him in a cluster while he regaled their thirsty souls with his own heaven-inspired interpretation of some obscure diction in the Pentateuch, the stumbling-block of ages. It was the latest come to him during the day. For, back of that decrepit furniture pile where he had his living-room, Jerucham devoted a deal of his time to the writing of a commentary on Moses; and he kept it double-locked in a drawer consecrated to itself—the holiest of holy.

The men hung open-mouthed upon his words, and they called him "Reb" Jerucham, and when he went away they shook their heads mournfully after him and said:

"Pity! pity! A thousand times pity! If that man had given his years to the study of the word instead of buying and selling and the thinking out of toy wares, he would have been the great light of the diaspora. The world would have been ringing of him."

One day Jerucham was busy over a small gramophone. A fresh needle was all that was wanting, but the woman was new to the toy, and did not understand it, and so she took it over to Uncle Jay to set it right for her. Jerucham located the defect at a glance; but he kept the machine for several days, for he wanted to pull the thing to pieces and follow up the principles of its workings as one whole.

He was holding up to the light the cylindrical record, studying its tracings. And that was what Jerucham wanted to get at—the very soul of the thing.

"Gewalt! gewalt! Man! man! man!" he commented, "he talks big, he thinks big. He 'wrenches secrets' from nature, he makes nature 'do his bidding.' *Tpui!* What does man do? Nothing, nothing. A little ant that takes from one hole and carries into another. Nature is there, always, always the same, always ready to do things, and it is all an open book. There was the same air and the same wax to form records of what Moses and the prophets said to the people. And now the children of the earth come and say they 've 'wrenched it' from nature. Bah! God and Columbus made the world. God made Asia and Africa and Europe, and Columbus made America! *Gewalt! gewalt! gewalt! Tpui! tpui!"*

"For why are you angry?"

It was a fresh, bright voice, full of music and innocent wonderment.

Jerucham looked up, and saw before him a boy of five, straight and slim, beau-

"Ah, I 'm pity for you! I 'm pity!"

tiful of face, and with limbs of delicate mold. He seemed different from the rest of the children in the neighborhood. He looked an exotic.

A red patch showed at Jerucham's cheek-bones. It was the coloring of delight. His sense for beauty was deeply stirred. His mouth opened into a smile, and his head moved gently from side to side.

"Ah!" he uttered under his breath, in tender admiration. "Vat your name?" he presently addressed the boy.

"Joseph," was the answer, the large brown eyes steadily fixed on the old man.

"Joseph," Jerucham repeated to himself. "That 's correct. That 's how the first Joseph must have looked when a man such as his father could not help favoring him above the other eleven. *Nu,"* he presently added aloud to the boy, "vat you got, Joey?"

He held out his hand, believing that the little visitor had brought him something to mend.

"Mama says I must n't be called 'Joey,' and also not 'Joe,' " the child returned, "because—because I must be called 'Joseph.' And my other name is Thorpe."

"Nu, all right. Vat you got for me, Joseph?"

"Oh, I got nothing—nothing," Joseph answered haltingly, wondering what sort of tribute was expected of him for setting his foot in that basement. "I only—only come in."

"Vere you live, Joseph?"

"I live in One Hundred and Twentieth Street, and mama says I am not to say anything to the boys in the street; and papa will be coming home soon all right, in a—in a more month, maybe."

"Vatsemerra *mit* your papa?"

"Nothing; only he 's away—away, and he 'll be coming back all right soon. And Mrs. Berg puts me to bed every night—e-v-e-r-y night, because mama has to be out playing."

"Your mama play? Vat she play? Actress?"

Joseph stared. "Actress" was a new word to him, and he did not know how to connect it with playing. Presently he said aloud in open astonishment:

"Don't you know mama?"

Joseph could not imagine that there was anybody in New York that did not know his mama.

"How 's teddy-bear?" Jerucham asked. *"Gut?* Not vant mend?"

"Oh, my teddy-bear is all right, thank you, and I can make him sit up by himself. See? But could you make my sword real, real sharp? And won't I—can't I chop off heads then?"

Joseph had come in hugging to his breast a big brown teddy-bear, while a crude wooden sword, the handiwork of Mr. Berg, the husband of the landlady, was stuck in his patent-leather belt.

In his solitary perambulations up and down the street Joseph was seldom seen without these two possessions of his. The rest of the children were keen on the incongruity, and the sword so accentuated the teddy-bear as to stamp Joseph a "sissie." But you, who owe no grudge to Joseph for his aloofness, remembering especially that he acted on strict orders from his mama, will readily see in the sword and the teddy-bear the one complete whole. For there never was warrior, with real sword, doing real killing, that had not something tender hugging to his breast. Only he would not let you see it.

Jerucham took the sword from Joseph and looked it over. There was some writing in pencil about the handle, and Jerucham's eye settled on that.

" 'Jo—Joseph Thor—Thorpe,' " he read with difficulty, " 'slev—slev—no—ah—slew—slew—that 's it—slew 10,000 In—Ind—Indians.' "

Philology was a non-existent quantity to Jerucham; that is, outside of the Pentateuch. In his commentary he could find enough to say, throughout the length of whole pages, over the position or juxtaposition of a single tiny dot in the body of a letter. But for the rest Jerucham had a careless contempt for the science of language, which was no science at all. It was a thing of convention, and it did not

matter how you expressed your thought and feeling any more than it could affect the sum whether you counted your money this way or that way. And so Jerucham never gave a thought to his English, and what he knew of it in the way of speaking and reading and writing had come to him by sheer force of association, without effort on his part.

"Vat 's him?" Jerucham presently asked, pointing with his finger at the writing. "Vat for a vord is 'slew'?"

"Oh, don't you know? I killed ten thousand Indians," Joseph answered, clicking his heels and saluting.

"No," Jerucham said, shaking his head, "not right. Killing not right. God don't like. Indians *gut* people. Everybody *gut* people. I tell you vat you can slew all right." Damping his middle finger with his tongue, Jerucham proceeded to the rescue of the Indians. He rubbed out the word, and with a huge carpenter's-pencil he put down instead "muskitis." "See, Joseph," he thereupon observed, "muskitis all right to slew. *Gut* boy can slew him. A whole million you can slew him."

"I don't want that," Joseph whimpered, shaking himself, with head downcast. His lower lip protruded, and his eyes glistened portentously.

"Vy not?" Jerucham argued. "Muskitis *gut* to kill. He 's bad. He bite and make sicks. All kind of sicks he make. *Gut* to finish *mit* him and make him no more. Dat 's right."

But Joseph was no utilitarian. He might slaughter mosquitos when he could, but he would not have it inscribed to his glory. He was a warrior, with a mighty sword in his hand. Let old men do battle with mosquitos. Indians for Joseph. He wanted his Indians back.

"I killed ten thousand Indians, I tell you," Joseph said, pulling himself up. "You must put 'em back for me now," he added imperiously.

Jerucham shook his head contemplatively, and presently he mused to himself, oblivious of Joseph's mandate:

"Gewalt! gewalt! man! man! man! What dost want, man, child of earth? God has given thee life, long, bright days of life, and a great bright world to work in. Sit and work and keep thy peace and be happy. But no, no. Always it wills himself kill, kill, kill. And always it wills himself kill somebody bigger and stronger than himself, and always many, many. A little mite, the littlest scrap of a man, only a little while ago begun to walk and talk, it dreams himself of killing ten thousand Indians. Not otherwise; Indians it must be! *Gewalt! gewalt! gewalt!* True, as the verse says: 'For the nature of man's heart is evil from his youth.' Ha! wait! wait! wait! Good! good! good!"

All aglow with the excitement of a sudden inspiration, Jerucham hastened to his little sanctum, his right hand pressing against his forehead as if to keep the onrush of thought within bounds, lest it ooze through and scatter.

In a moment he sat at his table, feverishly fingering the back leaves of his commentary till he came upon the pages touching the story of Noah, where occurs the verse referred to (Genesis viii, 21).

The whole world was forgotten, and Joseph with it. Jerucham had a new page to write, perhaps two pages.

He did not see Joseph again till the end of the week.

With his two inseparables, the teddy-bear and the sword, Joseph put in his second visit to the basement in the same unobtrusive, informal way.

"Ah, *gut* boy Joseph! *gut* liddle boy!" Jerucham exclaimed, much pleased. "Not angry *mit* me, Joseph—no, not angry?"

"Mama said I could come here," Joseph answered, "because—because she said I could; that 's why."

"You like me, Joseph?" Jerucham asked, looking up with file in hand.

"Are you real nice?" Joseph returned, viewing the old man with much concern.

"Vat your mama t'ink?"

"Oh, I think she—she must think yes, because—because I think she must."

"Nu, gut," Jerucham said. *"Und* you *und* me vill be *gut* friends always. *Und* I tell you vat I do for you. I take your teddy-bear *und* I make him in a machine

inside, *und* I make him go, *und* I make him cry—fine! fine! Real bear I make him. I make him do everyt'ing."

Joseph did not know how slow a worker Jerucham was. Still, he bore himself bravely when it came to the test. Joseph had understanding and also faith. He knew that his teddy-bear was to come back to him a real bear at the end of time, and he practised patience during the long days of incubation under the hands of Jerucham.

Now that Joseph had a vested interest in the place, he came regularly every day, and spent much of his time there.

One afternoon Joseph appeared at the steps leading down to the basement, and there he halted for a time. The hesitation was not his. He was not alone.

"Come, come, Joseph!" Jerucham called out presently, looking up from his work. "Vy not you come? Vy you 'fraid?"

Then, perceiving that Joseph was in company of somebody whose face he could not well see from the depth of his basement, Jerucham stepped forward to meet the two, wiping his glasses on the way.

She was a young woman, dressed in a chocolate-colored skirt and a short navy-blue coat, both severely plain of build. Still, there are some women that shed their own grace over the clothes they wear, however simple and unfashionable these be. She looked smart in her dress, and you would have said nothing could give her a better showing. A knitted red tam-o'-shanter sat carelessly over her rich auburn hair, and it made her look conspicuously girlish.

Jerucham adjusted his glasses and scanned the pretty features. He was struck with the family likeness between the two creatures, the one as dainty and as fresh as the other.

"Ah!" Jerucham exclaimed, throwing up his head, the red patch again showing at his cheek-bones. "Come," he continued —"come in *mit* him! Don't shame yourself; you all right in here. Your liddle *bruder* is great friends *mit* me. Come in, come in."

"How do you know this is my brother?" the young woman said in a mellow, warm contralto, accepting the invitation to come in.

"Sure, this is mama!" Joseph broke in almost fiercely.

He had been asked not to tell, for a time at least; but his pride in his mama was too great to permit of her being mistaken for a mere sister.

"Ah!" Jerucham said a second time. The red patch at his cheek-bones spread and deepened. He fell back a step or two and bowed with an awkward obsequiousness.

Joseph's mama was quite another story, and a bigger one. She had been figuring largely in Joseph's conversations with Jerucham, and Jerucham had built up certain lofty theories about her, and there she was in the flesh.

The initial formality over, Jerucham viewed her up and down anew, this time from a right fatherly attitude.

"You Joseph's mama—you?" he commented presently. "I 'm s'prise'. I 'm big s'prise'. You so young. How young you marry—"

Even as the speech, the intonation was blurred and undefined. It left it impossible to tell whether Jerucham intended his last sentence as an exclamation or the still more uncalled-for query. But Joseph's mama was both quick-witted and good-natured. She saw at a glance that the old man was perfectly innocent of intentional offensiveness. It was a way he had. He was different.

And so Joseph's mama forgot all the rest, and she smiled contentedly at that emphatic indorsement of her youthful appearance. It was her right. It would be the right of any woman past eighteen, and Joseph's mama was at least twenty-four.

"Your husman far avay—far? Sick—sick?" Jerucham presently began.

She bit her lip. She was displeased and astonished.

"Why," she returned, "how could you know that?"

"Liddle Joseph he say to me. He say his papa avay, avay far, *und* he come

"'*Tpui! tpui* for thee, Satan! I 've found thee out! I defy thee Satan!'"

back soon all right. Dat mean he 's sick —not?"

"Oh!" she sighed with relief. If that was the way the knowledge had come to the old man, it could not be helped; and there was little harm in it.

"You vork yourself now?" Jerucham pushed his inquisitiveness. "You play? Play theater?"

"No, I play only the piano in a sort of theater—a moving-picture place."

"You get much?"

She smiled indulgently as she answered:

"Oh, they don't pay over-much there, and there 's no reason why they should. Anybody can do that *tinkle-tinkle-thump.* You would n't know the difference if a cat did it chasing a mouse over the keys. But you 've got to be clever, though, to get the place," she concluded in an undertone to herself. "And that 's what they pay you for."

Jerucham's features gathered into an expression of great tenderness as he looked her over in the light of this new revelation. With hand pressing against his breast, he heaved a deep sigh, shaking his head sadly:

"Ah, I 'm pity for you! I 'm pity!"

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, receding from him. "Is this how all your people behave? Don't you know it is n't nice to tell others that you pity them?"

"Vy not?" Jerucham returned, untouched. "Vy not, ven I mean it? I mean it true. *Mit* all *mein* heart I mean it."

"But why should you? Why should you be sorry for me? You don't know me, and you don't know that there 's anything to be sorry for."

"I know—I know *gut.* I verstand everyt'ing. *Mein* heart say it to me. I like you a big much. I know. I see. *Und* you must go make dem *dinkle-dinkle* in dat pig place, *und* you get so liddle, *mit* your sick husman far away, *und mit* your so fine liddle boy to keep. Dat 's vy I 'm very pity. You too *gut,* too nice. You get right to be rich, plenty rich, *mit* grand house, *und mit* atombils *und* servan's. Dat 's vy it 's so pity."

His persistent disregard of all form of delicacy, combined with his uncouth mode of expression, finally grew responsible for the young woman's inclination to view this man of giant intellect as a mental defective. Still, it was the merest subconscious feeling. She knew he was no ordinary man, no bare vulgarian. He was different; that was it. She knew it. She had known it before ever she had seen him. And so, then, at last, instead of being offended, she was captivated by his astonishing freedom of manner. Her heart, too, was touched by his childlike transparency.

"The old dear!" she muttered under her breath. "He really means it all from his heart. And he seems to trust a deal to his intuition."

And presently, with a growing sense of intimacy, born of perfect trustfulness, she said to him, drawing nearer, and shaking a forefinger at his nose in playful admonition:

"But, you know, you really must n't ever tell people that you pity them or are sorry for them, no matter how you care for them and no matter how true it is."

And when she had said that it began to seem to her as if some unknown agency had appointed her his guardian angel, to look after his manners and train him the way men should go.

Jerucham shrugged his shoulder. He could not see "vy not," when he "meant it true," and, above all, when he liked her such a "big much."

"Did you never marry and have daughters of your own?" she presently asked.

"Oh," he smiled, "me have gran'daughters bigger like you. Much daughters *und* sons, *und* dey all marry *mit* families. But vat 's daughters *und* sons? If dey *gut, gut, und* you like; *und* if no *gut,* den you don't like. Vat 's daughters? Vat 's sons? You feed 'em and grow dem till dey make big; *und* den, ven not much *gut,* it all de same like strangers. Ps'aw! Vat 's daughters? Vat 's sons? Not more like odders ven you can't like. Vat I care! *Mein* sons come *mit* atombils to take me rides. Dey t'ink big t'ing not to

shame himself *mit* dem ole fadder *mit* dem big Jew whiskies. *Tpui!* I don' vant rides. Dey give me money; vat 's dat? Vy not? Dey plenty rich, *und* dey cost me much money ven I grow him. Ps'aw! Vat 's money? I don' vant money. I live eighty years—eighty years next middle summer. Vat I vant money? People talk sons *und* daughters; people talk childrens—*oi-yoi,* childrens! childrens! So terrible fuss *mit* childrens! Vat 's childrens? Vat 's sons *und* daughters? Ps'aw!"

Joseph's mama could not well divine the cause of the old man's bitterness. It was a question outside the range of her interests. It was not for her to see that Jerucham and his offspring were the products of two conflicting civilizations. They were an alien mix-up that would not fuse. He was in America, and was not at all of it; while they, grown rich before they got time to grow American, had their Americanization bulging out in lumps from under their skin, giving them unease and unloveliness. One does not bolt one's food without doing damage to the stomach. Neither does the soul of an alien assimilate a fresh civilization at a gulp without coming out a distortion.

Still one thing she had a clear perception of, and that was the utter loneliness of this man, weighted with years, bent of figure, and infirm of leg. And the woman and the mother in her rose at a bound. She longed to make herself of some comfort to him. She wished she could come every day to look after him and warm his heart. She wanted him for her second baby.

And presently, with a freedom of movement, as if she had been used to the place and to the man all her life, she stepped into the little living-room to see if there was not some little thing she might do for him.

Her eye passed over the table, piled with great tomes, dog-eared in many places, and smaller prints, some still open. It was a spot severely sacred, that neither called for, nor would yet brook, the touch of a woman's hand. Her attention was fastened on the bed, and the look of it gave her the thrill of satisfaction one gets on finding the very thing one is seeking. The bed was plentifully supplied with clean, good linen, but it was all in disorder, as if it had not been made for days past. And that was just what it was, too. Only twice a week a hired old woman came for some odd minutes to tidy up the place, and she was not due again now till the following day.

Jerucham had remained at his table, busy with the inside of Joseph's teddy-bear, Joseph watching him intently, with both hands under the chin, and plying him with questions. But presently Jerucham paused, straining his ear in the direction of the back room, with his open fist for trumpet. He thought he heard the sound of the patting of pillows.

And then when he saw what that lovely young creature was doing for him on her very first visit, the very first time she ever had looked at him, the red patch came to his cheek-bones, his mouth expanded, and his hand pressed against his breast.

Passing him in the entrance, where he still remained when she had completed her work, her sparkling eye met his with a look half shamefaced, half defiant. As though it would say, "It 's been kind of free-making, but it does n't matter how you take it."

"You like dem angels," he said to her, patting her small hand, which she gave him upon going away. "Angels make *gut, gut, gut* alvays, mitdout ask *und* mitdout vy. Dat 's how God tell him. Dat 's how God tell you, mitdout your know. I look *mein* eye to *mein* bet, *und* I say, 'Angel come to *mein* house.' "

She promised to come again, but she could not do that often. Her day was well occupied with covering distances to give some odd piano lessons and hunt up possible fresh pupils. Only now and then she found half an hour to spare for a visit to the basement. Mostly Joseph would announce it the day before that his mama was coming on the morrow. And when the day was there, Jerucham put on a fresh collar, and at odd moments, as he

thought the time was drawing near, he stood before the glass brushing his thick, long beard, smoothing out his waistcoat and his Prince Albert, and adjusting his skull-cap to a rakish angle.

"Thou old profligate!" he sometimes said to his image, and the more he was pleased with its looks, the more he rated it. "Thou muddleheaded, vain, silly old *yungatz!* Wouldst be titivating thyself for the ladies!"

Till he saw his image grin at him from the glass, and then he went away intensely pleased with himself and with the whole world.

It was not only that a new joy, a new warmth, had crept into his dried bones, as might have been said regarding any old man in the circumstances; but it was Jerucham's first experience, in his long life, of personal contact with a gentlewoman, an American of education and breeding.

Perhaps many a time before, at family gatherings and other like functions, Jerucham had found himself under the direct rays of beauty and youth, some of his own blood, some belonging to his friends. But they were as cold and as hard as the diamonds with which they were decked. They bore themselves with an aloofness, mispronounced "American," while it spelt nothing finer and nothing more elegant than a brutal disregard for all others not immediately necessary to the enjoyment of the moment, with a special emphasis upon age.

And so Joseph's mama was a sweet revelation, intoxicating in its sweetness. She was a breath from another and a better world—the world that Jerucham in his vast ramifications had dreamed of and sighed for without ever expecting to be there, nor a whiff nor a whisper from it to come to him.

One day she appeared at the basement unexpectedly. Joseph could not have announced her the day before, for she had not known it herself. She just stepped in now on the spur of the moment, just for a brief look, as she was on her way to an Eighth Avenue car.

Jerucham leaped up from his chair, all confusion and excitement.

"*Oi-yoi-yoi!*" he called out in short gasps as he essayed to limp forward, his figure doubled up, one hand pressing against the hip, the other seeking support from whatever was nearest. "*Oi-yoi-yoi! Mein* back *und mein* side! Bah!" he added, with a grin of self-derision, "old, old, no more, no more strongs left. T'ink I 'm liddle young boy, run, jump, every-t'ing! No go. No could. Old, old. Bah, old! Strongs all gone."

She insisted he should go to bed at once. To which he protested that it was nothing; it would all go away in a minute; that it was often so with him when he made a sudden move, and he always got better soon after.

But there was no gainsaying her. And she remained by the bedside, cheering him, and she was losing sixty cents, the price of two lessons.

"*Gut* to be sick," Jerucham observed gallantly. "I like sick all *mein* life, *mit* you sit *und* speak *mit* me. Lovely sick. You make me spoil. You gi' me sick every day."

"Oh, but where the mischief did you get this?" she presently exclaimed, observing for the first time a deep, crude tear at the lapel of his Prince Albert. "I must get a needle and thread and stitch it up for you."

"Ah," he moaned, smiling sadly, "you no can stitch him. God must stitch him —God, *und* no odder. No best doctor *und* no best angel voman can stitch him. Him 's deep, deep in dem heart. I make dem break in *mein* coat ven God He make dem break in *mein* heart. Every Jew make him so ven he belong' dead."

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!" she said with deep reverence. "Was it somebody very near you?"

"*Mein* gran'son he was."

"What a pity! A young man, too. When did he die?"

"Ah," Jerucham sighed, passing his hand over his face, "badder, badder, a great big much badder like die! He no die. God no like me to make him die.

I get news dis *morgen* he marry *mit* a Krist voman. He marry *mit* her long vicks ago, *und* dey all 'fraid to tell me. But I hear it dis *morgen, und* I make *mein* coat so, like he vas dead, *und* it 's too badder for vy he 's no dead."

"Why," she returned, raising her head and looking up with eyes full of astonishment, the feeling of reverence in her having given place to one of curiosity, "is this really the way you Jews take it? Of course I 'm awfully sorry for you, but really, really, it 's so strange! We Christians don't seem to understand it. Why, I 've got a sister of my own married to a Jew, and a fine fellow he is, too, and mother and we all of us are quite happy over it."

Jerucham stared at her in silence.

"You got sister in New York?" he presently asked with a quiet concern.

"No, it was n't in New York. We belong to Lebanon, in Pennsylvania. That 's where my sister lives now."

"Lebanon!" Jerucham exclaimed with a start. "An epidemic, an epidemic, a regular epidemic there!" he muttered to himself in Yiddish. Then aloud to her: "Dat 's vere he do it—dat 's der place; dat 's vere he have dem big store, *und* he call' himself Mortimer. Mortimer he call' himself; ole name Markovitz no fit him, no *gut* for him. Mortimer!"

"Why—why—" she stammered, trembling all over, rising from her chair and staggering back, "that 's the very name—the very man! Gracious me!" she concluded to herself, "what can I say now to this poor dear old man?"

In a moment Jerucham had leaped off the bed.

"Satan! Satan! *Tpui! tpui!*" he cried in a terrible voice—a voice not his own, pointing two derisive forefingers at her with both hands, and spitting in her direction. "Satan, thou old Menuvel, thou," he went on in Yiddish, "thinkest thou I would not know thee coming to me—*oi-yoi-yoi!* my side!—coming to me in the guise of a sweet angel woman to gain me over and reconcile me to becoming the progenitor of a race of Goyim! *Tpui! tpui* for thee, Satan! I 've found thee out! I defy thee, Satan! *Tpui! tpui!*"

She thought he had gone mad, and she tried to soothe him with some soft and tender caress.

"Avay—avay! Get thee gone, get thee gone, Satan!" he roared, holding up one of the big sacred tomes as a shield. "Ashes and smoke, smoke and ashes, thou shalt be this moment—*oi-yoi-yoi!* my back and my side! Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is one! Ashes and smoke—"

There was a break in his voice as he beheld the tears of sympathy and despair in her beautiful eyes.

"No—no," he gasped, exhausted, addressing her in his English, "you no' him; no—I—I no verstand. Satan come here, I know— He do it all. He send you here. You go now, you go from me!" He waved her toward the door, his other hand over his face. "You go from me forever *und* ever, *und mein* heart he 's full *mit* breaks. All kinds of breaks in *mein* heart, *und* Satan he make 'em all. Go! go-o!"

And when she was gone, Jerucham shut himself in, and tore the tin-covered little roll of parchment off the door-post (the *mezuzah*), and sat down to examine the writing through a powerful microscope. There was bound to be a flaw in it somewhere when it was possible for Satan to get past it.

Social Reform in China

By GARDNER L. HARDING

Author of "The Peril of China," etc.

"BE pleased to enter the Gate of Hope," said Captain Ho.

Our rickshaws had been trundling in and out of the mazes of little lanes and alleys just off the great trunk-road leading south from the Chien Men Gate. Captain Ho was the captain of the Peking police, educated at the American Mission College, Nanking University, who had learned Northern ways and had Northern military aspirations. He was a dapper little man, with a small, bristly mustache, and could not have weighed one hundred pounds. In his flannel suit and Panama hat he looked more like an under-secretary of the Shanghai Y. M. C. A. than a captain of police with a record for courage and quick thinking, and with four bullet wounds in his shoulders and thigh; but as he stepped nimbly out of his rickshaw the wind lifted his flannel coat slightly, and a gleam of metal from his hip pocket showed that, bland as he looked, he was still a believer in preparedness.

We were making a tour about what I may call, for lack of a better name, the social institutions of Peking, inspecting, in that intensely conservative Chinese city, the public institutions that bore witness to the very recently assumed responsibilities of an Oriental municipality.

"Of course you know what the Gate of Hope is?" said Captain Ho. We were waiting, over the customary tea and cigarettes, in a little room off the courtyard of the long, low, gray building, which was just like hundreds of other gray buildings throughout that part of the city, while the doorkeeper took our cards to the powers within.

"We call it the 'Evil to Good' institution, for it is here that women of the streets are brought from all over Peking, and it is here that they have a temporary home and refuge and a chance to live a better life. It is a very tiny institution for such a large city. There are not a hundred women here, and I estimate that there are between four and five thousand women in Peking who have to register with the police as women of the town. This does not count the enormous numbers of 'little wives,' which is our euphonious name for concubines, many of whom are very young girls held in complete slavery in polygamous households.

"The line is hard to draw, but the professional women must register at police headquarters and be medically examined. The examination is perfunctory, but on the basis of the registration we arrange many marriages, and keep in close touch with any man living on a woman's earnings. We have a tax of from two dollars a month for women of what we call the first class down to twenty-five cents a month for women of the fourth class, and this is collected fortnightly on registration. Keeping track of them is simplified by the fact that the traffic is largely concentrated on eight streets not far from here and in about eight hundred houses on those streets, each of which pays a registration fee of from one dollar to eight dollars per month, according to its class. We watch the disorder in those houses very closely. I have often been stationed near them, and I remember one night on my rounds when I took eight girls from eight different beatings to the Gate of Hope. We usually have to take them, and often it is at the risk of our lives, for though they are beaten and ill used, they are property, and the men and women who control them are often willing to fight desperately rather than lose them. Very often we bring them straight from some terrible beating or ill usage, and by the morning after they more than likely want to go back again. Virtually none of them comes here of her own accord, because her courage has dwindled, and also because—

A squad of Peking's semi-military police. Taken during Dr. Sun's visit in 1912, when the capital was friendly. Dr. Sun is in the second row, third from the right

well, the punishments for running away, you know, are very terrible indeed."

"Have you any ways of getting at the people who make the money out of the trade?" I asked.

"Not many," said my friend, lighting another cigarette. "It would interfere with too many prominent people." I thought I had heard that somewhere before. "For all our polygamy, it is one of the institutions of Chinese life. We can't all afford polygamy. We do what we can. Men have been strangled in our jail for violating girls under twelve,—we have a very strict law against it,—and it is also a crime to live on a woman's immoral earnings."

We rose to greet the director, an astonishingly young man, simply dressed in the plain, dark-blue gown of the Chinese official classes. He was manifestly surprised to see a foreigner.

"You are the first foreign visitor he 's ever had here," translated Ho, "and he can't understand what interests you."

We went through a long passageway hung with mottos, in bold Chinese characters, containing invocations to virtue such as: "Industry brings content," "The tiger of passion will carry you at last to the jungle; bestride it not," and "Every woman loves a home; be grateful for this one." Between them were schedules of routine work and study. One learned that there was ethical teaching on Friday afternoons, and that the rest of the week was divided between reading and writing (many of the women are of course illiterate), lace-making, machine-sewing, cooking, and housekeeping, spinning, weaving, and basket-making. Though there was no trace of Christian influence, Sunday was given over to "recreation."

We came out into a humming, buzzing, high-studded room where thirty or more girls and women were sitting about and demonstrating to the eye the handicrafts of the schedule. The buzzing of tongues stopped at once, but the humming of the foreign sewing-machines went on with redoubled energy as these timid daughters of old China bent out of sight behind their work. Their quiet, smooth, almost expressionless faces bore little trace of their

tragic story, save here and there where a tiny undersized girl sat in a corner too weak to work, or scars and welts gave vivid testimony of past cruelty. Some of these infants of eight and nine had been little dancing-girls; others represented the toll of baby shame saved by the criminal courts from a fate worse than death.

"Where do they go from here?" I asked the young director.

"Most of them marry," he answered, eager to explain. "You see, a small fee places a girl here; then she supports herself by work. So it is not charity. Their pictures are open to the public. When a man sees a girl he likes, he sends his middleman, as in all other Chinese marriages, and we inquire fully into his character. If that is satisfactory, we allow them to see each other. And if she approves of him, he pays us a marriage fee of anywhere between five dollars and fifty dollars, and they are married. It does not end there, however. We are in close touch with the police force, and if we hear from them that he is maltreating her, back she comes again, and he has to account to us."

"Do you let men have them as 'little wives'?" I asked; but Ho refused to translate this.

"Yes, they do," he himself answered; "what can you expect? They come from very bad lives, and even this is a big improvement. The trouble is that many skinflints who would like to buy girls, but do not want to pay for them, induce them to run away and come here. Then after a respectable interval they appear as suitors and get them for their fourth or fifth wives at a nominal price. That is bad, very bad, and some people who love slander say that this institution is largely supported by such men. It is n't, and when we catch one of them, we give him the full extent of the law for fooling the police. There will always be such people."

"Has this institution anything to do with the Revolution?" I asked the director, and Ho and he both joined in telling me how, if it had n't been for the republic, it would n't have been founded.

"It is part of new China," said Ho, "but we have no public opinion to help it. Not even the Christian missionaries know about it. But new men in the police department from the south are chiefly responsible for it. And they, like myself, received their early training at a mission college."

"Are the number of these women increasing?" I asked as we again got into our rickshaws at the gate.

"Oh, yes," Ho replied. "The thousands of students who have come back from Japan have brought with them habits which the average Chinese boy would never pick up at home in anything like the same extent. Most of the present members of parliament have studied in Japan, and although I 'm an ardent Republican, and had two sons who went through the fighting round Hankow, I must confess that in this respect they 're not much better than the rest."

We were rolling out along the great stone-flagged road that runs toward the Temple of Agriculture.

"I 'm taking you now," said Ho, "to see the Peking Municipal Prison, the finest prison in China. It is one of the really enlightened reforms of the past régime for which the Manchus received little credit. It handles the serious penal cases for the whole of Peking. Out of our population of somewhere near a million we usually have about five hundred prisoners, and many of them are first offenders. That 's less than one in two thousand, and considering the fact that criminals inevitably drift toward a capital, it 's not at all a bad record."

We turned a corner of the city wall, and came in sight of a group of buildings arranged like the radiating spokes of a wheel, with a fine administration building near the center, the whole, with a few outbuildings, surrounded by a low wall. From a distance it looked flat and dun-colored, like the Chinese fields around it, but going nearer, the first impression one received of the whole outfit was one of conspicuous efficiency and cleanliness.

The governor, a tall, grizzled Chinese of the older school, met us at the gate,

Swedish drill in the open air in the Municipal Prison

and six different sets of soldiers popped out and saluted us on our way through the maze of buildings to the central offices. Ex-President Eliot of Harvard said a year or so ago that the Peking Prison was the most interesting thing he saw in his whole trip through China. I think the "Gate of Hope" is more interesting, but I should place this magnificent prison a close second.

Take the workrooms, for instance. In great, high-studded rooms forty yards square by a measurement I was curious enough to verify, there were groups of forty or fifty men working at their trade under conditions, if one considers the standard of living of the far East, almost ideal. There were big rooms for ten or more trades, including tailoring, shoemaking, woodworking, ironsmithing, bookbinding, spinning and weaving, basketmaking, printing, and several others, not the least of which was market-gardening outdoors. It was strange to hear, out in far-away Peking, in a city through the streets of which I had traveled continuously for six weeks without once meeting a foreign face except in the tiny, walled foreign quarter—it was strange to hear that the majority of men who came to prison knew no trade, and that the best way to make them behave themselves like decent citizens when they got out was to teach them a trade. It was all what we are still vainly trying to practise at home.

At the Peking Prison they not only teach prisoners a trade, but they have an employment bureau which connects a man with a job. They segregate first offenders from old-timers and men convicted of light offenses from those guilty of heavier ones up through second, third, and fourth offenders. In fact, forgery, petty larceny, robbery, and assault and battery are the names of cell rows where convicts of kindred offenses are exclusively confined. The governor confessed that the atmosphere of specialism in crime might be rather narrowing, but it was all in the name of modernism and system.

The parole system has been introduced, and the governor has decided to stick to it. Physical drill, an innovation in any class of Chinese society, is held daily, and the setting-up exercise I saw proved that the men enter into it with appreciation and

enthusiasm. But the outstanding note of the prison is cleanliness and order. The cells are large, and though doubling up is common, they are dry and clean. Electric lighted, of stone construction throughout, on high and level ground, with sanitary conveniences far better than home standards in China, the great prison at Peking is as much a lasting credit to the far-reaching social reform spirit of the Chinese as Sing Sing, for instance, where Warden Osborne's back is still against the wall, is a disgraceful witness to the complacent conservatism of America.

We went up into the cupola as the six o'clock bugle blew the signal to stop work, and from the first landing we could see long lines of prisoners waiting for their evening wash. They were clad in clean white suits, and they stepped briskly along to the wash-room, knowing that beyond it lay supper. Supper is set out in rice-bowls, and on special occasions there are three sizes of them, a potent discrimination against unruly spirits. Up and down the long tables, with completely shaven heads (the laundry workers have to submit to this, too), moved the cooks and waiters, and as we went on up the stairs the hum of talk which mingled with the busy click of chop-sticks showed that these Chinese had granted another mercy that we still withhold more often than not in the civilized West—the mercy of talk at meals.

Up in the cupola was the assembly-room, with rows and rows of high-sided seats that enabled the prisoners to see the platform, but not one another. On the wall over the platform I saw five crude paintings of men with beards. In regular order, beginning at the left, the governor pointed them out as Mohammed, Jesus, Confucius (in the center), Buddha, and Lao-tsze, the founder of the Taoist faith. Thus was China liberal to all religions, and every Sunday, when the prisoners gathered here, they heard a moral discourse from some representative of one of these five creeds, with the other four to frown down upon him with united disapproval if he became too partizan.

The last thing we saw at the Peking Prison was a set of the instruments of torture with which prisoners were brought to reason in days gone by. Balls and drags for the feet, vises for breaking the bones of the hand, the terrible old slicing-knife, and, amid a host of other tools, two handsomely chased beheading swords with nicked and rusty blades—how wholesomely they fitted into the dusty chamber to which they were once again to be consigned away from the uses of man! Only the light bamboo is allowed to-day, and that very sparingly, at this prison; and as a testimony to the humane treatment, which I have since verified, let it be said that for more than four years there has not been a single attempt to escape. If one doubted that this is a model prison, could one have any better proof?

There was a day in Peking when the gutters of the streets ran in floods on rainy days, so that it was no unusual thing for an unwary victim who lost his footing, particularly a small child, to fall in and be drowned. The revelations and the odors on the coming of dry weather made it a veritable city of the damned. Since those days, before the siege, the spirit of the city has entirely changed; but even to-day the curious traveler may poke his nose into backwaters of the old capital's life, as I did the next day, and get the full stench of the unregenerate past.

The next day's trip that I made with Captain Ho included a visit to the Boys' Industrial Home (the Shih Yi Sou) and the poorhouse (the Ping Ming Yuan). The Shih Yi Sou is under the capable administration of the ministry of the interior, a thoroughly modern department of the Government, and is, in its way, wholly as creditable an institution as the Peking Prison. The 375 boys there, ranging anywhere from fifteen to twenty-one years of age, are given a thoroughly efficient trade-school education along lines that could hardly be improved in the Western world. They are taught tailoring, tinsmithing, printing, soap-making, cloth-weaving, hat-making, gardening, and half a score of other trades. But most important of all, they are taught under a clean, efficient,

The lecture-hall platform in the Municipal Prison. Under portraits of Mohammed, Christ, Confucius, Buddha, and Lao-tsze upholders of any of the religions address moral discourses on separate days

and humane system that turns out human quality, and not merely good artisans. The boys we saw about the neat, spacious, well-ventilated buildings, in their clean blue uniforms, had good, shining boy faces it was worth while going to see. And yet when they came to the institution they were beggar wastrels, orphans, paupers, young pickpockets, and incorrigibles of all descriptions. The Shih Yi Sou, tucked away in the trackless heart of this vast Chinese city, is a thoroughly up-to-date, twentieth-century institution.

The Ping Ming Yuan is hidden away quite as obscurely, but it is hidden in a shameful past as well. It is the city poorhouse, and as such it is a disgrace to the city that has been touched deeply with the humane movements of the republic. Rows and rows of able-bodied young paupers, men sunk in the degenerate sloth of an idle existence, hung around the buildings. Scattered among them, with no attempt whatever at alleviation or segregation, were the aged, the blind, the crippled, the deaf, the destitute, and the dumb. From out the squalid buildings that bordered the dirty and unkempt courtyards dull, hopeless eyes and rueful, pasty faces, men, women, and children alike, eyed us without interest and without intelligence. The broken bodies of the aged and the helpless little bodies of orphans and pauper children appeared to have been cast into this place as on some dust-heap with equal callousness. There was no expert care whatsoever; only coolies kept them in bounds and saw that they received their meals.

We had made the tour of the buildings and were turning back when our guide said to us, "Would you like to see the lunatics?" He spoke as though he were promising us an interesting show. He pointed with a grimace to a round hole cut in the wall for a door, giving upon another set of courtyards that we had not noticed. And then I heard them. I had been hearing them for some time, I believe, but now I knew what that weird chanting Babel was. We were already almost in a state of nausea, and as I started

I felt a breath of real terror. But the impulse to go was overwhelming, and we went through the little round door into the lunatics' courtyard.

I took one step inside the courtyard and then stopped. I shall never forget that sight as long as I live. There must have been eighty people in the courtyard, which was something like forty paces square, and every one of these people was a drama to himself. In the middle of the space there was a well, with a tin dipper on its rim, and in front of it a man stood, naked to the waist, with wildly tousled hair, making what seemed to be a speech, and looking me straight in the eye. I had never wholly become used to the Chinese face, especially to that hostile, absolutely unfeeling stare it turns on the foreigner as he is going through the street.

This man turned his uncanny, vacant face on me and came walking nearer and nearer. I stood transfixed with terror. And then suddenly the whole emotional tension snapped as two or three younger men rushed out and seized his pigtail, and began to play horse with him, apparently jealous at his occupying the center of the stage. The crowd howled with glee as an attendant in khaki drove them off. The man sat down on the edge of the well and whimpered; and only then could I take my eyes off him and look at the others. I could hear the sound of high, falsetto singing, but could not place it anywhere, till suddenly I noticed a dark little man, with a black mustache, in a corner, a pitiful, fat, extremely sensible-looking man, who sat with his back to the crowd and sang unceasingly.

The day was a deadly hot summer day, and the courtyard was dry and blistering; yet one half-naked wretch deliberately got down and rolled in the noonday sun, moaning piteously. A guard ran over to him nervously, picked him up bodily, and carried him to a bench. He rolled off, but in the shade,, and still moaned and moaned. Near him, and regarding us intently, was a man with a red flower behind one ear and a large leaf behind the other. Everywhere I looked, my eyes would meet a face that would at once become a vacant grin; one man put his hand to his head and crooked his knees,—he was a tall wizen old man with a face like a satyr,—asking for money in the familiar beggar gestures of the street, and grimacing horribly every time I looked in his direction.

Some were new cases, with what hope of improvement in that ghastly atmosphere no one seemed to care. And over in one corner were the women. Many of them were old, but one or two were young and pretty, and one kept putting on clothes every time I looked in her direction, one coat after another until she must have had on at least five. Here was a boy of eight, incurable, just come in. And round about them walked the coolie guards, grinning at their queer antics as at a game.

We stood there—it must have been fifteen minutes—without speaking a word. I had intended to take a picture, but as I folded up my camera Ho said, "Yes, for God's sake, let 's leave them to their misery." I can still hear the yell that pursued us as we ducked through the little round door again—a yell in which the whole eighty voices seemed to join in a fiendish chorus, and which rang through my mind throughout the journey home, and has rung in it intermittently to this day.

I left Peking for the south shortly afterward, but before I left Ho promised to move heaven and earth to have this pitiful lot of people put under decent care, and wipe out the terrible blot on modern China represented by the condition of the whole institution. I am sure that he has done it, as I heard a few months ago from a friend in the Peking Y. M. C. A. that the lunatics' compound had been entirely reformed since we had visited it the year before.

In bringing to practical extinction within ten years the age-long national curse of the opium traffic, the Chinese have shown the unconquerable resolution which makes for social betterment. That is their true mettle, and we of the Western world, for all our boasted progress

against social evils, would look long to find a moral crusade to match it in fervor *and* success. But a peep into a dark corner of the unregenerate past is necessary to set against this splendid endeavor. Seeing and remembering the Ping Ming Yuan of Peking, we can feel to the full the imaginative application of Cecil Rhodes's famous epitaph to China, "So much to do, so little done!"

Stock

By MURDOCK PEMBERTON

MY mother used to tell me the story
Of my grandfather's wooing and wedding.
There was not much for a young man to do in Ohio,
So grandfather and his bride decided to seek new fields.
They had saved enough to homestead,
But decided to buy oxen and migrate.
None could be had in that settlement,
So grandfather floated down the Ohio on a raft
To a lumber camp, seeking oxen.
The camp needed men and held him,
Promising him the yoke if he stayed past the spring floods.
Six weeks he hewed trees and hauled logs,
Grandmother, waiting meanwhile, fighting against the terror
Of probable fates that might have befallen the bridegroom.
He returned three months after with the oxen.
Then the pair traveled westward,
Settling at last on the Kaw, a river in Kansas.
He built them a home
With an adz and ax and his muscle,
Depending for food on what he killed with his musket
And corn she raised in the dooryard;
Fending her life and his 'gainst Indians
And worse border ruffians.
Six stalwart sons and four daughters
They reared amid hardships,
And they were happy.

I am about to be married;
That is, as soon as we can decide
Whether to take four rooms and bath up-town
Or put up with two rooms and bath
In a better part of the city.
We must be cautious about such things,
My monthly salary being but two hundred,
And we 've waited four years for that.
It would be foolish to make a misstep.
Grandfather, indeed, was fortunate,
Living when things were so simple.

The Playground of the Nation

Six photographs of Glacier National Park, Northwestern Montana

Swift Current Valley beyond the cliffs of Mount Grinnell

The Swift Current is one of the finest of the nine principal valleys on the precipitous east side of the continental divide. Its river is the outlet of the McDermott lakes. Its scenery, always extraordinary, becomes actually sensational in places. This valley was the east-side center of the mining excitement that caused the Government to purchase this whole area from the Blackfeet Indians, only to discover that copper was not plentiful enough to mine profitably. The Glacier National Park was originally the hunting-ground of the Blackfeet Indians, whose reservation adjoins it on the east.

Lake Ellen Wilson

No lake in America has more romantic surroundings. Lincoln Peak, Gunsight Mountain, Mount Jackson, and Walton Mountain are its immediate companions, with others of celebrity in the near neighborhood. The greatest glaciers in the National Park lie close upon each hand, the Sperry Glacier upon the north, the Blackfeet and Harrison glaciers upon the south. This lake is only half a mile west of the continental divide, and has an altitude of 5914 feet. The celebrated Gunsight Pass skirts its north side.

View of Avalanche Basin across Avalanche Lake

At Avalanche Lake, as one traveler declares, "you feel as if everything were coming at you from every direction all at once." Over the encircling basin-like walls, which rise from three thousand to nearly five thousand feet above the water, pour countless streams born of the great Sperry Glacier and of the innumerable glacier-like snow patches in the hollows of the surrounding mountain masses. The spot is one of the most startling and inspiring in America.

A characteristic scene in Glacier Park

The Glacier National Park was formed by the earth cracking under fearful pressure and one edge rising and thrusting itself over the other. The overthrust, as geologists call it, crumbled into many unusual and often astonishing shapes, which the ice and the waters of many centuries of centuries have carved fantastically. This picture is especially characteristic of this entire area.

The head of Bowman Lake

The northwestern corner of Glacier National Park is seldom seen by tourists, because far out of the beaten path and reached only by trail. This lake is one of the noblest in the world, and the neighborhood possesses supreme magnificence.

ART INSTITUTE CHICAGO RYERSON LIBRARY

Upper McDermott Lake and the cliffs of Mount Gould

This lake is confidently declared by many travelers to be the most beautiful in the world. The boldness of its enormous snow-patched rock walls and the magnificence of its contrasting forests furnish its admirers a strong argument. But exactly the same claim is made for Lake McDonald, Lake St. Mary, Bowman Lake, Avalanche Lake, Kintla Lake, and a dozen others of the two hundred and fifty in the Glacier National Park.

Sir Alfred Jones

From a photograph by Mowll and Morrison, Liverpool

A Commercial Sea-king

Sir Alfred Jones, Ship-owner and Man of Affairs

By ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "An Unofficial Love-story," "The A♭ Major Polonaise," etc.

HERE was a very wonderful man, perhaps, in a way, one of the most wonderful men in the world; for his methods were unique. You will find him in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. XV, p. 498, the second of all the Joneses, including Henry Arthur, Inigo, John Paul, and Sir William of the Persian Grammar; and in Vol. XXV, p. 853, under Elder, Dempster & Company, because Elder, Dempster & Company meant Sir Alfred Jones.

Elder, Dempster & Company happens to be a great steamship firm in England, and its notable peculiarity, as I knew it first, was that there was no Elder and no Dempster that I could see, just Jones—Mr. A. L. Jones. He was not knighted then.

At the age of twelve years he walked out of Wales, the home of all the Joneses, into the office of the old West African Steamship Company, in Liverpool, where I was informed that he accepted the position of office boy. At the age of twenty-six he was manager. Then, the history says, he borrowed money, bought sailing-ships, and started in on his own account. He did well, but after a few years realized that sailing-ships were to be superseded by steamers, and sold his ships.

To make the story short, in 1891 the West African Steamship Company came under the management of Elder, Dempster

& Company, and Mr. Jones was offered the position of manager. He took it with a few shares of stock. He found Elder inconvenient, and bought him out. He found Dempster inconvenient, and bought him out. Then he softly started to absorb all the shipping about those parts, and a great many other things besides. When I knew him he had 129 ships afloat, and was running them, as far as I could see, all out of one head, without the aid of note-books or adventitious assistance of any kind. I saw one gentleman in the office later who persisted so much that I thought he might even be a member of the firm. I asked an underling about it.

"He is," he said.

"What are his functions?" I inquired, because I noted that he always seemed scared and tentative.

"Oh, to sign Mr. Jones's name when he is n't here, and to cut envelops open all the way round and spread 'em out flat, to be sure there is n't a check stuck in the cracks anywhere." I saw him doing it.

Beside the 129 ships, Sir Alfred was running some other things. As the encyclopædia humorously puts it, "Various undertakings, not usually considered part of a ship-owner's work, were inaugurated." He was running the Hotel Metropole, Grand Canary, and hotels in the West Indies. He had a banking business in western Africa, and a coal business in western Africa, where, as A. L. Jones, he sold coal to various people, including himself. He was running the banana business between the West Indies and England, and he always kept a plateful of bananas on his desk; and so also he ran a fruit-brokerage business at Covent Garden Market, London. He had palm-oil mills at Liverpool, and the West India mail service, and a wholesale-grocery business in England from which he partly supplied his own ships, and at the same time he was forming up the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Besides his office in Liverpool, he had chambers in London and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he might be found at any of them at any time of the day or night. So much I learned later.

I met him first at a banquet at the Cecil, in London, in 1900. I sat beside him, and was introduced by the late lamented Hon. C. A. Duff Miller.

"Mr. Jones, the President of Elder, Dempster & Company." A medium-sized, roundish-faced man of fifty-five, with his hair brushed down very smooth, with a gray mustache, a little goatee, and a most attractive, quick-action smile. But the everlasting impression was his eyes, smallish, and traveling like light; they looked you up and down and round and over and through very pleasantly indeed, and the result on Mr. Jones was expressed in a puff of smoke from a cigar that, in common with the late Mr. Morgan and Joe Chamberlain, he smoked always when awake.

"Miller tells me you 're to speak in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Canada," he said. Falling inflection: "Fine thing." Falling inflection. Always falling inflection, I was to learn. Finished utterance, and the least possible number of English words, spoken in the shortest reasonable time consistent with finishing the words properly; but no hurry. "Elder, Dempster have fine ships running to Canada now. Going to have finer. Come to my office as soon as you reach Liverpool. I 'll introduce you to everybody. Sure now? Right." This was his abbreviation of "All right." He got up, and shook his finger at me. "Must go," and he went. No hurry, but he was not there.

In Liverpool I arrived at his office at fourteen minutes after twelve o'clock, noon.

"Is Mr. Jones in?" I said.

"He 'll be in in about six minutes, sir." The man looked at the clock. I 've never forgotten that "six minutes," but at 12:20 there was the roar of a four-wheeler on the cobblestones outside, and Mr. Jones came in. No hurry, but his hat touched the desk as he touched the seat. On his left was a square board containing many electric buttons. He pressed two or three of these, there was a *ping-ping-ping* in the outer office, and three men rushed in, each with a note-book. In front of him was a

sheaf of tissuy, brown English telegrams, opened and stacked, and with the envelops stacked beside, for fear the numbers might be wanted. He read the first one in a glance, and flicked it off the pile.

"Send the *Monterey* to New Orleans for mules. Better charter," he said. The first man seized it, and made notes in his book. To the second: "Hire all the hydraulic cranes and load over the trains. Don't stop for the trains." To the third: "Give the West African Company all the credit they want." To the fourth, "Yes, certainly," and so on, the telegrams flicking off and the men gathering them in until he had finished, when they fled. He held up a finger to show that he saw me, called in a man that had been waiting earlier, then, when my turn came, said:

"Right! I remember. Have a banana!" He handed me a banana like a shot, at the same time pressing more buttons. Immediately more men came in, each with a note-book.

"Right Hon. Arthur Crosthwaite." He was then the lord mayor and was to be my chairman. "This is to introduce Mr. Albert Hickman, who is to speak in St. George's Hall on Canada. I should be much—" He held up a finger. The man knew the finish of that letter, and disappeared.

"Arthur Rowley, Liverpool 'Morning Post.' This is to—" A finger went up, and that man fled.

"Captain Graham, Liverpool 'Journal of Commerce'." The third man had his cue, and was bearing it into the distance. By the time he had finished the last one, the first was back, and Mr. Jones was A. L. Jonesing it with the marvelous and indecipherable hieroglyphic known to all Liverpool and half the shipping world. He crammed the lot into my hand.

"Here, have a banana," he said, always a parting token; but I learned I was specially honored to have one on entrance also. I was not requiring any bananas just then, so had two in the pocket of my coat. He looked at the clock.

"National Life-Boat Association, 12:30. Liverpool Ship-brokers Benevolent Association, 12:45. One o'clock," he said. "You come to lunch with me at the club at one o'clock?" he held up a forefinger. I nodded. The finger came down. "Right," he said. "Must go." And the four-wheeler roared away once more.

At two minutes to one I was at the club, and at one by the hand of the clock he came in swiftly, but no hurry.

"Hang your coat there. Wash your hands?" he inquired.

"I do," I said. He pointed perfunctorily toward a door. When we were seated, he said, eying me:

"What do you like?"

"Anything."

"Right." He held up the finger for fear I might interrupt him in ordering. "We will have—" He finished it, and the waiter departed.

"Now," he said, "I want the names of some Canadian lakes—big lakes."

"Lake Ontario, Lake Superior, Lake—"

"Got all those. Now the next ones in size."

"Lake Simcoe."

"Good! Big lake?"

"Yes," I said. "Lake Winnipeg, Lake Manitoba, Lake Athabasca."

"Good! Where are they? Big lakes?" I told him all I knew, and found we were naming new Beaver Line steamers as fast as we could think up names. And they all got them. During that luncheon he pumped me to the uttermost limits of my knowledge along his lines, and at five minutes to two o'clock he looked at his watch suddenly, said, "Must go," and we went.

A peculiarity of Sir Alfred's was that whenever he had a thought of any immediate importance concerning people, he communicated it to them by cable or telegraph, wherever they might be. His telegraph bills must have been enormous. I never saw a man who approached his tendency to live in the next room with everybody he knew in the world.

I was in Bristol, and for days I had been talking steamers between Avonmouth and Canada. This pleased him very much. I got a characteristic telegram.

"See you have been keeping Bristol papers full of Avonmouth steamers. Good business. Must be tired. Going up to Newcastle to-morrow with a party, Colmer, Duff Miller, and some others to launch the *Montreal.* Special at King's Cross twelve o'clock. Better come." I came. From the time we left King's Cross until we were back the entertainment was regal. In Newcastle you could not pay money to have your boots blacked, Sir Alfred had "arranged" that. Afterward I often wondered at the magnitude of the arrangement that embraced all visible boot-blacks. There were luncheons and dinners, at one of which I was asked to respond to the toast to the ladies, and came to a paralyzed stop. Sir William Armstrong, Sons & Whitworth sent a launch that took us from Elswick to South Shields and showed us the ship-building wonders of the Tyne. Finally there was the launching itself, always a magnificent sight when a big ship is concerned. Sir Alfred moved through the crowd, always urbane, pleasant, and brief. Two other ships were launched that day for Elder, Dempster. We saw one of them, the *Delta,* for the West African Line. Then we moved back on London, leaving the delicate fragrance of Perrier Jouet on the Newcastle air.

There were ladies in this party, as there frequently were in Sir Alfred's parties of this sort. He would talk to them pleasantly and deferentially for perhaps two or three minutes at a time, standing up.

"Why did you never get married?" I asked him once.

"Never had time," he said, and smiled.

He did comparatively little direct newspaper advertising, yet the papers were always mysteriously ringing with the name of Elder, Dempster and with the speeches of Sir Alfred Jones. Funny little speeches—half a dozen ten-word sentences delivered with gravity and with a final, finished inflection at the end of each.

"I quite agree with what Mr. —— has said. This business of developing this valuable territory should have been undertaken before. It is a fine country for our people to go to, or, if they can't go themselves, to send their money to. There have been great improvements in the transportation facilities. We have some very fine ships going there now. We are to have some much finer ones shortly." In one of these speeches I remember he stated that he had not much more to say beyond the fact that they had now got to the stage where they could carry a ton fourteen miles for a penny, and he sat down, amid thunderous cheers.

Perhaps the irreducible brevity of speeches was what helped to put them, verbatim, into almost every leading newspaper of the United Kingdom. But there was another reason—his treatment of the young newspaper men. He knew them all by name. His all-seeing eye would flicker over a man for three seconds, then stop, and look through him, but with kindly intent:

"What 's the matter, Forsyth?"

"Oh, nothing, sir. Had a little influenza, and don't seem to pull round. I 'll be all right—"

"No you won't." The forefinger goes up, the signal that you are to stop talking. "Let 's see, now. *Yarma* sails this afternoon 3:30. Go home and get your bag. Go down to the Metropole, Grand Canary, and stay as long as you like. Don't come home till you 're ready, now. Mind!" The finger goes down. "Right. Good-by. You 'll be all right." Forsyth goes, and stays six weeks, two months, or until he 's well. He can't buy anything with money. "Sorry, sir, but Sir Alfred has arranged." When he comes back he writes Elder, Dempster in his paper all the rest of his life.

His enemies would say that Sir Alfred's endless kindnesses extended only to people who were going to do him some good, but I could never see it in that light. I had many far-reaching courtesies which I could not in any way have repaid.

His humor was as succinct as his speech, but, as humor in any form takes time, and he had only one lifetime to play in, it had to remain for the most part hidden somewhere just behind his eyes. Sometimes

they would barely blink, to show that a shot had gone home. He had what always seemed to me the curious power of driving all expression out of his eyes instantly. They would shift from yours slightly, and it would at once seem as if they were looking at something very far away. To show how grim his humor could be on occasion, one morning—this was during the South African War—he came in with the papers, which were full of horrible things.

"Terrible thing, this war. Terrible thing. Too bad, too bad! Hope it won't stop just yet, though." The Elder, Dempster steamers were doing most of the transport service and making a fine thing out of it.

Sir Alfred, to the best of my knowledge, really worked all the time he was awake, and slept all the time between. Or played, if you choose to call it that, for there is no doubt he looked upon it all as a great game—a game which you must play by yourself, because nobody else can play it; a solitaire, with ships instead of cards as counters. These men, surrounded by everybody, are the most terribly alone of all people.

Day and night were very much the same to him, as to an Oriental. But he had the rare faculty of being able to go to sleep at any moment he chose, wherever he might be. This doubtless saved him. On his train journeys he carried two or three secretaries with him, and when he had these all nicely filled up, so that it would take them an hour to transcribe the work, he would lean against the corner of the seat, and in an instant he would be asleep. If you went in then, one of the men would hold up his hand and point at Sir Alfred, and you softly backed out, to wait till later. To me there was always something pathetic in it. One solitary man, sleeping like a child, and this relentless system of steamers, plowing through all the waters of the world and depending on him to keep them going. When the secretaries had finished, they would touch his arm, he would sit up, reach for the eternal cigar, light it, and say, "We 'll take those," pointing to a new bundle of letters, and they would proceed.

His attention to detail was beyond conception and almost beyond belief.

A year or two later I was to speak again in St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The late Lord Derby was to take the chair, and Sir Alfred was coming down from London to say a few words. I traveled across country from South Shields the night before, changing trains several times, and got into Liverpool at five o'clock in the morning. I tried for a few hours' sleep, but it was no use. At 6:30 the first telegram arrived from Sir Alfred: "Think it would be a good idea if you met Lady Derby at—" etc., and half an hour later another: "Tell Captain Graham of the 'Journal of Commerce' that I would like—" etc., and they continued to come whenever he thought of anything that seemed new and useful.

The St. George's Hall affair was a triumphant success, if vast herds of the proletariat count for anything, and Sir Alfred spoke, I think, five sentences.

"Going up to town on the eight o'clock train in the morning. Join you at Edgehill," he said after we had finished. So in the morning I boarded the train, with three of his secretaries, and at Edgehill—the same Edgehill where Charles fought the battle—Sir Alfred climbed aboard.

"Seen the morning papers?" He piled them in my lap. He lighted a new cigar, and pointed at a bundle of letters in the rack overhead. A secretary handed them down. The first one was something about the West India mail service. After he 'd answered it, he said: "Wire Chamberlain: 'Don't you think it would be a good idea to have the *Port Royal* call at —— on Tuesdays? People of that district are—' " etc. "Wire Campbell: 'Could you not make connections with—' " etc. "Wire Mender: 'How many tons—' " etc. The letter had suggested questions to the Colonial Office, to Canada, and to Jamaica, and he wished to talk with them all at once.

The second letter was a blue-tinted envelop, unopened. He eyed it suspiciously,

smelled it, sniffing powerfully, then tore off the envelop and handed it to me.

"Smell that!" It was heavily scented.

Dear Mr. Jones: [He was Sir Alfred then, anyway.] You will remember my poor husband, what a trouble he was to us when he was alive. Now that he is gone, we are having a difficult time to get along. Just at present we are especially hard pressed. Could you possibly let us have two pounds till Tuesday, when I should be glad to repay you? Very sincerely—

"Hm! Great trouble to her husband when he was alive. Knew him very well. Very fine fellow. Scents her letter, too. Not a penny!"

Dear Madam: Very sorry to hear you are having a hard time. Hope things may turn out better for you in the near future. I remember your husband very well. Very fine man indeed. I am sorry we have so many calls on us at present that it is quite impossible to respond to them all as we should like. Perhaps at some future time things may be better. Regretting that I cannot be of any more practical service to you at present, I am, etc.

"Great trouble to her husband, poor fellow! Very fine fellow indeed." That this was not typical of Sir Alfred's charity many people know.

The next thing that came to his hand was the "Canadian Trade Review," in the wrapper. Why the paper should be in his mail at all, and why in the wrapper, I had no idea. He opened it and turned over each page. Suddenly:

Dear Lewis: [Lewis was a nephew and an assistant] On page 374, Canadian Trade Review enclosed, there is a picture of the new Sun Life Building in Toronto. Note the corner windows. Corner windows are good. Give that to our architect and tell him to have our new offices built that way.

And so it went. Everything was grist that came to that amazing mill. At stations telegrams came in. He received them without comment and without change of expression. Always urbane, always speaking swiftly, with each phrase having a definitive end, never hurried. His memory could be called faultless. His judgment seemed to me to be absolute. And never while I knew him can I recollect seeing him hesitate for one visible instant over a decision. The question was asked, the answer came, and that was all. He was busy at something else. He had to be.

What his ambition may have been I have no idea, and I imagine no one had, perhaps least of all himself. In Liverpool one night, at a dinner of the Liverpool Ship-brokers Benevolent Association, at which he was present, Ian Maclaren, who was speaking, accused him of wishing to absorb the balance of the shipping of the world. A voice said, "Why only the shipping?" Sir Alfred's comment was a brief smile. A lady who had just smashed a bottle of champagne over the stem of one of his ships, after the ship had reached the water turned to me and said, "Did you ever see that Sir Alfred was always in a dream?" This is perhaps the most persistent impression after years—his eyes suddenly coming back out of the distance, and as suddenly becoming expressionless again.

One night, a good while after the times referred to above, I was at his chambers in Northumberland Avenue, London, when he came in from somewhere in the North. It was ten o'clock, a desolate sort of night, and he was alone, with the exception of one man. As he took off his coat, he straightened up with what seemed to me a little weariness, as if, perhaps, he might be shifting the load from one shoulder to the other. But even if it were so, it was the only sign I ever remember. In an instant he had pressed a button, which produced a young man, and was walking about the room dictating telegrams. Probably it is nearer the truth to suppose that he had no load, no more sense of his moral responsibility than the chess-player at the board. To me these men, like Napoleon Bonaparte, are inconceivable. It must all be purely for the love of the game. He

had everything because he was willing to give up everything.

There have been other men, perhaps, who have had nominal personal control over larger interests than Sir Alfred Jones, but no man I ever heard of who chose to run so many things in the world himself out of his own head.

In December, 1909, when the news of his death went round the world, the regret was general among the thousands who knew him, and the sorrow was sincere with those who knew him well. Some of the greatest powers in the kingdom came forward to take over his blithely borne responsibilities.

On the Trail of the Dullard

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Author of "The Boy Who Goes Wrong," "The Mind of the Child," etc.

ONCE upon a time, not many years ago, a distinguished French psychologist paid a visit to a Parisian public school. It was accounted an excellent school, and its principal beamed with pardonable pride when the visiting psychologist, Dr. Alfred Binet, explained that he would like to see the pupils at work. Forthwith his desire was granted, and for a time he attentively followed the exercises of a class of forty children. He said little by way of comment, however, until, toward the close of the lesson-hour, he abruptly inquired:

"Which of these pupils do you consider the most intelligent?"

"That boy yonder," the teacher replied, nodding toward a pleasant-faced youngster who was diligently reading his book.

"And, pray, how old is he?"

"He is twelve."

"That, I suppose, is the average age for the class?"

"Well, no; I should say that they are on the average ten years old."

"What, then, is this twelve-year-old boy doing among them? If he is so bright, why is he lingering among these little ones? My dear sir," the psychologist continued, while the principal stood in abashed silence, "would it not be nearer the mark to call him a backward instead of a bright child? And would it not be well to search for the cause of his backwardness and try to remedy it? Assuredly this boy should constitute for you a delicate problem that insistently demands solution."

This, I say, happened not many years ago. For that matter, incidents quite like it occasionally happen even to-day, testifying impressively to the inability of some teachers to appreciate the presence, let alone the significance, of the laggard in the school-room. But in the brief period that has elapsed since Alfred Binet began his epoch-making investigations in the schools of Paris there has undoubtedly been a genuine and wide-spread awakening in respect to the tremendously important problem raised by the backward child. Especially is this true of our own land. Nowhere else, perhaps, have more diligent efforts been made to ascertain the extent and causes of backwardness among the school-going population, and nowhere else is greater activity being displayed in the beneficial task of transforming the backward child as far as possible into the normal one.

Certainly, too, it must regretfully be added, there is abundant reason for this

activity. Researches conducted in the last ten years by American school authorities and by independent investigators have revealed an appalling state of affairs. Dr. Oliver P. Cornman, a district superintendent of the Philadelphia schools, making a statistical survey of five city school systems, found 21.6 per cent. of Boston school-children a year or more behind the normal grade for their age; 30 per cent. behind grade in New York; 37.1 per cent. behind grade in Philadelphia; 47.5 per cent. behind grade in Camden, New Jersey; and 49.6 per cent. behind grade in Kansas City. Mr. Leonard P. Ayres, acting in behalf of the Russell Sage Foundation, investigated fifteen New York City public schools, having twenty thousand pupils, and found a degree of retardation ranging from 10.9 to 36.6 per cent. Scrutiny of the school reports of more than thirty other cities revealed an average retardation of 33.7 per cent. Taking this as a fair average for the whole country, we have a total of between six and seven million American school-children who are a year and more behind grade.

To be sure, this does not mean that all these children are intellectually deficient, for the term "retarded" is by no means synonymous with "dullard." Irregular attendance owing to illness or truancy accounts for not a little retardation. The education of a good many children is deliberately postponed by their parents, and as a result they are necessarily behind grade for some time after they enter school. In the case of many others, especially in cities like New York and Boston, where there is a large foreign-born element in the population, ignorance of the English language is a sufficient cause for temporary retardation. The personal inefficiency of teachers is also a factor to be reckoned with. Many a child becomes a "repeater" simply because he has had a poor teacher.

Nevertheless, when every possible allowance is conceded, the results of the investigations by Mr. Ayres, Superintendent Cornman, and their co-workers make a deplorable showing. It is a showing, however, with one distinctly redeeming feature. Readers of my previous article, "The Boy who Goes Wrong," will remember it was there pointed out that the proportion of juvenile delinquents who are "born bad," and for whom no remedial measures will avail, is exceedingly small. There is reason for saying precisely the same thing with regard to the retarded child.

He may be dull, stupid, to all appearance hopelessly defective, but the researches of the last decade, the fruits of the mind-developing experiments that have gone apace with the discovery of the extent to which backwardness prevails, leave no doubt that in nearly every case the child who is a true dullard may be brought almost, if not fully, to normal intellectual activity, provided he is taken in hand at an early day. In fact, even those most pessimistically inclined admit that, at an outside estimate, not more than 2 per cent. of backward children are backward because of incurable defects of the brain. The majority of present-day authorities put the figure as low as 1 per cent., and my own belief is that even this is too high a proportion.

Undoubtedly, and especially since the invention of psychological tests to determine the mental state of dullards, many children have been erroneously pronounced feeble-minded when their backwardness is in reality due to remediable causes. The trouble is not with the tests so much as with the inexperience of those who apply them, some of the tests being seemingly so easy of application that in many instances they have been utilized by teachers and others having little or no training in clinical psychology. This is particularly true concerning the application of the much-talked-about Binet-Simon method of mental diagnosis, invented by Dr. Alfred Binet and his colleague in scientific child study, Professor T. Simon.

The Binet-Simon method is certainly simple enough, and, rightly used, is of great value. It was formulated by putting to hundreds of children, ranging in

age from three to thirteen, a series of questions and commands of increasing difficulty, noting the results obtained, and selecting as "norms" for each age the questions and commands to which the majority of the children of that age were able to respond correctly. Thus it furnishes a convenient means for determining with considerable accuracy the degree of mental retardation of any particular child. Experience has shown, though, that its fixed standard, by which children are pronounced "mentally defective" if they fall three years behind the norm for their age, is not always an infallible guide. When the method is applied by the untrained investigator the result is sometimes absurd.

For instance, in one American city 49.7 per cent. of six hundred retarded children tested by the Binet-Simon method were reported as being "feeble-minded," while 80 per cent. of three hundred children in the special classes of another city school system were similarly stigmatized. On such a basis we should have, among the six million retarded children in our schools, from three to nearly five million who are feeble-minded. Even if the Binet-Simon testing is done by an expert, there is always the danger of an incorrect diagnosis, with resultant serious injustice to the child tested, unless the indications drawn from the testing are verified by careful investigation in the psychological laboratory. One or two cases from the experience of a well-known clinical psychologist, Professor J. E. Wallace Wallin of St. Louis, may well be cited to illustrate and emphasize this important truth.

There was once brought to Professor Wallin an attractive girl of seventeen who was studying—or, rather, attempting to study—Latin, history, algebra, and English in the tenth grade of a private school. Her teacher complained that she could remember little or nothing of what was taught her, that her attention flagged easily, and that in other ways she did not seem to be of normal mentality. In fact, tested by the Binet-Simon method, she graded only eleven and a half years old.

Had the psychological inquiry into her condition stopped there, she would have been declared a fit subject for institutional care, according to the Binet-Simon rating. But Dr. Wallin insisted on additional and different testings, and presently made the significant discovery that her trouble lay not in any structural brain defect, but in a functional weakness of the nervous system that caused her to become fatigued at the least mental exertion. She was, in short, a "psychasthenic," and needed only proper treatment by a skilled neurologist to be put into condition to profit from her lessons as her schoolmates did.

So, too, with a man of twenty-eight, who, tested by the Binet-Simon system, displayed the mentality of a boy of twelve. Had he been in the hands of an investigator who knew no more of the technic of psychological examination than the Binet-Simon scale, he would unhesitatingly have been classified as feeble-minded. But, as Professor Wallin said in discussing the case:

> He did not impress me at all as being feeble-minded. His appearance, speech, and conduct suggested the polished and cultured gentleman. I put him through approximately thirty sets of mental tests [other than twenty-five individual Binet tests] and thirty moral tests. These tests demonstrated that there was a considerable difference in the strength of his different mental traits. Some traits were on the twelve-year plane, some on the fifteen-year, some on the sixteen-year, and some on the adult plane. In some mental tests he did as well as college men. He passed correctly practically all of the moral tests.
>
> His, in short, was indeed a case showing more or less deficiency in respect to various mental traits. But, contrary to the Binet rating, the man was not feeble-minded. It eventually developed that a sexual complex was at the root of his trouble.

Far more misleading, of course, is dependence on unaided observation as a guide in determining the true mental state of a child. Yet since the beginning of scientific investigation into the causes of backward-

ness, cases have continually been coming to light in which teachers and even parents have mistakenly identified curable dullness with incurable feeble-mindedness, and have abandoned all effort at intellectual development. Sometimes, consequently, a condition closely resembling outright idiocy results from sheer neglect, as in one particularly striking case reported by Dr. Arthur Holmes of Pennsylvania State College.

In this case the daughter of a well-to-do professional man failed to show normal mental growth in infancy, and was mistakenly assumed by her sorrowing father to be weak-minded. Left to her own devices, on the theory that it would be useless to try to mend the work of Providence, she remained until the age of eight in a state of seeming imbecility. She could not read or write, could not speak more than three words, and spent most of her time gibbering in a corner. Then, as good fortune would have it, she came under the observation of an expert investigator of mental conditions, and was subjected for a year to careful training. At the end of that time she "could speak in simple sentences, answer ordinary questions intelligently, read in a primer, write a few words, and conduct herself in the manner of a little lady."

In other words, she had been taken in hand in time to save her from a life of incompetency, misery, and mental darkness. Is it not reasonable to infer, in the light of this and similar cases on record, that our institutions for the feeble-minded would be far less crowded than they are to-day had regenerative measures been likewise applied to their inmates in early childhood? Indeed, with Professor Lightner Witmer, dean of American clinical psychologists, I am prepared to affirm:

> I believe that a child may be feeble-minded in one environment—for example, in his own home—and may cease to exhibit feeble-mindedness when placed in a different environment. I also agree with those modern students of insanity who assert that the development of some forms of insanity may be averted by a proper course of discipline and training. Analogously I contend that because a child of sixteen or twenty presents a hopeless case of feeble-mindedness, this is no evidence that proper treatment, instituted at an earlier age, might not have determined an entirely different course of development.

Also, as in the case of the congenital criminal, mental backwardness has again and again been found to depend on comparatively slight physical defects—defects of eye, ear, mouth, nose, throat, teeth—the correction of which often results in a spontaneous and remarkable intellectual awakening. Mr. Ayres, who has made an exhaustive statistical study of this element in retardation, finds that it alone accounts for about 9 per cent. of the laggards in our schools, and clinical psychologists are disposed to put the percentage still higher. On the other hand, their experience with retarded children has led them to the important conclusion that, helpful as spectacles, the ear syringe, and the surgeon's knife may be, "after-treatment" in the way of careful individual training often is indispensable, if only for the reason that while handicapped by the physical defect the child may have acquired faulty mental habits which need to be corrected before education by ordinary school-room methods can count for much.

This means, manifestly, that many agencies must coöperate in the regeneration of the curable dullard. How many are sometimes involved may perhaps be sufficiently indicated by detailing a single case from Professor Witmer's extensive experience, the case of an eleven-year-old boy who was brought to the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania with a history of five wasted years in school.

Any suspicion that he might belong to the ranks of the truly feeble-minded was dissipated by the results of the thorough mental testing through which Professor Witmer put him. This showed not only that he was naturally intelligent, but also that he was of an affectionate, generous,

and thoughtful disposition. When, however, a physical examination was made, ample reason for his dullness was discovered, for it was found that he was suffering from adenoids, enlarged tonsils, weakness of vision, and dental trouble, his teeth being decayed and unclean, with tartar pushing back the gums, which were inflamed and swollen. In addition, he was stoop-shouldered, had an irregular heart action, and showed signs of being poorly nourished.

"Before anything can be done to improve your boy's mental state," it was explained to his mother, "his physical condition will have to be attended to. He should be put under treatment without delay."

Then began a distressful period for the hapless youngster. First of all, a throat specialist operated on him for the removal of the adenoids and the hypertrophied tonsils. After this he was sent to the eye clinic, where he was fitted with glasses. Next he was taken to the dental clinic, where his teeth were filled and cleaned. All the while a trained social worker kept in touch with his parents to make sure that he would receive the hygienic care which had hitherto been obviously lacking. In the meantime he was allowed to return to school, from which, after the beginning of the summer vacation, he was transferred to a special school for backward boys. Here he remained most of the summer, being given individual attention with regard to his mental and his physical needs.

It was noticed that at first he was inclined to be quick-tempered and disorderly; but under the tactful handling he received he soon settled down. From being puny and delicate, he became an active, vigorous boy, excelling in the swimming-pool and the gymnasium. At his books he also made such progress that, on returning to regular school in the autumn, he was promoted through two grades in less than six months, being then only one grade behind normal, and giving every promise of catching up with the boys of his own age in another six months.

Altogether, the services of half a dozen specialists in psychology, medicine, and education and the expenditure of much time, effort, and money had been required to get this boy straightened out. Nor is his by any means an uncommon case. Moreover, like the case of the gibbering girl of eight, it illustrates another point in connection with the problem of retardation which cannot be too strongly emphasized—the part played by parental ignorance and thoughtlessness in swelling the army of those retarded.

Had the parents of this boy appreciated the close relationship between bodily health and the health of the mind, had they taken alarm at the first signs of malnutrition and sought the advice of a competent physician, instituting developmental measures in accordance with his counsel, their son might not have become an educational "lame duck," and all the tedious and costly restorative work of later years would then have been avoided. To be sure, it must immediately be added that maintenance of his physical health would not of itself have inevitably operated as a guarantee against retardation.

For, quite conceivably, he might have been surrounded by an intellectually deadening home environment, receiving from his parents neither proper disciplining nor encouragement and stimulus to mental activity in early childhood, with the result that when the time came for him to go to school he would display little capability for, or interest in, the tasks of the classroom. So frequently is this actually the case that students of retardation are inclining more and more to rate faulty home training as perhaps the chief cause of backwardness. Thus we find one keen observer, Professor P. E. Davidson, declaring in an address at an educational convention in California:

> Parental neglect as a cause, resulting in emotional and volitional disorder, is emphasized in our cases. Learning in school is conditioned largely by what Witmer calls "pedagogical rapport," wherein a deference to the prestige of the teacher and the

school, and a sensitiveness to its rewards and punishments, are such as rapidly to produce a habit of voluntary effort or active attention. Confirmed wilfulness at home and undisciplined impulsiveness must undoubtedly figure in the matter of learning. If the child's organic habit, after five or six years of poor home training, makes avoidance of the painfulness of effort the usual thing, we may be sure the teacher in the first grade will have unusual difficulty in inducing a disciplined attention, and a bad beginning on this account may establish a backwardness which later may not be overcome without the individual attention that is impossible in the teaching of large classes.

Professor G. W. A. Luckey, head professor of education in the University of Nebraska, listing the causes of retardation, puts at the foot of the list, "bad inheritance, unredeemable defects, physical and mental," and at the very top, "ignorance and indifference on the part of parents." Most investigators would undoubtedly evaluate these contrasting causes in precisely the same way. The inference, needless to say, is that we can never hope to bring about an appreciable diminution in the number of those retarded until parents are more fully enlightened as to their duties and responsibilities. And it is therefore good to find that a nation-wide campaign of enlightenment is well under way, together with an ever-increasing extension of agencies for the work of rescuing the retarded and fitting them to achieve success in the school and in the world.

Five years ago there were in all the United States only three "clearing-houses for retarded children." These were the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania, established by Professor Witmer in 1896; a civic psychological clinic, opened in 1909, in connection with the schools of Los Angeles; and the psychological clinic of Clark University, established in the same year as a department of that university's splendid Children's Institute. To-day, as part of the regular activities of universities and normal schools, there are psychological clinics in California (2), Colorado, Connecticut, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Massachusetts (2), Michigan, Minnesota, New York (2), Ohio (2), Pennsylvania (2), and Washington.

Four States, Indiana, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, have psychological clinics in operation as adjuncts of hospitals. California, Illinois, New York, and Pennsylvania have similar clinics in direct connection with the public-school system. Ohio has one connected with a vocational guidance bureau, and in Connecticut, Illinois, and Massachusetts psychological clinics are also in operation for the special purpose of aiding in the proper disposition of cases brought before the juvenile courts.

Even more rapid has been the development of ear, eye, throat, and dental clinics for the needs of school-children. As an outgrowth, too, of the discoveries of the last few years there has been a wide-spread movement in the direction of establishing special schools and classes in which the retarded may receive the care necessary to enable them to make up for lost time, or, when this is out of the question, to equip them for as happy and useful a life as is possible under their exceptional mental limitations. Unquestionably a splendid beginning has been made in the warfare against retardation—a beginning not surpassed by similar effort in any foreign land, and certain to prove of tremendous value to the American nation.

Statue of Joan of Arc, Riverside Drive, New York by Anna Vaughn Hyatt

Miss Hyatt's Statue of Joan of Arc

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

Author of "American Masters of Sculpture," etc.

MANY of the difficulties that usually confront the sculptor of an equestrian statue in this country were escaped by Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt in the case of her Joan of Arc. In the first place, it is safe to say that the "Joan of Arc Statue Committee," of which Mr. J. Sanford Saltus was president, gave her complete liberty to solve the problem in accordance with her own ideas of artistic fitness. There were no restrictions, as in the case of a memorial to some modern general, imposed by a committee chiefly intent on securing a good likeness of the general, correctness of uniform and accoutrements, characteristics of the rider's seat in the saddle, and method of handling the horse. Moreover, the horse itself would not be of the modern type, with stringy legs that, when the statue is shown on a pedestal, offer the contrast of spidery lines and large intervals of empty spaces, a condition antagonistic to the monumental impressiveness that a sculptor aims to secure in a colossal equestrian statue.

The horse could be of that heavy build which the weight of armor demanded in the fifteenth century. The armor itself involved qualities of picturesqueness and also that unusualness of character which is an aid to special distinction, while the subject in its entirety was one of peculiarly poignant interest. So far the luck was with Miss Hyatt; for the use to which she has turned it the credit is hers alone. She has earned for herself the distinction of creating one of the few really monumental, impressive, and expressive equestrian statues of modern times. It is an extra distinction that this triumph is a woman's. I can recall no other instance of a woman sculptor being intrusted with a commission so important. Yet Miss Hyatt possesses qualities, both as sculptor and woman, that justified a presumption of her peculiar fitness for this particular work.

The work involved two very different requirements: a thorough knowledge of equine sculpture and a capacity to realize the spirit of the Maid. Other women, notably Rosa Bonheur and Marie Diéterle, have handled the animal subject in a large and impressive way. They spent a great part of their lives in an intimate association with their subjects. Miss Hyatt also knows horses, and though hitherto her statues of them had been small in scale, they were distinguished by an unmistakable freedom and bigness of design and by the grasp of construction and character that only intimate knowledge and sympathy can attain. To one familiar with her previous work it will be no surprise that she has given this horse of the Joan statue the qualities of big form and vigorous movement. But she has done more: she has given it a truly monumental quality and a grandeur and magnificence of expression.

In the first place, the disposition of the legs not only achieves a free and forceful action, but also a relation between them and the open spaces that at once increases the vitality of the action and secures a rich and resolute design. Secondly, the modeling of the legs and body, neck and head, is magnificently adjusted to the scale of the whole. It is big and simple, treated in massy planes, each one of which seems to swell to a muscular energy beneath it. Nowhere is the surface empty of interest; on the contrary, it everywhere stimulates to a high degree the tactile sensation. Furthermore, the expedient of raising the ground in front gives the body of the horse a lift upward that terminates in the arch of the neck as the head is drawn back to the swelling throat by the pressure of the curb. Yet "terminates" is not the word, for, studying the action of the animal, one discovers that the flowing line of the back, after rearing up through the neck, returns

upon itself through the head, and starts another curve of movement at the throat. It simulates, in fact, the rise of a wave to its crest, with the resultant burst and recoil. Moreover, throughout the form may be discerned lesser actions and reactions of flow, which, were they diagramed, would present an interlace of responsive and contrasted planes and curves. Herein is the final secret of the capacity of this horse to stir one's feeling highly. It is not only largely and vigorously constructed, but movement courses through the bulk in continuous rhythms.

Thus it has both dignity of design and fine expressional value. It serves as a foundation of magnificent physical power to the frail, slender figure of the Maid, while to the tense melody of the theme, as represented in the latter, it operates through the vibrations of its rhythms like a harmonic counterpoint.

It is in the figure that the interest of the statue reaches its highest significance. Hitherto the famous treatments of this theme in sculpture have been by men, notably by the French sculptors Emmanuel Frémiet and Paul Dubois. History depicts Joan, the peasant girl, as a seer of visions, the recipient of spiritual exaltations. She was only a little over seventeen years old when she began her victory by raising the siege of Orléans. A girl so young, consumed with religious ecstasy, would likely be frail in physique, all her energy the product of an intense, flamelike soul. But see how Frémiet imagined her! He gave his Joan the build of a robust peasant, with an opulent bosom beneath the cuirass, so that the swell of the latter forms an emphatic spot in the design, detracting from the expression of the head. Nor in the head is there any suggestion of spiritual possession. It is not searching heavenward for guidance; it faces forward, contributing its share to a studiedly heroic pose not devoid of spectacular bravado.

Dubois's conception, on the other hand, preserves the girlish frailty of the figure, and gives it a flowerlike animation, but uninspired by spiritual intensity. Its gestures are almost gay, as of a girl consciously enjoying the surprise of a new experience. The net expression is spirited, but very far from spiritual.

Returning to Miss Hyatt's conception, it is worth while to recall the fact that she is of New England ancestry, born and bred in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She may well have inherited or imbibed something of that residuum of Puritan faith and discipline which flamed into the transcendentalism of Emerson and others—that tendency to vision life against a spiritual horizon. Added to her womanly intuition of the Maid's character there may well have been—indeed, as one studies her statue one feels there must have been—a specially sympathetic insight into the spiritual qualities that distinguished her heroine. The note of her Maid is that of spiritual possession, a rapture of soul, whereby self-consciousness is caught up in complete surrender to divine intimations, the world of the flesh being forgotten in the realities of spiritual revelation. To note only one gesture of the figure: the Maid is not brandishing her sword, as in the Dubois statue, with galliard irrelevance. She holds it above her head, fixing her gaze intently on the guard, where the quillons form with the blade and handle a cross, the symbol of her faith. Hers is the "sword of the spirit," and, as it is carried, becomes the climax of the figure's tense expression. Beginning with the straining upward, as of some frail tendril growth toward the light, the expression blossoms into concentrated fervor in the face, and then, mounting through the sword-blade, passes up and onward into the vast goal of all spiritual intensity, the infinite.

Under the spell that this figure exerts upon my imagination, and will exert, I believe, on the imagination of most thoughtful people who study it sympathetically, this statue has a spiritual significance that is lacking in the others. Nor does it fall short of them in monumental impressiveness and general decorative design. Indeed, to my feeling, Miss Hyatt's composition is distinctly finer. Horse and

rider unite in a more effective ensemble; the masses of the design are nobler and also more expressive, the physical force of the animal being related with a fuller meaning of contrast to the delicate lines and chastely simple masses of the figure. And the latter has a poignancy of expression that is extremely touching. It is lifted to an eminence in which it seems to be sacredly aloof.

It is interesting to note that the armor was modeled from a suit owned by Dr. Bashford Dean, which is at present in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It is a product of Italian craftsmanship, of pure Gothic design of the fifteenth century, the finest period of the armorer's art, when consummate skill was united to a choice feeling for simplicity of lines and the intrinsic beauty of hammered surfaces.

The Every-day Profanity of Our Best People

By BURGES JOHNSON

Author of "The Well of English and the Bucket," etc.

SWEARING is not generally a matter of morals. It is a question of good taste, if you like, or propriety and good form, and usually it is a question of education. Taking the name of Deity "in vain" violates one of the commandments; but vain use of a word or phrase that is utterly meaningless to its user does not come within this description. Seldom, in fact, does one who utters an oath have the real meaning of the phrase in his thought.

"Ah," says Mrs. Rollo Merton, "but you have hit upon the very meaning of 'in vain.' It is the careless or ignorant use of such terms that constitutes profanity." If she is right, then we must grant that the commandment has been broken by "Zounds!" which is a corruption of "God's wounds," "Ods-bodikins!" which originally was "God's body!" "Dear me!" which is really "Dio mio," and "Oh my!" "Goodness gracious!" "Mercy!" "Gee!" and all the other long-established evasions and abbreviations which never indicate in these days that the speaker has their origin in mind. No; let us assume that this every-day profanity of good people indicates not a laxity of morals, not even low ethical standards, but a totally different and much more superficial ailment, which may be called a disease of the vocabulary.

"The Encyclopædia Britannica," which makes no real distinction between "oaths" and "swearing" and "profanity," says epigrammatically, if one may accuse the "Britannica" of epigrams, that oaths are "promises made under non-human penalty or sanction." As a definition for an oath in a legal sense this might be adequate, but it covers less than a third of the field. Every-day profanity, as it is commonly understood, naturally falls into three great divisions: the asseverative, "So help me!" the denunciatory, "Devil take him!" and the interjectional, "Zounds!" All of these groups have representation in the casual swear-words of our best people.

Let us consider, in low tones if you like, asseverative profanity. The very spelling of the word *answer* indicates the commonplaceness of an assertion supported by an oath: *an-swer,* to swear in opposition to; to take oath in support of your own statement. Did you go to church last Sunday? If you were an English cockney, you might answer, "I did, s' help me!" If you

were an Irishman, you would say, "I did, begorra!" You yourself may say, "I did, indeed." If, to quote the "Britannica," you call upon non-human witnesses in support of your statement, is there not a hint of confession that your word needs sustaining, and that perhaps human witnesses might fail you? Consider the evident consciousness of one's own integrity that lies in the simple phrase "I did."

"It comes to pass oft," says Sir Toby Belch, "that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than very proof itself would have earned it."

Of denunciatory expletives one must speak even more softly. Great and worthy oaths there have been in this group, many that have won a place for themselves in history. Washington facing the traitor Lee, Farragut facing the torpedoes, spoke words so well-timed and obviously so sincere that they are enshrined in a somewhat dilute form, we suspect, even in our school-books. And yet it is this group that has, if one may so express it, the lowest social position. Denunciation requires an object; it implies an animate one, and therefore means swearing *at* somebody or something. If at somebody, it involves rudeness and "bad form"; at something, it involves also futility, absurdity, or a confession of inadequacy. The every-day oaths of this class are often only cheap substitutes for deeds; it is easier to drat a situation than to face it out.

It is the third group, the interjectional oaths, that largely provides profanity for our best people. This division covers a field of expression so broad and so vaguely defined that a hasty definition might be viewed as offensive personal criticism by the gentlest reader. "Jove!" "Gee whiz!" "Jiminy crickets!" "Oh my!" "Oh dear!" "Gosh!" "I 'll be dinged!" "Shiver my timbers!" "Gracious!" "Goodness!" "Peste!" "Carramba!" "Donner und Blitzen!"—all were once asseverative or denunciatory, but time has rubbed away their keen points and biting edges, just as waves and sand in time render harmless a bit of glass on the sea-shore. "Thunder and lightning!" says the German, and some remote and devout ancestor shivers in the grave at this carelessly profane reference to the weapons of almighty Thor.

Most of our own commonplace exclamations might be traced back to an earlier day when the vigor of their youth was still within them. Imagine two old Romans standing upon the deck of a ship gazing upon the eruption of Vesuvius. They watch in awe-struck silence, until one of them gasps, "I swear by Father Jove that never before have I beheld such wonders!" And the other echoes, "Oh Gemini, Heavenly Twins, gaze down into my heart, for I have no words to paint the glory of this spectacle!" Centuries later the inheritors of some of their classic speech gaze upon Vesuvius, and one says, "Jove! what a sight!" and the other echoes, "Jiminy! ain't it grand!"

Gone are the echoing oaths of a day when swearing was an art. Those swash-buckling phrases went with swash-buckling deeds. "By the bones of Saint Michael! I will spit thee to thy cringing gizzard!" There was a mouth-filling and classic threat for you! In these days, when automatic revolvers have replaced fencing-swords, there is n't time to say it. Gone are the cloud-splitting denunciations of militant churchmen, and if we fling out what is left of the sounding phrases of some theological curse, it is as a boy might take from his pocket a stingless hornet for the effect that it produces in the school-room, until in time both hornet and effect become worn out.

Gone are all the fine old oaths; but why are they gone? Their parts may all be found in the dictionary. Might not you and I put them together again? Only as we might reconstruct the mammoth; he will stand here bravely in his cold bones, but he will not trumpet for us.

It was a pathetic end to which the old oaths came. They were done to death, and their descendants inherited a weakened frame and vitiated blood, and can never do the sturdy work their fathers did.

Working our strong words to death, or

at least working them into decrepitude, is a crime not confined to any age. Our forefathers accomplished it in their time. "Zounds!" and "Ods-bodikins!" we have already referred to. "Aye, Marry," is another. "Yes, by Mary," was its meaning in its vigorous youth; then it declined into merely a mild form of emphasis, and then, like "Zounds" and "Gramercy,"—God's mercy,—died altogether. More humiliating still was the fall of that stately oath "By our Lady!" for instead of death when death was welcome, it survives as a British vulgarism that for some whimsical reason is considered unworthy a place in reputable society's vocabulary.

Current speech of to-day in most walks of society does not include many mouth-filling oaths to take the place of the old. It is a politer age or one certainly of softer expression. But we are still doing words and phrases to death, and the sin is of course committed against those that must do the heavy work. They are broken down, while those that must do the delicate work have their edges dulled and their points blunted. "God's mercy!" became finally one meaningless word and ceased to profane the name of Deity; "Perfec'ly elegant" becomes at times a single word, and it profanes our beloved mother tongue. It and its like constitute the profanity of school-girls of our day. What have we left of "Splendid!" "Mighty!" "Gorgeous!" "Awful!" "Horrible!" "Indeed!" and many more?

Observe the display type of a yellow newspaper. Those are the oaths of journalism. Can you recall their gradual growth until they reached the heyday of their vigor? Once important news appeared in letters an inch high, then they were two inches, then three inches, then they overran the page. If I speak to you always at the top of my voice, what shall I do when I feel the need of shouting? Display type that is so large one cannot read it at a glance has surely lost its virtue. Nothing is left for the editor but red ink. Soon, too, he finds that he is printing the entire outside page in red, and that too has lost its value.

But there is a recourse that has not occurred to the editor of the yellow journal. He might revert to the smallest type in the shop for his scare-heads, centering them in a white space at the top of the sheet, and you and I, seeing such a display on the news-stands, would cry out "Heavens!" or "Jiminy Christmas!" or whatever was our custom, "look at the 'New York Screech'! See that unusual type! Something enormous must have happened."

Did you go to church last Sunday? "I did, begorra!" "I did, s' help me!" "I did." The unusualness of a simple assertion nowadays gives it a force greater than can be gained by all the expletives in the dictionary.

I would save our strong words, oaths or not, if I could. Some may have worn out; some are soiled and thrown in the gutter. Some, in equally hard straits, have not a wide enough circle of acquaintance to be readily used or readily understood. What a humiliating spectacle is the word *damn!* Once a powerful invective, conveying all the righteous anger of the church, now a miserable subterfuge of the playwright if he needs a laugh in the midst of a tense situation; now a commonplace that a French translator of English idiom found he could render only by the word *tres.*

Educators who have investigated the matter tell us that the average speaking vocabulary of a grammar-school graduate contains fewer than one thousand words. This does not mean that all of the nouns with which he is acquainted through his history or geography do not bring the number up to a greater total, but that the words which he actually uses in conversation range from five hundred to one thousand. With vocabularies such as these no wonder that young men in their days of enthusiasm and desire for emphasis grope vainly throughout their own equipment for forcible expressions, and then gather soiled discards from the gutter. No wonder "Perfectly lovely" and "Just elegant" are worked to the extent that they are, and are spread so thin over so broad a field that in time they mean nothing at all.

Poor oaths! Once denunciations and

appeals to Heaven, some of them have reached the lowest depth, and are substitutes for conversation, taking rank with "Well, well!" "Do tell!" "I want to know!" and the like. And what greater profanation of our tongue is there than these? "Well, well!" was once one of the amenities of speech, a courtesy of conversation. "What you have said is well; now hear my view," was what it implied. But now it is a stop-gap, one of several such substitutes for thought; as though in our conversational barter you offer me your idea and I return payment with a draft on a bank where I have no account, half hoping that before you discover the deception the cash will come to me.

The conclusion of the matter is this: I do not argue for the destruction, but for the conservation of profanity of all kinds, both old and new. I would say to a young man, "My son, you may have two *damns* for conversational use between now and Easter," and if I had control over his vocabulary, I feel confident of this result: that as each emotional crisis appeared, and he started to squander one of his treasures, he would pause and say to himself, "No, there may be a greater crisis to-morrow," and he would search through his vocabulary for some effective adjective or adverb that would serve the moment's purpose. It is probable that when Easter came the two words would still be at his disposal. With a free conscience I could then say to him: "Go forth, young man, and spend them; spend them riotously. You have earned the right, and, after all, the better the day the better the deed."

To you, gentle reader, I would not assume to apply such a restriction. I would set a task far more difficult. There is a word that once possessed a vigor and a power that is altogether lost: "Verily, verily"—"In truth, in truth." Now it is *very,* and though it still means *in truth,* it has become so weakened by usage that it conveys no force whatever. You meet me on the street and say, "It is a very fine day." What do you mean? Probably you mean, "How do you do?" What you have said is simply a salutation. But if you should say to me, "It is a fine day," you probably mean that it is a fine day. That little word *very* has been so weakened, so frayed at the edges, that it harms rather than helps its companions. So, gentle reader, I would say to you, if I had arbitrary power over your speech, "This week I will allow you only two *veries*"; and though for a time such restraint may make you self-conscious, yet it will force you to grope about for musty treasures in the storehouse of your memory, and furbish up old adjectives and adverbs, even drive you now and again to a careful appraisal of your best slang; and when this temporary self-consciousness shall pass, not only your vigor of speech, but your exactitude and clarity of thought, will be the better for it. That is a gain that will be worth all the sacrifice.

Jewels

By SARA TEASDALE

IF I should see your eyes again,
I know how far their look would go—
Back to a morning in the park
With sapphire shadows on the snow.

Or back to oak-trees in the spring
When you unloosed my hair and kissed
The head that lay against your knees
In the leaf-shadow's amethyst.

And, oh, another shining place
We would remember—how the dun
Wild mountain held us on its crest
One diamond morning white with sun.

But I will turn my eyes from you
As women turn to put away
The jewels they have worn at night
And cannot wear in sober day.

CURRENT COMMENT

Labor and Preparedness

IN a recent number of THE CENTURY the author of "The Working-man in War-time" pointed out that the disaffection and revolt of organized labor in England had already "weakened England's position in the war by a grave restriction in the normal output of mines and factories." And he predicted that if labor's "patriotic attitude, its willingness to send its men to the armies that must be recruited, should turn into indifference and aversion, it may prevent the ultimate victory toward which England looks."

In America such indifference and aversion have already come. The United Mine-workers of America, for instance, has four hundred thousand members in the United States and Canada. Its constitution provides that "members of the Boy Scout Movement shall not be eligible for membership" in the union, and membership in the militia is similarly tabooed, although, for obvious reasons, the constitution does not publicly provide against it.

Why does this "aversion and indifference" to military service exist among the coal-miners of America? A committee of the last (the 63d) Congress investigated the recent strike of the United Mine-workers in Colorado. Concerning the conduct of the militia in that strike the committee reported:

> It seemed the militia was on the side of the (mine) operators in this controversy, and the evidence seems conclusively to prove such to have been the case. . . . Defenseless women and children did not escape the brutality of some of the members of this military organization. . . . Some of the militiamen seized the opportunity, while clothed with the authority of the state, to engage in various lawless acts. . . . In other instances the acts were of an immoral kind and of such a nature as to be unfit for publication in this report.

The final report of the National Commission on Industrial Relations contains a section headed "Denial of Justice." It begins:

> No testimony presented to the Commission has left a deeper impression than the evidence that there exists among the workers an almost universal conviction that they, both as individuals and as a class, are denied justice in the enactment, adjudication and administration of the law, that the very instruments of democracy are often used to oppress them and to place obstacles in the way of their movement toward economic, industrial and political freedom and justice.

The militia is one of the most powerful of those instruments of democracy for the administration of the law. And the report of the commission gives a mass of evidence, collected from all parts of the country, to show that, as in Colorado, the business interests that are in control of state governments have used the military powers of the States to break strikes and oppress the strikers. in many cases, as the report says, by suspending "the entire system of civil government" and setting up "in its place a military despotism under so-called martial law."

The English working-man is open in his "determination not to endure conscription, though the country is split in the process or the war is won or lost," says the author of "The Working-man in War-time." The American unionist is equally determined in his opposition to our whole campaign of military preparedness, for he is afraid that the increased military power will be used to defeat him in his struggle for industrial liberty. The success of Germany in the war has admittedly been due in large part to the loyalty and efficiency of the German working-man, who has been protected from industrial exploitation in times of peace by wise laws wisely administered. It seems obvious that such laws will have to be passed in this country, and so administered, as the first step in any campaign of preparedness here.

An Actress on Strike

MARTHA HEDMAN will not act. She has a whole play to herself and a crowded house to act it to, but she never will. She has rather an unexciting life of it, that is very true, during the two and a half hours that it takes "The Boomerang" to spin itself out on the Belasco stage; still, it has its own little surprises and thrills for her if for few else. But you never will know them from her, for she will not act them.

She is in love with a man, and has been for weeks and months, but unless you have happened to overhear one or two people talk about it, you never will know. And when she puts on a gorgeous ball-dress, after having lived for weeks in her nurse's costume, she never steals a look at the man she secretly loves to see if he is impressed.

All this is as it should be. She is a woman of gentle birth fallen upon hard days, and it is necessary for her to take to nursing for a living. She brings her breeding into her new life. She is the gentlewoman throughout.

Of course this is saying nothing unusual on the face of it, for it is said of all good actresses and actors that they live their parts. Still, there is a difference. They live their parts by way of acting them. Martha Hedman acts hers only by living it, and that is all the acting you get from her. There is little acting in life.

There are as many ways to act a part as there are to live a life. Ten different people, given the same opportunities, bred in like surroundings, will live ten different lives. Miss Hedman might have lived her life in "The Boomerang" intensely, but she has chosen instead to live it beautifully. This is how she escapes being a mere type; for it belongs to the ideal woman to make life beautiful. Among actresses she is the solitary little forget-me-not against a bank of voluptuous roses.

She does not know a single girlish trick or woman's artifice; she is above them all. She is God's woman, the ideal woman. She is as serene and as warming in all her goings and comings as a May morning, and as bright as it; for her beautiful person goes with her. But this she cannot help.

Her hair is never dressed for the stage. It gleams in a careless mass from under the white cap. You know it is a real woman's head of hair. Neither is her voice attuned to audiences. It never rises above the life scale. The accent is thoughtful and definite, and every word carries weight and conviction to the person addressed and to those that overhear.

When she puts her "Hello" and "Yes" and "Is that so?" and "Really" into the transmitter, in forwarding or receiving messages in the interest of her employer, you not only get the feel of the person at the other end of the wire, but you can almost overhear the words coming in return, and to a certain degree you sense the quality of the voice. It borrows of the sweetness and charm of the voice you hear with your actual ear.

"The play is light, very light, but it is entertaining, and Miss Hedman is awfully sweet," is the verdict of past audiences of "The Boomerang," but it is the merest inarticulate verdict. The truth is that while the play yields you your two or three dollars' worth of entertainment, Martha Hedman treats you to something that is not of the market. She brings something that is composing, soothing, and healing to the jaded soul of the tired business man and the satiated pleasure-seeker. She creeps in upon them softly and imperceptibly, suffusing them with a peace and a warmth the source of which they know not. This much they know, though: they have had their money's worth in the play, and that is all-sufficient; but they would not tire of seeing Miss Hedman again and again.

And all this because Martha Hedman would not act.

What Mr. Roosevelt Said about Belgium

HERE is the full text of the passage from the "Outlook" for September 23, 1914, quoted in part by Mr. Creel in his article, "Can Wilson Win?" in this number of the magazine.

A deputation of Belgians has arrived in this country to invoke our assistance in the time of their dreadful need. What action our Government can or will take I know not. It has been announced that no action can be taken that will interfere with our entire neutrality. It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral, and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other. Our first duty is to hold ourselves ready to do whatever the changing circumstances demand in order to protect our own interests in the present and in the future; although, for my own part, I desire to add to this statement the proviso that under no circumstances must we do anything dishonorable, especially towards unoffending weaker nations. Neutrality may be of prime necessity in order to preserve our own interests, to maintain peace in so much of the world as is not affected by the war, and to conserve our influence for helping toward the re-establishment of general peace when the time comes; for if any outside Power is able at such time to be the medium for bringing peace, it is more likely to be the United States than any other. But we pay the penalty of this action on behalf of peace for ourselves, and possibly for others in the future, by forfeiting our right to do anything on behalf of peace for the Belgians in the present. We can maintain our neutrality only by refusal to do anything to aid unoffending weak Powers which are dragged into the gulf of bloodshed and misery through no fault of their own. Of course it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose; and very probably nothing that we could have done would have helped Belgium. We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her, and I am sure that the sympathy of this country for the suffering of the men, women, and children of Belgium is very real. Nevertheless, this sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of our uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent National duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference. But it is a grim comment on the professional pacificist theories as hitherto developed that our duty to preserve peace for ourselves may necessarily mean the abandonment of all effective effort to secure peace for other unoffending nations which through no fault of their own are dragged into the war.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Our "Shorter Still" Stories

Specially edited by STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE public of to-day urgently demands shorter and shorter stories. The only thing to do is to meet this demand at the source and check it. Any of the stories below, if left to soak overnight in a barrel of rain-water, will swell to the dimensions of a dollar-fifty novel.

I

Our Irreducible Detective-story

Hanged by a Hair: or,
a Murder Mystery Minimized

THE mystery had now reached its climax. First, the man had been undoubtedly murdered; secondly, it was absolutely certain that no conceivable person had done it. It was therefore time to call in the great detective.

He gave one searching glance at the corpse. In a moment he whipped out a microscope.

"Ha! ha!" he said as he picked a hair off the lapel of the dead man's coat. "The mystery is now solved."

He held up the hair.

"Listen!" he said. "We have only to find the man who lost this hair, and the criminal is in our hands."

The inexorable chain of logic was complete.

The detective set himself to the search.

For four days and nights he moved, unobserved, through the streets of New York, scanning closely every face he passed, looking for a man who had lost a hair.

On the fifth day he discovered a man disguised as a tourist, his head enveloped in a steamer cap that reached below his ears. The man was about to go on board the *Gloritania*.

The detective followed him on board.

"Arrest him!" he said, and then drawing himself to his full height, he brandished aloft the hair.

"This is his," said the great detective. "It proves his guilt."

"Remove his hat!" said the ship's captain, sternly.

They did so.

The man was entirely bald.

"Ha!" said the great detective without a moment of hesitation. "He has committed not *one* murder, but about a million."

II

Our Compressed Old English Novel

Swearword, the Unpronounceable

Chapter One and Only

"ODS-BODIKINS!" exclaimed Swearword, the Saxon, wiping his mailed brow with his iron hand, "a fair morn withal! Methinks 't wert lithlier to rest me in yon green glade than to foray me forth in yon fray. Wert it not?"

But there happened to be a real Anglo-Saxon standing by.

"Where, in Heaven's name," he said in sudden passion, "did you get that line of English?"

"Churl," said Swearword, "it is Anglo-Saxon."

"You 're a liar!" shouted the Saxon. "It is not. It is Harvard College, Sophomore Year, Option No. 6."

Swearword, now in like fury, threw his

haubeck, his baldric, and his needlework on the grass.

"Lay on!" said Swearword.

"Have at you!" cried the Saxon.

They laid on and had at one another.

Swearword was killed.

Thus luckily the whole story was cut off on the first page and ended.

III

Our Interminable Novel

From the Cradle to the Grave: or, a Thousand Pages for a Dollar

THIS story was sent to us still wet from the pens of that gifted group of modern writers, Messrs. —— but, no, we must not mention their names. As it reached us, the story contained two hundred and fifty thousand words; but by a marvelous feat of condensation our staff has reduced it, without the slightest loss, to a hundred and six words.

Chapters 1 to 100

EDWARD ENDLESS lived during his youth
in Maine,
in New Hampshire,
in Vermont,
in Massachusetts,
in Rhode Island,
in Connecticut.

Chapters 101 to 1000

THEN the lure of the city lured him. His fate took him to New York, to Chicago, and to Philadelphia.
In Chicago he lived
in a boarding-house on Lasalle Avenue,
then he boarded
in a living house on Michigan Avenue.
In New York he
had a room in an eating-house on Forty-first Street,
and then
ate in a rooming-house on Forty-second Street.
In Philadelphia he
used to sleep on Chestnut Street,
and then
slept on Maple Street.

During all this time women were calling on him. He knew and came to be friends with
Margaret Jones,
Elizabeth Smith,
Arabella Thompson,
Jane Williams,
Maud Taylor.
And he also got to know pretty well
Louise Quelquechose,
Antoinette Alphabette,
and Estelle Etcetera.
And during this same time art began to call him,
Pictures began to appeal to him,
Statues beckoned to him,
Music maddened him,
and any form of recitation or elocution drove him beside himself.

Chapters 1001 to 10,000

THEN one day he married Margaret Jones.
As soon as he had married her he was disillusioned.
He now hated her.
Then he lived with Elizabeth Smith.
He had no sooner sat down with her than
He hated her.
Half mad, he took his things over to Arabella Thompson's flat to live with her.
The moment she opened the door of the apartment he loathed her.
He saw her as she was.
Driven sane with despair, he then—

Our staff here cut the story off. There are hundreds and hundreds of pages after this. They show Edward Endless grappling in the fight for clean politics. The last hundred pages deal with religion. Edward finds it after a big fight, but no one reads these pages. There are no women in them. Our staff cut them out and merely show at the end
Edward purified,
Uplifted,
Transluted.
The whole story is perhaps the biggest thing ever done on this continent. Perhaps!

Something-on-the-Hudson

Drawing by CHARLES HUARD

Verse by W. R. Benét

TO Something-on-the-Hudson
In spring the golfers go
As soon as blow the buds on
The bough, and April's glow
Makes inroads on the snow.

And every eye-glass flickers
With lust of medal-play,
And every brassy bickers
In every bag that day
To dig the divots gay.

From telephones and tickers
The knighthood of the links
In Norfolk suits and knickers
Flood forth to bet the drinks
And poise on bunkered brinks,

At Something-on-the-Hudson,
Where curses loud begin,
While cowses chew their cuds on
The fine imported whin—
And putts run round the tin!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

ART INSTITUTE
CHICAGO
RYERSON LIBRARY

The Princess Marie-José of Belgium

From a miniature painted from life by Alyn Williams